

THE ORDINARY DIFFICULTIES
OF EVERYDAY PEOPLE

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By

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(Author of *Psychiatry and Mental Health*)



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To

JOSEPH SWEETMAN AMES, PH.D., LL.D.

PAST PRESIDENT OF THE JOHN HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

A wise adviser—a just superior—a kindly friend

from

one of his most grateful associates

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INTRODUCTION



During these last ten years or more, people have shown increasing interest in the realms of thought and practice that they call psychiatry. This means, naturally enough, not an interest in the ordinary everyday run of people, but in the unusual cases, in the so-called abnormalities, in those who are more or less sick and psychotic. No doubt we have in the past neglected this class of people. No doubt we ought to be able to understand and to help them. But these unusual conditions have often absorbed the attention of the modern world to the unjust detriment of those who are only everyday, normal men and women. It has seemed to me, therefore, that, inasmuch as I have already tried in another book, *Psychiatry and Mental Health* (London: Charles Scribner's Sons), to outline a technique for helping the mentally sick and the imperfectly adjusted, so I ought, in all justice, to write something further about those men, women and children who do not belong either in mental clinics or even in the offices of the practising psychiatrist, but who are forced to meet the ordinary difficulties of their lives without any specialised help or advice, because they are not ill and therefore need no physician. But even though they may not be ill, yet they often go astray because there is no one to take an immediate interest in them and in their everyday problems. To the psychiatrist they are not *interesting*. To the social

worker, so called, they present no problems. They marry and they stay married, happily more or less. They bear children and bring them up more or less successfully. They hold down jobs, which they do with more or less efficiency. And they pass onward through married life to old age without evoking any marked interest from anyone. They are the ordinary men and women—the everyday children—the average old people on the downward slope of life's hill. Yet surely they need some interpreter. They have their problems, their difficulties, their periods of grievous doubt, even of despair. It is of such people that I have felt of late the urge to write. For my experience has brought me into contact, not only with the psychotic, the unbalanced, the fearful, and the confused, but also with the ordinary, everyday run of men and women who go to make up the great mass of our population. I cannot help feeling that they have been crowded out by their more stimulating, their more interesting brethren and sisters who have peculiarities enough to recommend them to the psychiatrist or to the social worker.

I am therefore writing this book for the average, ordinary person. I may not be able to say much that will help him or her, but I feel that I have a duty toward them. And until that duty is performed, I shall not rest easy at night.

I am trying to write this book in the midst of a year that will doubtless be full of all sorts of diverse duties. And I may not find time enough in the evenings to finish it as soon as I wish. I do not think that it will prove very interesting, especially to those with keen mental noses who love to scent out the weaknesses and peculiarities of their neighbours. But if it shall prove of any help to my fellow pilgrims who are walking down the level, ordinary ways of life, I shall be more than satisfied.

I want to set down what little I have learned about ordinary human beings from the time they are born up to the day of their deaths. I want to set down what I know about little children, about the various ways of their upbringing, about the strange things that sometimes happen to them in early life and that seem to condition them along certain lines afterwards. I want to set down what little I know about pre-adolescent boys and girls, and what little—and it is still less—I have come to understand about the so-called adolescent, the boy and the girl who are blossoming into maturity. Then I ought to know something about youth, about the young men and young women, whether they enter the academic life of a university or the commercial life of today. After that comes the period of mating: the reasons for marrying, the new adjustments that are formed, and the lives of those who find no mates. Next in line come the varying difficulties of married life, the troubles of the young men and women who are in the midst of commercial or professional careers. The middle age of ordinary people is also of extraordinary interest. And finally I must write, to the very best of my ability, about a very greatly neglected period of human life—about old age, about its difficulties, about its glories, about its dangers as well as its possible achievements.

If I am permitted to accomplish one half of what I have set before me, I shall account it a great blessing. For as a psychiatrist of some years' experience, I feel that I owe a debt to the ordinary, mentally healthy men and women of my own time.

But there is another very solid reason for all this. I know that I am often too prone to emphasise the parallels between medicine and religion, between the priest and the physician. Yet modern human life emphasises the very

same thing. Not merely by the parallels between the physician and the priest, but by those that can be drawn between medical ideals and our modern concepts of what we so imperfectly call "social service".

Our American medicine has developed in a hodge-podge way. One may say, roughly, that during the last century, the medicine of England was distinguished for its achievements in bedside practice, while the French were not so much interested in the individual patient as in that unity of patients called the hospital. But neither England nor France knew very much about pathology. The scientific understanding of pathological conditions had to come to us from Germany. English medicine today still retains its tinge of Sydenham's bedside practice. France is still interested in hospitals and hospital service.

But we in America have woven the ropes of our medicine out of all three strands. Yet we have not taken these strands in equal strengths. There are medical schools in America today in which the French or the English ideal may possibly predominate. But in the greatest of our schools what was originally German ideal is the dominant factor. What wonder, then, if the enthusiastic medical student soon loses his ideals of what his future professional life ought to be?

Some schools have felt this danger. One of them in particular deserves, so it seems to me, the abiding gratitude of the medical profession because it appears to set before its students, not the ideal of the brain surgeon, of the pædiatrician, of the laboratory man or of the man of research, but the ideal of the General Practitioner as the highest ideal of the profession of medicine.

The new ideal that we are striving to set before our medical students is not merely that of a G. P. who delivers

the babies in a small town, does a few minor surgical operations, and sees children through measles, and their elders, sometimes, through pneumonia, but it is the ideal of the G. P. as the "health guardian" of a community, a man who does as much preventive work as he does active surgery, a man who knows intimately all the hygienic problems of his community, and who is the guide and the friend of every single man, woman, and child who inhabits it.

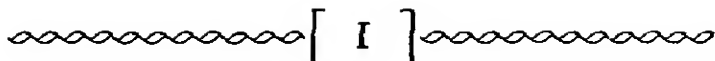
In other words, we are asking our students to aspire to be a kind of medical pastor. To be a physician of the body and of the mind, just as the priest is or ought to be the *physician of the soul*.

If medical men see the necessity of this, then surely the heads of theological seminaries ought to understand it also. They ought not to be trying to turn out half-baked scholars, or even a lot of completely baked ones. They should be trying to turn out pastors—physicians of souls—guardians of the spiritual health of a community. To do this, both physician and priest must have an understanding of something besides the theories of physical or spiritual pathology. It is true that they must know how to take care of those *who are physically or spiritually sick. How to perform a spiritual operation as well as an abdominal one.* But they must also be health guardians. And to become that, they must know their people, they must be lovers and understanders of human nature. Dr. Peabody's old rule still holds good both in religion and in medicine, that the secret of caring for the patient is caring, being really interested in him or in her.

If this be true, then both physician and priest need an intimate knowledge of everyday human nature. It is not enough *for a doctor to know all about carcinoma*; he must know something about the people who will never, thank

God, became carcinomatous. It is not enough for the priest to know all the ins and outs of spiritual doubts, all the species of mortal sin. He must know even more about the ordinary people, who are never very grievous sinners, but who need help to keep them from becoming such or from turning into mere shells of spiritual personalities.

What I have to say in the following chapters is intended as much for the physician as for the priest; as much for the patient as for the doctor; as much for the child as for the parents; for the old as well as for the young. I am setting down, therefore, what little knowledge of these matters I have gathered during some years of more or less intimate contact with all types of ordinary, average human beings, beginning with the child in the mother's womb, and ending with those well on in years, whose feet are tottering a little on the downward slope.



BABIES AND CHILDREN



ALL really great things in the world are small things—small in compass, but filled with intensity of meaning. So the great men of this world have been small men. So all great words are short, small words. Life, love, work—all so simple, so compact. And the great books of the world are the small books. The Gospels do not take up much space. And it is the small books that have most greatly influenced my own life. For years—for many unhappy rather hopeless years—I carried in my pocket a little edition of Nietzsche's *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. It was my Bible in those days. Without it I scarcely believe that I should ever have found courage to pass on to a higher, finer gospel. And there was one other tiny book, written by a German philosopher, Fechner's *Das Büchlein vom Leben nach dem Tode* (The Little Book about Life after Death). It is almost forgotten now. It ought to be in the hands and in the heart of every modern man who is grasping after some concept of personal immortality.

Its primary thesis is a comparison between the birth and the death of each individual. The child in the mother's womb has been conscious, has been capable of movement for months. He has learned something of his sheltered environment, fed by the mother's blood, supported by her body. And he might perhaps expect that this type of exist-

ence was to continue for ever. But suddenly, without any volitional act of his own, this whole existence comes to a cataclysmic end. The walls of his House of Life break down. He is exposed suddenly to an utter dissolution of his past life. All that he had known is taken away. There is darkness; there is a sense of confusion, of pain. And in the midst of pain he is thrust out into worse confusion. He must believe that his whole existence has come to an end. And he gives one last cry of agony and of despair.

And this cry of despair is the first wail of the newborn child. It is really his triumphant salutation, if he did but know it, of a new life, of a new sphere of activity—a thousand times longer and a thousand times more interesting than that intra-uterine life which he had formerly considered the sum of his existence.

Fathers ought to read this book of Fechner's. It would remind them that the primal lives of their children are lived far out of all contact with the male parent, but lived in such intimate association with the body of the mother that mother and child are one. Modern women are so jealous of their prerogatives. They want to be like men—to live, to achieve like men. And yet they have one precious privilege that even the most effeminate of men can never possess; they may bear, for nine months, a living human being in their own bodies. Modern life is forgetting the intense unity of experience that links together mother and child. No mere male can ever take any part in that. For it is through the suffering of the bearing woman that the new personality finds its way into this world. It is linked as closely with the mother as you and I, when we come to die, will be linked to the processes that take us into the life of the world to come.

Nowadays we have lost our sense of respect for the

pregnant woman. It was not so once. In former days, when a pregnant woman passed through the streets, the men stood aside and doffed their hats; they saluted her as the ark of a new covenant, the tabernacle of a new personality. To us, childbirth and pregnancy have been robbed of many of their glories. To so many husbands, the pregnant wife is a nuisance. The symmetrical lines of her body have disappeared; she appears unbeautiful, even when she is weak and unable to go about her daily duties. If she appears in public, the husband is ill at ease. She seems to shame him. In reality, she is the only real reason for his existence.

No mere male, therefore, can ever understand the first relations of a newborn child and the mother that bore it. Most men do not like little babies. Babies are not pleasant to look at. And yet I know nothing more fascinating, nothing more illuminating, than to sit and watch by the hour at the side of some cradle. To see the little hand reach out, the big vague eyes open, to see the breath sucked into the lungs and then expelled in a sound that is neither a wail nor a shout of happiness, but only a first attempt at expression in a strange medium.

Watch a mother pick up a crying child. See her hold him lightly against her breast. Is it any wonder that Christianity loves to linger about the Manger of Bethlehem, that painters have loved to paint, that poets have loved to sing of a Virgin Mother and her newborn son, who was the Son of God?

Modern fathers are usually kept as far as possible from the lying-in hospital, from the delivery room, and from the newborn baby. At the most, the family physician appears and tells the expectant father that his wife has borne him a child. And the father smirks and feels very uncomfortable.

He ought to be at the bedside of his wife, he ought to be on his knees beside the cradle, instead of saying: "Oh damn! Another girl."

Into that early relationship between child and mother not even the psychiatrist has any business to intrude. It is something too ancient, too simple, too eternal. And yet one cannot help wondering what the impressions are that reach the blank tablets of that newly-born mind, from the family environment into which it has been ushered. At any rate, the nursery of a newborn child ought to be a place into which nothing ugly and noisy or unhappy may intrude. It should be as holy a place as any church, as any tabernacle.

I cannot say that many modern parents treat their newly born with respect. Too often the baby is shown off to admiring relatives. Too often he is patted, poked, and tickled. Too often he is pampered and given anything, anything to keep him quiet. What do we know about our responsibility for the first impressions that are engraved on that fresh consciousness? What habits or beginnings of habits may be formed by our laziness or our carelessness! A human baby is *not* to be treated like a casual addition to a family, which doesn't know exactly what to do with it.

If, according to the Freudian theory, babies are "polymorph perverse"; if they acquire strange sensations of sexual satisfaction from their lips or other portions of their little bodies, whose fault is it? Most parents imagine that a little baby needs no serious consideration until he can begin to talk and to "understand something". How much does he understand? How much does he learn from you? You do not know and neither do I. But I feel sure that greater care and thought are needed. "*Maxima reverentia debetur pueris*," said the old Roman. But a still greater

"*reverentia*" is to be paid to the newly born—to those that come to us "trailing clouds of glory". For although they come to us trailing these clouds of glory, they themselves are made of very untried human clay, and the ethereal cloudy element may leave them very soon. So the "*reverentia*" is due, not so much because of what they come with, as because of the possible things towards which they are going, because these same glory clouds are so perilously easy to lose. The child find himself in a vibrant human body, with a whole set of senses untried and absolutely uncontrolled. As yet no "Keep Off the Grass" signs have been set out; he or she wanders where each lists. And sometimes they wander in very strange places; strange that is, to people who expect of a child a complete set of puritanical inhibitions and taboos. The child, thank God, has no fear yet of taboos. Although in our modern family life he acquires them soon enough. For as soon as the child can understand or even hear, his or her ears are affronted by "Don't do this" and "You mustn't do that". "Good little girls don't touch themselves in certain parts of their bodies", "Do not taste this or handle that". Yet the usual parent does not realise that to the child there is no appreciable difference between patting a dog or a cat and touching some part of its own body or the bodies of others that may be taboo and bring forth from nurse or parent an exclamation of horror. The child cannot help vaguely wondering why he or she may touch one thing that gives to the fingers a pleasant sensation and yet not touch another thing that returns the same type of reaction.

So the child is constantly making experiments in sensation and is being as constantly checked by arbitrary external rulings. No wonder he becomes confused. No wonder if there arises in his mind the concept of being able

somehow to evade the external authority and to make his own sense experiments in secret. For the experimental urge is always stronger than the inhibition of external authority. The experimental urge is primary; it antedates the authority by many months, which in the child-life of experience is as many years.

So many parents are blind to these things. Without realising it they allow dangerous, thoughtless sense-stimulation to increase and even to misdirect the experimental urge. The child gets much of his satisfaction through the sense of touch—touch of little hands, touch of lips, of cheeks, even of less frequently exposed parts of the body. No one can tell what dangerous stimulation may arise from the habit of allowing a little child to sleep in the same bed with his or her parents. "She is only a baby", they say. "She is so innocent". Innocent she may be, in the old sense of the word in that she is *innocens*, meaning no harm, but the parents may not be innocent at all. They may not intend to harm, yet they do it. The young body must be kept by itself. It must not be over-fondled or dandled or sense-stimulated in other ways. It has a perfect sense-virginity of its own. Don't throw this away simply because "baby sleeps more quietly when she is in bed with us". She may sleep more quietly because she is amused by some new sense experiments; but you, the mother or the father, may some day—years afterwards—not sleep at all because your daughter is out motoring with some young man and is so fascinated by the delights of a petting party that she has forgotten her parents altogether. Still worse is it to allow a little child to sleep in the parents' bedroom. Again, one hears it so often said: "Why, he is only a baby. He can't see or hear." But he can hear. He may hear certain strange noises in the night from his parents' bed, on the other side

of the room, and his little two-year-old eyes may stare through the darkness and become either fascinated or frightened by what "father is doing to mother". These are not empty futile warnings. I have known a hatred of the marital relationship, a hatred that wrecked a home and that rested on no more firm foundation than the early experiences of a little child who slept in his parents' bedroom.

Those of us who have taken the time to watch little children, when they do not know that they are being watched, often come across actions that shock or startle us until we realise that the child is still in the experimental stage of touching. Not long ago I happened to be in a house with a little girl of four. Her young uncle was a friend of mine. He was devoted to his little niece. I used to feel that perhaps he cuddled and dandled her too much, but I dared say nothing. His room was close to mine. One morning I awoke early and dressed quietly so as not to disturb the others. In the stillness of the house I heard a little footstep outside my door. It passed my room and went into the room of the young uncle. I knew that he was tired and that he wanted to sleep. I thought that someone had come up to waken him too early. So I slipped into his room. I saw a strange picture. The little niece was standing by the young man's bed. Her eyes were glowing. She had carefully pulled back the bedclothes from his feet and she was *passing her little hands glamorously over his feet, his legs, and—* Perhaps those childish hands might have wakened him and he might have found them in a position that would have shocked and distressed him had I not intervened and led the child quietly away. But I have never forgotten the look in her eyes or the excited trembling of her outstretched little hand.

There is nothing terrible in all this. If we fondle and

fuss over our women children, we will surely get such reactions. Of course, one may say, these things are all natural, let the child do them. What difference does it all make? If only it were possible to bring up a child in perfect freedom from external authority, to let him find his own way! But that is not possible, not yet.

Even in the most "enlightened" families a whole mystery-cult of inhibition centres in the ordinary acts of urination and defecation. Here there are always "Keep Off the Grass" signs. Strange words, known only to the child and peculiar to each family, are used to describe certain ordinary acts that are usually performed in the bathroom. These words are always uttered in a hushed voice. "Doing Number One" or "Number Two". There is a whole secret vocabulary of the water-closet that might interest the etymologist. So out of perfectly natural wants and acts a mystery is made. The bathroom, the "toilet", God save the mark, becomes a place of strange ceremonies that must never be mentioned, that may only be alluded to in certain talismanic words. And during adolescence and even earlier the bathroom, with the locked door, becomes a place of real danger. Out of purely natural needs no persistent mysteries should be made.

As I have said, the young child is in danger from his un-experienced sense of touch. To his mind there is the same satisfaction in touching the cheek of some member of the family and touching other parts of the body of that same trusted person. In other words, the child is defenceless. This is a rather dark chapter in family relationships, but it has happened more often than we imagine that an over-affectionate father has become far too intimate with his own daughter or a doting uncle too familiar with his little niece of eight or ten years old. And when such a thing

happens, then there is prepared the material of a tragedy or of a lasting mental scar. For if the child, in her thoughtlessness, tells the mother what has happened, and if the husband or the uncle is accused by the mother, then husband or uncle is forced to deny the whole story, is forced to brand the child as a liar. This hurts the child far more than the transient physical contacts themselves which happen today and might be forgotten tomorrow. For the child resents being pilloried as an evil-minded story-teller, while the father or the uncle will, all his life, hate that particular child, because he knows that the so-called lie she has told is really the very truth itself. Worse still may happen if the child never tells her mother, if she keeps the entire happening in the depths of her own consciousness. For as she comes to understand what has happened, she will turn against the too-affectionate father, she will avoid the over-expressive uncle, and these dislikes and hatreds may persist during the child's entire life.

In Munich, years ago, the Bavarian government offered a prize for babies that were brought up on milk and not on beer. I have seen a child in arms reach up his little hands and pull down the stein of beer that the mother was lifting to her mouth. For little children do cry, but if you give them beer enough, they sleep quietly and do not disturb the household. In this country, nurses often use another type of sedative. If the baby is restless, there are certain intimate parts of his or her little body that may be stroked or rubbed or titillated until the crying ceases. This is more dangerous than beer.

Turning from the relationship of child to parent to the relationship of child to child, we enter the unhappy domain of unspoken jealousies, of hurt feelings, of noses that are more or less permanently out of joint. It is a bad thing to

allow the first child to wait too long for the next brother or sister. He gets to be four or five years old with a sense of unrivalled primacy. There is no other child to dispute his domain. He alone is the recipient of all caresses, the centre of all family interest. If the second child is born when the first child is only a year or two old, then the adaptation of the first child to the newcomer is not so difficult. But the boy of four, when he is presented with a baby sister who absorbs all the attention and demands all the mother's care, will bitterly resent this intrusion into his eminent domain. He may do one of two things. He may dislike the new sister, he may tease and torment her as she grows up; he may hate her all his life, without knowing why. Or he may do something still worse; he may feel that in charm and attractiveness he is somehow inferior to the new baby; he may be filled with a hopeless jealousy of her, without being able to react to it, so that he surrenders at an early age to the idea that he can never compete with her because he is somehow an inferior specimen. Anyone who has watched the later development of these reactions knows how permanently poisonous they may become. I remember a daughter—the second in a family in which the third child was a boy—who became at an early age a social rebel. She hated all rules. If a rule were made, her one desire was to break it. She went on rebelling and breaking rules until at twenty she had utterly ruined her whole life. And her only excuse was this: "My brother is a perfectly normal person. He has never given my parents a moment's anxiety, so I had to be the black sheep of the family."

Sometimes the first child is a girl. The parents want a son. The second child is a girl also. From her earliest days she knows somehow that she "was not wanted". All the worse for her if a son is finally born and is cleverer, better-

looking than she. So may unhappy conditionings be established when the "new baby" comes. The ordinary child of two or three cannot, of course, distinguish between dependence and love. He measures the mother's love by the attention that the mother gives him. If the mother has been over-indulgent with her first child, if she has been always hovering over him, helping him to dress, watching his every breath, if, in a word, she has indulged her own affection and has made no attempt to help the child to some measure of independent action, then, when the new baby comes, there is trouble indeed. For the new baby is naturally more dependent on the mother than the three-year-old child. And no matter how much the mother tries, she can no longer give this first child the same constant attention. So the child feels lost, and is lost in many ways. For he knows no other measure of the mother's love than the mother's constant care. When this attention is of necessity focused on the newcomer, the first child naturally feels that the mother "does not love him any more".

That child who, after being surrounded on every side by a parent's care and attention, suddenly finds himself or herself apparently neglected suffers more intensely than we realise. At every turn she misses something that her mother "used to do for her" or "with her". At every turn she is faced by little things that she has never learned to do for herself. Often she cannot do them and she is rebuked because she does not try to "help herself" and be "a good, helpful, little daughter". No wonder if she reacts in a double way and each way is fraught by many dangers for her future life. On the one hand, she feels neglected; she is lonely, she feels loveless, out in the cold snow, and that without any fault of her own. Naturally, she begins at a very early age to compare herself with the new baby

brother. He is a boy, something that is somehow more desirable than a girl. Or if the younger baby is a girl, then the baby must be somehow more worthy of love, more attractive than the elder child. So the beginnings of unhappy comparisons are laid. The child does her best to love the new brother or sister, but mixed with that love is a feeling of envy or else an early surrender to a sense of comparative inferiority that may persist all through life. Moreover, the child, who feels forsaken, pushed out of the mother's immediate care, that used to be expressed daily in a thousand ways, turns on the person who seems to be the cause of it all, on the baby brother or sister. Domestic antagonisms, antipathies, even hatreds, are based on no deeper foundations than these. For we older people, who have so little means of knowing what is going on in a child's mind, forget how vividly certain actions impress themselves on the child's uncrowded consciousness; we forget what lasting impressions are sometimes made by actions that make no impression on the adult mind at all. It has always seemed to me that the "bringing up" or the "bringing down" of a little child is one of the most delicate, one of the most complex and difficult tasks than can possibly be set for a human understanding to cope with.

But the first-born child has even greater handicaps than these. Most young people, when they marry, may possibly know something about the duties of married life. The wife may know something about housekeeping: she may even have taken cooking lessons or a course in home economics. The husband may know how to make and to keep some kind of home for the wife. But what do either of them know about children? The wife-mother has the hardest task. During her pregnancy she has become gradually conscious of the new life stirring within her. But when the

dark hours of her labour are past, when the baby is first placed in her arms, she really knows nothing much about him except that he must be fed and kept warm. Comparatively few women have ever trained themselves in the technique of baby-care. Our grandmothers knew nothing about it at all. Of course, they learned by experience. They did things to the first child, or they left things undone, things that had unpleasant, perhaps disastrous results. So they resolved never to do that, or to leave this undone, again. The second baby fared better. The mother—thanks to her mistakes with the first baby—had learnt something. But the first child, the experiment by which the mother had learned, had been the sufferer, the guinea-pig of the first experiment in the domestic child-laboratory. Modern young mothers may know more than their grandmothers did, but when I see how hopeless so many of them are when faced by the demands of a new developing personality, I am astonished that our first-born manage in later life as well as they often do.

The father, of course, remains aloof from all this. He does not like the look of a little baby anyhow. The technique of infant-care is either physically unpleasant or else uninteresting to him. He will come into the nursery and poke a large, playful finger into his child's ribs, but he never stays there long. He does not know what to do. There may be a few fathers who try to take some intimate part in the lives of their little children, their babies, but this requires an amount of understanding, of interest, or real effort, which, to the average father, does not seem worth while. In his wife's presence he feels self-conscious and inferior at the side of the cradle, and she does her best, usually to keep him feeling so.

We hear a great deal in these days about "mother com-

plexes". I often wonder why there are not more of them, if they really exist. For the earliest months of our lives are spent entirely with our mothers; they are the only sources of our comfort, of our happiness; they are our only contacts with our new environment. And they want no mere male to intrude into this sphere.

Of course, in houses that can afford nurses, trained nurses—so called specialists in child-care and training—the child's interest is centred on someone who is not a blood relation. The nurse, the old type of nurse anyhow, often gave the child a more balanced sense of dependence than the untrained emotional mother. But there is another danger here. As I have said, the child always confuses dependence and love. To him, love expresses itself in acts of feeding, of putting to bed, of dressing, of waking watchfulness. If he receives all this from his nurse and not from his mother, why should he not come to believe that the nurse loves him more than his mother does? So many modern mothers of our so-called upper and richer classes wail in later life because their children do not love them any longer. But these same mothers, when the child was a baby, transferred the love-teaching to another person. So the child's love for his mother, as he grows up, does not rest on the firm semi-conscious memories and reactions of a babyhood which the child itself has forgotten long ago, but which still persist below the surface of its consciousness.

No wonder that most of us love our mothers. I wonder why we love our fathers. For that love as a general rule is a later reaction superimposed on the foundation that the mother laid or should have laid when she first took her newborn baby to her breast—or alas, when she warmed and gave him his first bottle.

Perhaps little children are meant to grow up in a kind

of haphazard way. Perhaps too great an insistence on the importance of a knowledge of baby-pathology, of infant-psychology, may make the mother too self-conscious, may defeat its own ends. But when I am studying some case of unhappiness, of maladjustment, I am always anxious, first of all, to see the mother, to let her talk about "her baby", his birth, his early years, and her own reactions to his demands and his development. She may insist that she has forgotten all about it. But she can recall it to her consciousness if she really wants to do so. These are things that no real mother ever completely forgets.

THE ANXIETIES OF CHILDHOOD

In our dealing with little children we often do not realise that they are creatures of emotion rather than of reason. Sometimes they have very vivid imaginations. Like all imaginative people, they suffer accordingly. We have an idea that a child is never "anxious". He may be fearful, afraid of the dark, of the bogey man, or of burglars, but not anxious. Yet even the most careful parent is too prone to dismiss these fears as a kind of foolishness that the child ought to grow out of. Nevertheless, fears that are allowed to grow in a child's mind often bring disastrous unexpected results. For the child that lies awake at night in an agony of apprehension does not get proper sleep, does not relax in slumber, and awakes dull and apathetic. His power of concentration is impaired. He seems stupid. Often behind some child's inability to learn, to obey promptly, to understand, lies a history of fear.

I do not refer to the so-called "night terrors" which occur in some highly-strung neurotic children, when the

child wakes suddenly from some cloudy nightmare and screams and screams and screams. I mean much simpler, much more ordinary reactions than these.

If you come across a child who insists on taking to bed his Teddy bear or her doll, any ritual object, you may be fairly sure that the object is a protective mechanism, an "apotropeion", a charm to avert evil and to inspire confidence. Take the bear or the doll away and the child will not sleep. The average mother thinks that the child merely loves her dolly, or his Winnie-the-Pooh. She does not suspect the real reason for their presence in bed. She says that such habits are "childish". They must not be allowed to persist. The tragedy lies in the fact that the child almost never tells mother or father just why he cannot go to sleep at night without the Teddy bear, why he lingers downstairs with the grown-ups when it is time to go to bed, why he wants to be sure that father or mother will come up soon to help him "say his prayers". I fear that it is seldom a religious urge that prompts this request. Mother is not desired as a kind of partner in prayer, but rather as a temporary protection. One never knows how much harm is done by the unknown persistence of these childish fears. The bed, the nursery, should be places of relaxation, of deep, untroubled sleep. Often the bed, at night anyway, is a rack of torment.

One boy of six or seven had just begun to go to school. At home he had seemed bright enough, but his teachers complained that his mind never appeared to be on his lessons, that he could not "concentrate", that he was dull, often sleepy. He was classed as "stupid". No one ever guessed what lay behind it all. He had a very thoughtful, devoted mother. She had the boy sleep in the room next to her own. Between the two rooms was a sliding door.

And the mother, who had often heard of the danger of night fears, intended that her boy should never suffer from fear of the dark. So when he went to bed and put out the light in his own little room, she always left the sliding door into her own room half open, so that the light from her lamp might shine into the boy's chamber. Yet it was just this half-open door that became the very centre of the boy's terror. He would get into bed and close his eyes tight. He did not mind the dark. You could not see anything in the dark. Yet he knew that sooner or later he would *have* to open his eyes; he would have to look across the room at that half-open sliding door and the shaft of light that came through it from his mother's room. Once he had opened his eyes, once he had looked at that half-open door, he could not shut his eyes again. He *had* to watch it. For he was constantly expecting that suddenly he would see a hand—first the feeling fingers, then the whole hand—see it appear on the edge of this door and see the door pushed farther and farther back until it was wide open, until it disclosed—What it would disclose, standing there on the other side, he never knew. But it was something utterly appalling and terrible. So, hour after hour, he would watch for the appearance of those fingers—the sight of that hand. No sleep for him until his mother came up to bed, until he heard her in the next room, until she put out her light and blotted out the sight of that half-open sliding door. He lost about two hours' sleep each night. When he did fall asleep, it was the sleep of nervous exhaustion. And his mother, who used, as all mothers do, to slip in and watch him while he slept, wondered why he twitched and moaned in his sleep. Of course, he was dull and stupid during the early part of each day. Of course, when night came, when he tried to do his

"home work", he was too sleepy and too tired to put his mind on it. And yet bed, his own room, was the place that he dreaded most as the shadows deepened and he heard his father say: "Mary, why will that boy not go up to bed on time?"

The tragedy of it all was that the boy could not tell anyone about it. He did not know how. His father was an army officer, the boy's ideal of bravery, of perfect courage. He could never explain to his father that he, his son, was afraid of a half-open sliding door and a hand. But once, in the attic of the house, he found one of his father's old army caps. And for years he took it to bed with him. Now he had another secret in his life. No one must ever know what he did with that cap, for it gave him a sense of protection; it represented his father and his father's bravery. Only, if anyone should discover it, if it should be taken away, then—then—— Fortunately it was never discovered. The old understanding Irish maid, who sometimes found it in the boy's bed, tucked it away in the closet, where she knew the boy would find it when night came.

It is not good for children of six or seven to have fear-secrets in their lives. Lucky the boy or the girl who has a father or mother with enough imagination to understand, to pick up a word here, an action there, and without forcing the child's confidence, to give him confidence and to release him from his fears: to see whether Johnny will not sleep better if the sliding door between his room and the next is closed, and if a night-light is placed somewhere in his own room. Don't ask the child point-blank about his fears. You will get nothing definite. But have a little imagination yourself. Put yourself in the child's place. How intensely grateful he will be to you and how surprised you will be with his improvement at school!

PROMISES

Children are not only fearful. They are often anxious. Not about the "things of tomorrow", but about the things of today. In Our Lord's parable about the Lilies of the Field and the Fowls of the Air, He tells us not to be "anxious for the morrow", not to be thinking about the unpleasant things that tomorrow may bring. The child lives in the present. Nevertheless, he cannot divest himself of the human desire to look forward to "something". But, unlike the adult, he only looks forward to pleasant things. The possible, unpleasant happenings of tomorrow the child easily forgets. He is living in today. But today may be the more happy because something desirable is going to happen tomorrow. He is going to the circus, to the country. Hence the intensity of a child's disappointment, if this desirable thing is suddenly taken away. *Never* disappoint a child. Never promise him a thing that you cannot perform. Better promise nothing at all than to make a promise and then break it. For to the child a thing promised is a thing assured. He absolutely expects it.

It is so easy to say: "I'll take you to the circus tomorrow." It is quite as easy to say: "I'm sorry, old man, but I can't take you to the circus after all." But it means to the child a perfect tragedy of intense disappointment. It undermines his belief in you.

Our Lord says that people worry about three things: food, health, and clothes. Children are anxious about these three things also, but not like adults.

CLOTHES

In questions of clothes, the average child is dominated by the herd instinct. At least, all boys are. A little girl may be proud to show off a new dress in school. But not an average boy. The one thing he dreads and hates is to look "different" from the others. If his mother has saved and scraped to buy him a new suit, he may develop an acute nausea on the first morning that he must wear it to school. He may lose his breakfast on the front steps and frighten his mother almost to death. But he does not go to school that day. And for him tomorrow will indeed be anxious for the things belonging to itself. If the mother is indignant, as she may well be, if she insists that he wear his new suit, he may slip back into the house and put on his dirty old sweater and trousers. Or the new suit may come to some disaster on the way to school. At any rate, a perfectly unnecessary emotional conflict is created. If the boy, cowed and obedient, does wear the new suit to school, he knows how the other boys will dance about him in derision. "Johnny Smith's got a new suit." And playfully they spit on it "to take the newness out".

Another boy I remember whose mother loved to dress him in kilts. He liked the clothes well enough when they were a trifle worn. But he was still too young for trousers. He still had to wear kilts. But under the kilts were the trousers, the signs of his perfect manhood, tucked away and desecrated by the folds of a "girl's skirt". His mother marvelled why the kilts disappeared or showed such peculiar stains. Only the gardener knew that each day as the boy started off for school, he carefully removed the offending kilt as soon as he got out of sight of the house.

and hid it carefully in a large bed of geraniums. On his return, after school hours, he would resume the offending garment and appear properly clothed in his mother's presence. Finally the gardener betrayed him. For, as he said: "It was doing the geraniums no good, and the master was complaining because the geranium bed looked bumpy and uneven."

The agony of being different from the others, of calling attention to oneself—this is a frequent agony-anxiety of early childhood. For the boy is, in all social contacts, an ultra-conservative. He does not want to be pointed out, to excel.

Another little boy of my acquaintance had a rather clear true treble voice. During the music lesson in school he once so far forgot himself as to sing with unusual abandon. The music teacher heard him. He called the boy to the platform, asked him to stand by the piano and to sing the song by himself so that the other boys might hear how it ought to be sung. The boy could not produce a single note. The teacher was angry; he thought that the boy was intentionally rebellious. The truth was that the boy was so overwhelmed by a sense of shame that he could not sing. To him it seemed a tragic disgrace to be put up on the platform, to be singled out from the others, to be made to do "something different". That boy is a man now. He lost his treble voice long ago. But he has never lost his hatred of one song. To this day he shudders when he hears the music of "Old Dog Tray".

And yet anyone who watches little children knows how they love "to show off". How the presence of some bystander will start a quiet group of little boys "doing stunts", running about, shouting, making themselves conspicuous. Little girls do the same thing. And a child will

"show off" alone, if there is an appreciative audience. Usually, however, there is no "showing off" unless the watcher is someone whose approbation the child craves. Unless it is "someone interesting". There is no "showing off" for members of one's own family, for brothers or sisters. But if there is some man or woman about of whom the child has heard, or whose appearance he likes, then the performance begins. It makes no difference whether the audience be appreciative or not. Indeed, if the audience approaches the actor and strives to enter into closer relations, then a sudden shyness appears and the most active shower-off runs away covered with confusion.

HEALTH

Then health. Children are often far more anxious about their health than we realise. A chance word, a chance happening, may produce in the child long habits of invalidism, a sense of physical inferiority.

A little boy is recovering from a mild attack of pneumonia. By his bedside, during his convalescence, stand the doctor and the boy's mother. The mother asks: "Will he be all right again soon?" And the doctor, never realising that the child is listening, answers: "Oh yes, as a usual thing young people recover easily from pneumonia. Occasionally there is a slightly dilated heart." The boy picks up those two words. He knows where his heart is. He asks someone what "dilated" means, and is told that it means "swelled up" or "too big". So he knows that he has a heart that is too big, swelled up. He can feel it beat when he runs. I met this particular boy when he was a

husky undergraduate. I wondered a little why he did not take part in athletics, why he avoided playing tennis, why he even walked so very sedately from one lecture-room to another. When I, or anyone else, asked him the reason for all this, he had a perfectly pat alibi. "You see, I've got a dilated heart." I did not believe it. I persuaded him to have a complete physical examination. No dilation was found, but he did not believe what was told him. He *knew* that he had a dilated heart. Of course, at his age it would have been difficult for him to change all his physical habits, to exercise, to walk faster. But the tragedy lay in the fact that because of his heart he had never played tennis or any other outdoor games; he did not know how and he would not humble himself to the attitude of a beginner. Little by little I traced his pet phobia back to the chance words of a physician, spoken at the bedside of a seven-year-old boy.

But if the mind is impressionable during childhood, so is the body, so are the senses. Some chance physical experience may create a whole set of desires that may sidetrack, almost wreck a life. Let me cite another example.

A boy of six or seven was often constipated. His old nurse, who did not believe in purgatives, decided to try enemata. She did not know how to give an enema properly. The uncoiled metal tube of those days was roughly inserted while the child lay on its stomach on the nurse's knees. Somehow or other this child got some titillation, some sense of stimulation in the anal region from the stiff tube, from the flow of warm water against the walls of the rectum. At any rate, the constipation became more frequent. More and more enemata were needed. The child himself would ask for them. Finally his physician, wise before his time, suspected the truth. He discontinued the enemata. But as the boy grew up, he developed peculiar habits. He would

shut himself up for hours in the bathroom. He would steal the old-fashioned enema syringes from his mother's closet, would take them into the bathroom with him, and would revel in a perfect orgy of rectal stimulation. If he went to a strange house to stay, if he were left alone there for any length of time, he would tiptoe into all the bathrooms, open all the medicine closets; and his little hands would shake with suppressed excitement if he came across some old dried-up "injection pipe" that might possibly be used still. During adolescence his only form of auto-erotism was rectal stimulation by means of enemata. He would visit drug-stores and hang over the counter where fountain syringes were displayed. The picture of a fountain syringe in some advertisement would stimulate him more than the lewdest picture of the most naked woman. His ideal of complete sexual satisfaction, his wildest sex dream, was to think of someone whom he liked who would make him lie down on the bed, take down his trousers, and go through all the manipulations of a rectal irrigation. The rectum became the primal sexual zone. One can easily imagine with what results. Now in middle age he loves to visit a sanatorium where he can have "high irrigation". He saves up his money for months in order to be able to spend a few weeks in such places. I often wonder whether the whole therapeutic procedure of high irrigation is not responsible for a good deal of sexual side-tracking. At any rate, in dealing with children, girls as well as boys, we must be on our guard against the thoughtless unnecessary stimulation of certain definite organs of the body. We must take care that a chance word does not produce in a child a "dilated heart"; or an occasional enema centre interest and pleasurable sensation on a set of nerves that may come to dominate a great part of a child's later life.

We all know how great a part urination and defecation may play in a child's consciousness—the satisfaction sometimes derived from keeping the bladder full, from retaining the stool. At least a part of these reactions arise from the unholy mystery that is allowed to surround these same ordinary bodily functions. As I have already said, it is a great mistake to make the bathroom or the toilet a fascinating chamber of mystic ceremonies that may be alluded to only in mystical words, the meaning of which is a family secret between the child and his nurse or mother.

The same thing is true when we make certain parts of the human body "secret parts". "Pudenda", a word used to describe the organs of generation and of elimination, is an intolerable expression. It denotes something that involves a "pudor", that connotes shame. For as the nurse or the mother evolves a fancy name for urination or defecation, so she evolves other similar expressions for those organs that defecate or urinate. They are "innominata", the non-mentionables. The child soon realises that there is something peculiar about these parts of his body, for they must not be mentioned or, if mentioned, must be given secret names. This stimulates the child's interest. No wonder that the child thinks it is fascinating to whisper to another child these secret names, even to expose the secret mysterious organs themselves. I do not mean necessarily that the child should be taught to use the sexual nomenclature of a men's club or of the smutty story, although some of the words by which certain organs are there designated are sound old Anglo-Saxon words. The child might get less harm from using them than from talking simperingly about her "kitty" or his "pee-pee". Why not use the ordinary medical words? "Penis", "vulva", "anus" are simple words. They have no mysterious con-

notation. And the child who uses them will not have to reach their use in later life by getting rid of the "kitty", "pee-pee" words, that even the grown boy or girl can never use without a suppressed titter.

FOOD

Finally, food. Are children anxious about what they eat? Modern children are. We have gone a long way from the old Spartan training of our grandfathers, which never asked a child whether he "liked" this or that. The child was given what was considered good for him. If he did not eat it, then the same food was brought back at the next meal until the child's hunger was strong enough to overcome his imaginary dislike. Perhaps the old rule that a child must eat up everything on his plate was sometimes a hard one. But I believe that modern children have become too fastidious and finicky about their food. This, of course, is their loss. Many a man in later life deprives himself of something pleasant to eat because he "never liked it when he was a child". It is often illuminating to make table investigations or bill-of-fare tests, to go down through the whole menu and ask your table companion about the things that he does not "like". You will find that most of his dislikes go back to childhood. Here is a man who does not like eggs in any form. How much he might have gained if his father had *made* him eat and like eggs when he was a boy. Sometimes these food-phobias are very interesting. What is the connection between the imagined taste of some food and a person's aversive reaction to that imagined taste? It is a mere mental bait. Very seldom does it rest on some food-idiosyncrasy or some hypersensitiveness to a certain

type of protein. People who are poisoned by strawberries often like strawberries better than any other fruit.

Test out the modern young person, the schoolboy, the young girl, some time when you are giving him or her a luncheon at some good hotel. You will be surprised at the number of their "dislikes". They like, for example, very few vegetables. Everyone knows the unenviable reputation of the unfortunate, wholesome spinach. One can understand a dislike for a good Stilton or a Camembert cheese. The smell may have something to do with it. Often there are definite sexual suggestions connected with these dislikes. Some people shudder at the thought of raw or even slightly boiled eggs. One knows why; one understands why the white, slimy, uncooked albumen disgusts them, in spite of the fact of its cleanness, its digestibility. Here it is not the taste that offends or the smell, but an association, often unknown or never admitted:

The vagaries of taste in children are often remarkable. They are often hard to understand. One child so dislikes the taste of milk that he becomes nauseated by the mere odour, while another child drinks milk in quarts. Another finds mutton distasteful, but will eat beef with relish. Among the vegetables, there are all sorts of variations in taste and liking. Of course, there is always the element of familiarity. It is hard to get a child to eat or even to taste some entirely new dish. Of course, smell plays a part in these reactions, but not so prominent a role as association and taste.

What does the child mean when he says that a certain type of food "tastes bad"? Does he mean that the taste is merely an unknown, a questionable, one or that he gets from his taste organs a definite reaction of unpleasantness?

The associative processes are really the fundamental

ones. Certain vegetables "smell bad", because the child subconsciously compares their odour with some other olfactory experience. If you can get a child to answer the question: "But what does it smell *like*," you may come upon very strange answers. Taste, however, is really not a very potent factor, because usually the child simply refuses to taste at all. If forced to taste against his will, he will usually wrinkle up his little nose and insist that "it makes him sick".

One child has a keen dislike for any desserts made with jelly, with anything that *wobbles*. He loves chocolate, but if his chocolate blancmange is not solid, if it wobbles ever so little, he will not touch it. In one such case, I discovered that the "wobbling" of the jelly reminded the child of snakes. This age-long reaction to the creeping and crawling things of life has often strange results. Yet, one asks, is the child afraid of the snake because it crawls or because he has been influenced by his nurse's or his mother's reaction of terror to the first garter-snake that crossed their common path? If that were true, many children would be terrified of mice. Some are, but not many. No, there seems to be a kind of instinctive horror-reaction to snakes that is seldom, in a boy, at least, transferred to the creeping earthworm that he uses for bait.

The disgust-reactions to urine or faeces or decomposing matter is also a fertile field for the development of food-phobias. A sound, nutritious cheese, like that made by the monks of Oka in Canada, is disliked by young palates, not because of its taste, but because it smells like—— Well, some young student of Canadian geography once told me that this particular cheese seemed not to have been made by the monks of Oka, but by the skunks of Saskatchewan. And yet, after all, cheese is only milk in another form.

But there is one type of food that always appeals to the child's palate. No association is powerful enough to override its fundamental appeal. One might have a chocolate snake or form caramels into some frightening shape, but the taste of the candy would override all associations and the snake would be rapidly devoured without a quaver of fear or disgust. In the realm of candy, associations do not seem to act as repellents, unless a child has once eaten too much of some kind of sweet, has been violently nauseated and so begins to feel sick again at the very odour of the candy. A few dislikes of this kind are based on past excesses, but they are not typical of childhood. The undergraduate who for the first time in his life got drunk and very sick on gin will never be able to absorb a Tom Collins with perfect satisfaction.

Does the child need physiologically a comparatively large supply of carbohydrates? Does the activity of his vital processes demand a type of fuel that can be easily and quickly turned into warmth and motion? Unless this be true, it is hard to understand the universal appeal of "sweet stuff" for the young child. It has often seemed to me that the candy-lovers of later life, especially the men, appear less mature, more childlike, than those who despise such condiments. It may be that the use of tobacco kills the taste for sweets. And any man who has ever tried giving up smoking knows that he naturally turns to candy as a sort of compensation. Still, almost every young woman smokes nowadays; if nicotine kills the taste for sweets, then the candy-shops are in for a bad time. They will have no patrons left, except the Very Young.

In this whole question of "anxiety", we older worrying people need to learn from our own children. "To become as little children." The child is often anxious, but not for

the morrow. His anxieties, such as they are, are only for today. He allows the morrow to be anxious for itself. The child knows, as a general thing, how to keep his life in "day-tight compartments". It is this "way of life" that Sir William Osler recommends so strongly and that would save us all so much needless mental tension and unhappiness.

RELIGION

Little children, according to Our Lord's teaching—are in some strange way closer to the Kingdom of God than older people. At least, He sets them up as an example to us. What, then, is the place of what we commonly call religion in the life of the little child?

Religion is not something that is innate in a child. Like everything else, the child must learn something about it, and learning implies a teacher of some kind. In our modern homes what is taking the place of the old-fashioned way of teaching a child his first prayers, of setting aside a definite time each week for reading the New Testament, for instruction in the fundamentals of the Christian faith? I know so many modern homes in which the children have grown up utterly without any religious teaching at all. Modern mothers are not afraid to tell their children at an early age that the stork does *not* bring the babies and that there is no Santa Claus, but to talk to the child about God, about Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, no, somehow this inhibits the parent, makes the mother self-conscious and the father uncomfortable. She gives as an excuse that she does not want to influence her child unduly. She wants him to "find God for himself". The child will probably not be able to do that, or what he does find may be an utter caricature

of the truth. He may even find not God, but the Devil. I know mothers, who were themselves brought up in the old-fashioned way of religious instruction, who seem absolutely helpless when they try to give some religious instruction to their children. They will take them to church occasionally, give each a penny to put into the plate. But did they ever try to explain to the child what was going on in church? What the service all meant? No wonder the average child of today gets the idea that the principal act of devotion on Sundays consists in holding on to his penny and having it ready when "Old Mr. Spoopendyke comes around with the bag". They know what Mr. Spoopendyke is doing; he is collecting money to give to the clergymen. But of what the priest at the altar is doing they have not the vaguest idea.

Sometimes I think that a child is better off who receives no religious training at all than a child who is dragged off to church occasionally to hear a sermon or to sit uneasily through a long service, bored, unadjusted to what is happening, and absorbing a general dislike for the whole thing.

A child believes on the basis of authority. He accepts, but only when he respects the authority itself. Let a father tell a child that he must believe in God and love Jesus Christ. The child will try his best to do both, but not if he comes to suspect that his father himself shows little or no love for Our Lord or does not appear to believe very firmly in God either. If the father sends the child off to church alone, with a nurse, or even with his mother, then "church" becomes to the child a something in which the father has no part. I do not wonder that a father who never enters a church, or a mother who goes there perhaps on Christmas Day only, feels inhibited and uncomfortable when they try to talk about religion to their children. They feel instinctively that they have no right to teach the child

what they do not practise themselves. It is useless for the mother to say to the parish priest when he comes to tea: "I am so sorry that I cannot get to church more frequently, but I always send the children." A child should not be "sent" to church. He ought to be "brought" by his parents.

The modern child is losing more than anyone suspects when parents no longer have time on Sundays to read aloud to him from the Gospels, to have him learn passages or retell Bible stories, to make him familiar with the liturgy of the Church. The use of our own tongue is deteriorating among us. No one can write a really good letter any more. And the cause is not merely to be sought in the dominance of the typewriter or of the stenographer. A child's mind is keenly receptive to the sonorous beauties of language, especially to verse. I know of one eminent scholar, a great classicist, who traces all his early interest in Greek and Roman literature to the hours on Sundays spent with his mother while she read aloud to him Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*. There may be eminent classical philologists in the coming generation, but they will not be made in that way. How many modern mothers are there who read verse to their children and who make them listen? Surely our young women are as well educated as their grandmothers.

The harsh, sharp English of so many of our younger writers may, I believe, be traced back to their utter ignorance of the English of the Bible and the Prayer Book. In the days of Gladstone and Lord Salisbury Latin quotations were constantly used in speeches in the House of Commons. If the speaker made one mispronunciation, used one false quantity, he was hissed from both sides of the House.

It may be true that children in their religious thinking are entirely anthropomorphic, that they think of God in terms of Grandfather, with a long beard, except that grand-

fathers do not wear beards today. And we are warned by the psychiatrist that the child must be kept from imagining God in the likeness of his own father, an unfortunate conditioning that may possibly end in a "father fixation". Of course, a great deal depends on the human father. If he have in himself nothing at all of the godlike, if he be unpleasantly and persistently human, then the child's concept of God may become distorted indeed. He may simply refuse to think of God in terms of "father". But children do not necessarily think always in physical terms. They have some general concepts. They can understand something about the being of God, His supernatural attributes, His power, and His love.

There may be the same danger in the child's usual concepts of our Lord. Children may—they do come to think of Him as a kindly-faced man with long yellow hair, who sits with His arms around little children. A poor concept indeed of the King of Kings. It is silly to talk to a child about our Lord as our "dear elder brother". He is primarily our Lord and our Master. As for His human nature and what it once looked like—or what it now looks like at the right hand of God the Father—why, no human being has any real conception of that. But a child can be taught the sense of His localised presence. Therefore, to my mind, the tabernacle, the altar, should be the centre of a child's religious teaching.

Take the child into church—not during a service and of all things *not* during a *sermon*. Let him learn to "make a visit" to his Father's house; to take it as simply, as ordinarily, as he makes a visit to the home of his grandparents. Take the child around the church; let him walk with you, talk with you, ask questions. Let him touch things, if that is possible. And teach him to *do* the simple

things: to bend his knee, to use his hands in making the sign of the cross. Let the church be like a great picture-book—much more wonderful, more interesting, than *Peter Rabbit* or similar worthies. Then let him kneel or stand by your side while you kneel before the altar. There over the altar is the greatest picture of all, the crucifix. Some modern people feel that this is an appalling thing for a child to look at; that the young mind must not be brought into too early contact with suffering. Nevertheless, a great deal of the child's future happiness in life will depend on his reaction to the great mystery of pain. Moreover, there is something beside the crucifix on the altar; there is the tabernacle. And the tabernacle is the one antidote, the one explanation, for pain and suffering.

A child will understand if you say to him: "Yes, that is our Lord, Jesus Christ, hanging there on that cross, with His hands and feet pierced with painful nails. He hung there because He loved us, because He had to suffer all that so that He could help us; so that He could be with us always. There in that space under the crucifix is a very Holy Place, the holiest place in all the world, and you will find one like it in every Christian church. There, in a very special way, our Lord is really present. He is as really there as He once was when He took the children up in His arms, as you yourself have seen Him in pictures. I am kneeling because He is there. And He could never have been there if He had not been willing first to hang on the cross, to bear all that pain. He bore the pain because it would bring Him nearer to us, and us nearer to Him. So when you get hurt, when you are angry and cross and want to open your mouth and scream, hold your breath for a minute and think of that cross. If you want to, you can bear your pain bravely and make it good for something.

Make it teach you to control yourself; let it make you a much finer boy, a better girl."

But you cannot teach a child the doctrine of the Atonement by the use of mere words. The child has to see something, to experience something definite. There are few things in the world more powerfully suggestive than the quietness of a church when no service is going on, when the footsteps of the visitors sound softly in the peacefulness, than the sense of awe that comes from the rising arches, from the dim aisles, from the clinging odour of incense—an atmosphere that has been created, year after year, by the thousands of Masses that have been offered here, by the hymns that have been sung, by all the prayers that have been prayed within these walls. More suggestive still is the way in which everything seems to centre about the altar, about that spark of light in the sanctuary lamp. A church is the place in which to teach a child religion. He may learn something *about* religion at his mother's knee. But he can only learn religion itself in church.

When the child is at home in church, when church is not merely a strange place that has to be visited for a few hours on Sunday, then let the child attend a children's service, where each part of the ceremony is explained by the priest or minister, who stands in the middle of the centre aisle and directs the worship of the children. Any child who has been accustomed to attend such services may not know the story of David and Goliath, or that of Elijah and the Ravens, but he will know how Christians worship God, and in learning to worship he will come to know what God is, what God may mean in his own life. The doctrinal or the Biblical teaching of the ordinary Sunday school seems to me often barren and useless. It

should never be made the main source of instruction. It should be supplemental to the children's actual worship.

A child understands other children. The child Jesus may become nearer to a little boy than He can ever be to a grown man. That is what gives the Christmas "crèche" its attraction. And a child knows his mother; so he may come to know, to cherish, the Mother of Christ. There can be no satisfactory teaching of children along religious lines if the figure of our Lady is left out of it. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the Protestant denominations must be hard put to it to teach their children their concept of religion, especially of religious practise. For children do not easily assimilate abstract ideas, dogmatic teaching about God and our Lord. Children love to *do* things, and in doing them they learn about them. To teach a child to make the sign of the cross is better pedagogy than trying to make him understand the doctrine of the Atonement. And it is because the Protestant children have so little to "do" in church, except to sit and listen to older people talk, that teaching them religion must be so intensely difficult, must be, in most cases, a mere scratching of the mind's surface and not a permanent moulding of it.

FIXATIONS

Modern parents who try to be conscientious often complain that they "lose" their children. The child "grows away from them". One must, of course, distinguish between "dependence" and "love". As the child becomes older, it naturally grows less and less dependent on the mother, although it may love the mother quite as deeply

as ever. But the mother feels that she has lost her boy, because he no longer comes to her for this or that; he no longer asks her questions, relies on her for decisions, or cuddles up close to her because he is not yet able to stand entirely alone. Of course, the measure of this dependence depends upon the closeness of contact between child and parent. The more points of contact, the greater the understanding, the trust, the dependence. But if a mother has been too busy, if she feels too unprepared to teach a child its prayers, to give it definite religious teaching, if she relies merely on taking the child to church or to Sunday school once a week, there will be at least one whole domain in the child's life, the domain of religious expression and thought, in which the mother will have no place at all. And if the child happens to be attracted to religion, if he be, as so many children are, unconsciously emotionally Christian, then as he discovers more and more about these mysterious matters that attract him, he will naturally shut these same things away from the mother's knowledge because the mother has never had any part in them.

As I have already said, men, married men, are uncomfortable with very little children. They leave babies to the women, but a man looks forward to the time when his son will be old enough to be a companion. And then, when the boy *is* old enough, at seven or eight years, the father wonders and is bitterly hurt because his son does not seem to want to be his companion at all. Companionship is not attained at once; it does not lie implicit in the tie of blood. It is something that must be gradually achieved. And the father who has not yet tried to be companionable to the child when he is little, unattractive, unresponsive, with a thousand needs that the father does not know how to meet and for which he must summon his wife—such a

father must not be surprised if he finds that his seven-year-old son does not enjoy going fishing with him or spending even an hour with him anywhere. If this same father, however, will take the trouble, he may gradually attain to the glory of his son's friendship and trust, but he will have to work for it—have to work hard.

We hear, in these days, so much about "father fixations" and about *Œdipus* complexes. One can understand how a girl may see in her father the ideal of all manliness or how the shy boy may worship his mother. The mother fixation of a girl is rare, as is a father fixation in a boy. I question very much the danger of mother fixations, except in some extreme cases. It is usually the mother herself who makes the fixation dangerous. I cannot think that it can do a young man much harm to adore his mother, to find in her his ideals of womanhood, to want to be with her, to be, in some degree, dependent on her. But much harm may be done him if the mother emphasises this relationship, if she be jealous of other women, if she be constantly hovering about her son, enveloping him in an atmosphere of anxiety about his health or his future. For this is plain selfishness. The fixation, so far as it is developed in the boy, need not block his maturity. But if his selfish mother, who wants her son for herself, who simply will not let him go, maintains the fixation, fights against any loosening of it, then because of *her* selfishness and not because of any danger in mother devotion, there may be danger and tragedy enough.

The same thing is true of the selfish father, who wants his daughter with him all the time: whose love for her is no real love at all, since the essence of real love is sacrifice, the willingness to sacrifice one's own happiness for the happiness of the loved one. It would not injure the

daughter to love her father over-emotionally. The fixation becomes harmful only when the father maintains and solidifies it.

So, to my mind, the main danger of these fixations, of all these modern Œdipuses, does not lie in the mental reaction of the Œdipus himself, but in the selfishness of Jocasta. Parental selfishness is the cause of the real danger, and selfish parents ought to realise this. They are not loving their children; they are gradually devouring them. There are no fixations, no Jocastas, in the families where the ideal of real love reigns. For when there is real love—unselfish self-sacrificing love—there cannot be either jealous mothers or dominating fathers.

Parents must learn to “gain love by releasing the lover”, to attain by giving up, to hold all the faster by letting go. A hard lesson, but well worth learning. At least, in families that profess and call themselves Christian.

Kahlil Gibran in *The Prophet* has summed up in a few sentences most of what I have been trying to say in as many pages. “Your children . . . dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams. You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you. For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday. You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.”

THE INTERMEDIATE STAGE



IT is difficult to determine when a child ceases to be a child. As I have already said, so few males ever have a chance to observe children carefully, unless it be the pædiatricians. And they only get occasional glimpses of the child's mental development. I know that in some psychological laboratories rooms have been arranged in which the child can play and still be observed by a student hidden by a screen through which the child cannot see. Yet children have often an uncanny knowledge of even the most carefully-screened observer. And how can we ever tell whether the child really believes himself to be alone? The mere presence of an older person so often inhibits a child's activities.

'Not long ago I was watching an active boy of five. When I noticed him first, he had climbed up to the top of a huge electric truck and was happily enthroned on the driver's seat. My first impulse was to rush out and try to get him down from a very dangerous perch. Then I realised that if he had got up alone, he could probably get down, if his reactions were not interfered with. So I watched him descend carefully and without falling. Having once got down, he decided to try the ascent all over again. Just as he had regained his perch, however, he was seen by his nurse. She did what I had refrained from doing. She ran

up and told the boy to "come straight down from there". She was evidently fearful for him, but she could not get at him. He was perfectly obedient; he was quite ready to come down. But for the first time he realised that he might be in a dangerous position and that an older person was watching him. Although he seemed as sure-footed as before, he slipped twice, very dangerously, coming down, finally missed his footing altogether, and dropped into his nurse's arms—wailing and afraid.

Some mothers are fortunate enough to be interested not in looking *after* their children, but in looking *at* them. Mothers are rare nowadays who are not so pestered by the household duties of food and clothes, not so absorbed in the social duties of entertaining or of contract, that they have time to watch their children. The old type of nurse, who would sit placidly knitting for hours or reading a book, while the children played around, always in her sight and yet seldom conscious of her presence, is rare also. But the trouble with that old type of nurse was that she could not express what she had observed. She could tell you in detail what Master William or Miss Angelina had done that afternoon, what games they had played and whether they had been quarrelsome or peaceful, but she could not make any deductions from these facts. She did not notice, for instance, that Master William, who had always played contentedly with his shovel and bucket, had suddenly begun to want to do something new with them—to build a castle or a fort. Or that Miss Angelina, who had always been satisfied with her dolls, became suddenly fascinated by a "Pigs in Clover" puzzle belonging to another little girl and spent most of the afternoon trying to make little balls of quicksilver roll into certain little holes.

The child who has to play alone, who has no brothers and sisters, is often at a disadvantage later on. Man was not made to live alone, and the company of the most devoted mother cannot make up for the lack of child playmates. The boy needs a younger sister or an elder brother. The boy or girl who is the only child in the family and who finds no playmates outside the home either mopes by himself, becomes unchildish by always associating with older people, or else, if he is imaginative, is forced to create imaginary playmates and to live in a world of his own fancy that will take the place of the lonely universe in which he seems to be like Robinson Crusoe on his island. If he does not find a real man Friday, he will have to invent one. Such experience may make of a boy or a girl a novelist, a dramatist, anything in which imagination is the chief stock in trade; or it may turn him or her into an introspective dreamer, who flees from reality whenever it is unpleasant. That way lies serious danger.

The moment that a child has a playmate, of his own blood or not, he finds himself in the presence of another human being who may have likes and dislikes entirely different from his own. He sees his own actions in quite a new light; they may be approved or utterly condemned. The criticism or the approval of older people, of parents or of nurses, has never touched him deeply. These grown-ups have standards of their own which he has to accept, but which he does not even try to understand. But with another child near his own age he finds himself in a very different situation.

A rather shy, fearful boy has a sister a few years younger than himself. He is about ten. In the winter-time he takes his little sled and coasts on a neighbouring side-street. But other boys are there also—bigger boys,

rougher boys than he. He avoids them when he can, for they take his sled away from him, coast down-hill on it, and only return it to him when they have quite finished with it. He snuffles, but he sits idly by and watches other boys deprive him of his property. He has acted in this way for two winters, until his sister is supposed to be old enough to play with him outdoors and to have a sled of her own. The first time they go coasting together, the rough boys appear and, as usual, commandeer his sled. He gives it up without a protest. Thus it has always been and thus it will probably always be. But his sister is made of sterner stuff. She leaps to her brother's defence. Her attack of one of the elder boys is so unexpected that he does not try to defend himself. She does not realise that since she is a girl, this rough boy is loath to push her into a snowdrift. He does not want to strike her. So, torn between surprise and respect for her sex, he allows her not only to seize her brother's sled, but to push the aggressor himself into a snowdrift and there wash his face with snow. She returns triumphantly to her brother. "Here's your sled. Now let's coast." The brother dries his tears. He is filled with admiration for his sister's prowess, although he feels that somehow he should have done himself what she so easily achieved. It must, therefore, be easier to fight a bigger boy and to conquer him than he had hitherto imagined. Sister and brother coast in peace and go home together. He is swollen with new pride, with new dreams of *victorious battle*. But once they are back again in the nursery at home, their roles are suddenly altered. The sister turns on the brother. She berates him roundly. Why is he such a coward? Why has he let older, bigger boys take his sled away from him? And she slaps him, just as she had slapped the other boy who took the sled; she

mauls him because he has not been a man. He has humiliated her before other children. She fought, yes, but not so much for him as for her own sense of the family honour. Now she punishes him because he has fallen below the standards she has set for him. The next time he goes coasting alone, remembering how easily his sister vanquishes his aggressors, he will try her tactics and he will get badly beaten. He will be much confused, but it will do him good.

The child ceases to be a child when he is no longer dependent on his mother, when he begins a social life of his own, in the company of other children, when he starts to use his own imagination and to create for himself what grown-up people call games.

The boy is no longer a child when he begins to have interests that he cannot share completely with his parents, when he begins to read or to evolve fascinating situations in which he is no longer himself, but some imaginary personage. The girl, as a rule, gets satisfaction out of "games" that reflect the realities of social life. She gives dolls' tea-parties; she runs a complicated doll-house with its large family; she visits other little girls and discusses her children. As a rule, the boy, is no less imaginative, is attracted by games that are much further removed from reality. He will build a house in the woods, a hut of hemlock boughs, just as his own father might build a house; but once in possession of it, he does not pretend that he is a modern householder; he is a pirate or a gold-digger—some kind of an adventurer. The parallels of everyday life are too tame for him.

Of course, there are always girls who prefer boys' games and who cling to the fringe of youthful male activities by showing unusual powers of imagination, or by unusual physical prestige. Such a girl is tolerated. Often, she is

admired, but never for a moment, in the eyes of her male playmates, does she cease to be a girl. Still worse off is the diffident boy who prefers the sedateness, the quietness of girls' games to the rougher play of his own sex, who prefers dolls' tea-parties to sailing on the Spanish Main, and doll-houses to a robbers' stronghold. The girls with whom he plays cannot help regarding him as a sort of unpleasant foreign body in the homogeneous texture of their little society. He is a male. Somehow they feel that he ought not to be playing with dolls. And be he as effeminate as the most girlish girl in the group, the individuals of that group never forget that he is a boy.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN BOY AND GIRL

This sudden cleavage between the sexes is one of the most marked characteristics of the intermediate stage of the individual's development. When boys and girls are really children, they are called children, not boys and girls. They play together without any marked differentiation of activity. In the old days, when a child did not become a boy until he was given his first short trousers, there was no very great distinction in dress between the girl child and the boy child. In the early years of child-life, in babyhood, you cannot tell a boy from a girl by its outward dress. The long baby-clothes grow shorter; they are still skirts. And the female keeps on wearing skirts. But so far as clothes are concerned, the male sheds these signs of an early condition, in which he had no outward, visible sign of his manhood, and assumes a new type of dress that divides him for ever from the skirt-wearing female. From the standpoint of dress, the female remains on the same

level on which she was born, while the male spurns the outworn chrysalis of skirts and blossoms into trousers.

Perhaps it is this divergence in dress that emphasises in the child's mind the divergence between the sexes, that begins the unfortunate cleavage of human beings into male and female. The fact that in modern dress women are gradually assuming male types of clothing, or are, at least, discarding the traditional type of female coverings, points surely to the trend in modern life to get away from the inherited cleavage between the sexes. Nevertheless, it still remains true that a girl may dress like a boy, a woman like a man, without loss of prestige, but that a man who dresses like a woman is quite a different thing. In our thoughts, the trousered girl, although perhaps she may not be taking a step up, is at least not lowering herself. But the skirted male stamps himself as a degenerate who has sold his birthright.

At any rate, what I have called the "intermediate stage" is marked by distinctions that are fairly plain. There is not only the change in the type of dress, but also the cleavage, in mental and physical activity, between the female child who now becomes a girl, and the male child who has become a boy. During this period of development the two sexes have very little in common. At no other period have they so few points of contact. The boy's life is usually as completely separated from the life of the girl as if they were two utterly different creations. This is the period during which the boy despises the girl, because she cannot climb trees and dislikes good healthy dirt, while the girl shrinks from the boy because he is rough and fights. A boy may have what he calls "his girl", but she is his only in the same sense as his dog or his baseball bat.

This divergence makes itself felt in family life. The

boy, who has played contentedly with his younger sister, is no longer satisfied unless she happens to be of a masculine type and can, for a while at least, take the part of a pirate or a brigand. And the girl, who used to find complete satisfaction in her brother's company, suddenly realises that he is too rough, that his type of games hurts you and makes you cry. And so in a nursery where peace and concord once reigned, disunion begins.

This growing cleavage between brother and sister often disturbs the thoughtful mother. And usually it is the boy who worries her most. Often she will complain bitterly: "My boy doesn't love me any more. He used to tell me everything. I knew all his interests. He came to me with all his troubles. But that is all changed. He will talk to his rabbits or to his dog for hours, but he no longer talks to me. Once I thought that he loved me, but now——"

EMANCIPATION

Such a mother fails to distinguish between two distinct trends. When the son was a child, he was dependent on his mother for almost everything. Physically and mentally he needed her. Now that he is beginning to develop an independent life of his own, he needs her much less. But his love, his affection, has not changed. Only he expresses it in a different way. The mother who tries to hold the child-love of a growing boy, who confuses dependency with affection and who therefore tries to keep the boy dependent on her, may succeed, and in succeeding she may fetter and hamper the rounded development of the person whom she loves most in the world. If she does not succeed, she may make her boy rebellious and sly. He may

keep up a pretence of hugging and kissing her, but it will be an empty thing and she will feel this sooner or later. He may pretend to tell her everything, especially if she puts him through a daily catechism about all his doings, but he will tell her only half-truths, which are far worse than lies.

At this period in their lives we must begin to trust our children. This trust may be abused. But it is better to trust and to be disappointed than not to trust and so to twist a straight young life into the devious ways of deceit and secret rebellion.

Christian mothers ought to go to their Bibles for help in this difficult matter. The Catholic Church holds up before us the picture of a Son and His Mother, the most perfect relationship that the world has ever seen. And although we know that Mary, who had been chosen to be the Mother of God, was the most glorious of all human mothers, yet she was like all the others, because she worried over her son and at the first had not learned to trust the boy. You remember that the Gospels give only one incident of the boyhood of Christ. Perhaps it would be too strong an expression to say that He ran away from home. At any rate, He stayed away for several days. His mother and father had gone to Jerusalem to keep the Feast of the Passover and they had taken the boy Jesus with them. Mary kept hidden in her heart all the wonderful things that had happened at His birth; all the great things that had been prophesied about Him. She had watched Him grow, in the little carpenter-shop at Nazareth, from a child into a boy. Yet when the first test came, she failed. When the Passover had come to an end, our Lady and St. Joseph started on the way home. They were with a big company of people, returning from Jerusalem. Mary, for a day or so,

lost sight of her son. She thought that He was with other members of the family. Of course, she worried about Him. He had probably never been away from her before. But she kept reassuring herself. The boy must be in some other part of the travelling group, with His cousins or some of His boy friends. She bore the anxiety as long as she could. We can imagine her talking with St. Joseph and, like so many men, he probably answered: "Oh, the boy's all right. Don't worry." But mothers can't help being anxious. They can, however, help their anxiety from spilling over into hasty action. So Mary, when her boy did not turn up, went to look for Him. How many, many mothers have done that very same thing! First she looked for Him among the members of her family, her neighbours at Nazareth, who were all on their way home. And when she could not find Him, she must have known that sinking sensation in the breast, that constriction of the breathing, that fluttering of the heart. Any mother who has lost her son, can tell you exactly what it is like. Then she had another talk with St. Joseph. At last she had her way. She and St. Joseph turned back—back towards Jerusalem—leaving all the others and walking back alone. She was still torn with anxiety, but now, at least, she was doing something.

They reached Jerusalem. They wandered up and down the streets; they asked questions of everyone they met. *No trace of the boy anywhere. For three whole days they searched.* They could not find the boy. Three days—and three nights. I wonder how many hours our Lady slept during those three nights. She must have prayed; she must have tried to surrender her will to God's will, but she wanted her boy. Only to know that He was well, that nothing had happened to him. And then, on the third

morning, she and St. Joseph were passing through one of the outer courts of the Temple. Probably our Lady had come there to pray. And suddenly, over the clustered white heads of some learned teachers who were discussing theology in a shadowy corner, she caught sight of another head, a young head—the head that some day was to be crowned with thorns. At first she could not believe her eyes. Then, thrusting everyone aside, she pushed forward. The boy seemed perfectly unmoved. I suppose that He submitted to His mother's caresses. Perhaps He ran to meet her. But as she held Him in her arms, all the bitterness of the past days, all the tormenting anxiety of the past nights, rushed into words. And she said: "Son, why hast Thou dealt thus with us? Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." How many, many mothers have made that same reproach, in slightly different words: "Oh, my boy, I've been so anxious about you. I haven't been able to sleep or to eat. How could you do such a thing to me? How could you make me suffer so?"

And the boy answered her: "How is it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

Another boy, in the same situation, wants to say just this to his weeping mother, if he could only find the right words. "Why were you so worried about me? Didn't you trust me? Didn't you know that I loved you? That I would surely come back? Couldn't you have trusted me a little more? Didn't you know that I have my own life to live, my own work to do in the world? And that work may not be at home with you."

Mothers, with tormenting imaginations, who see their sons crushed beneath the wheels of a motor truck or lying dead at the morgue, just because they are half an hour

'later coming home than usual, such mothers ought to read and re-read this story of St. Luke's. It must have been derived from Mary herself.

But those sons who are thoughtless, selfish, who for mere pleasure's sake keep a mother's heart in an agony of suspense, should not forget the verses in the Gospel that follow the reply of the boy Jesus. For, after His one soft rebuke to His mother, He went gladly back with her to Nazareth and "was subject" to her and to His foster-father. And because of that willing subjection He increased in wisdom and in stature and in favour with God and man.

INTEREST IN THE BODY

Just when the average boy or girl begins to take an intimate interest in his or her body I do not know. This varies so much. There is no doubt that what we call "sex urge" may appear at a rather early age. But if it does appear before the physical changes of adolescence, it can hardly be called a "sex urge" at all. For, ordinarily, by "sex" we imply a reaction of attraction between two people. The boy may become suddenly interested in his body; he may begin to make certain experiments with it. But it is *his* body and he is not interested in it in connexion with someone else. How it is with the modern girl child I do not know. I do know, however, that fifty years ago a girl could go through adolescence and into marriage without ever having had the slightest interest in or having secured the slightest stimulation from her genital apparatus. When one looks back upon it, it seems almost unbelievable to realise that not so long ago there were marriageable women who knew no more about the details

of married life than they knew about central Africa. In fact, they knew less.

As for the ordinary boy, unless some other boy makes suggestions that lead to experiments, I do not think that his own body occupies a very prominent place in his thoughts. It has not changed much since he was a boy; at least, not in its general outlines. There is nothing to attract his attention to it. Unless, by some chance happening, he begins to connect a certain pleasurable sensation with the rubbing of his body against a tree or the saddle of a bicycle. A great deal has been written about early auto-erotism. In my own experience, I have found few traces of it, until adolescence.

For the boy, at least, expresses his sex urge, if that is the name for it, not by the hidden organs of his body, but by his lips; not by the masturbatory use of his hands, but by the use of his tongue. For the intermediate stage is the period of secret swear words and of "smut". The boy is yet too young to put into action the twisted sex knowledge that he has acquired. But he can talk about it. And the words that describe it have a mysterious fascination. Swearing also delights him. It is not only a male attribute, but swear words are secret words; they are also words of power. The young boy who has once heard them says them over and over to himself until in some moment of forgetfulness he bursts out in the presence of his maiden aunt with a few expressions, the meaning of which she may know, but the sound of which has never yet assaulted her chaste ears. When a new word of this kind, a word of power, has been learned, there is always an intense urge to pronounce it, to write it, to fling it in the face of society. Surely the words and sketches that one finds written on the walls of "comfort stations" from Pompeii to San

Francisco are merely a survival of this same boyish desire to let the world know that we know too.

Not long ago a staid Presbyterian father was returning from his office and found his ten-year-old son decorating the red brick frontage of his house in white chalk with the repetition of a word (beginning with *f*)—a word which the boy had just learned and in the sound of which he took great delight. If that father had been less appalled by the thought of what his neighbours would say when they had read “the handwriting on the wall”, if he had treated the matter lightly and had bidden his son to erase his achievements because the word was “not a particularly nice one”, no great harm would have been done to anyone. But he fell upon the boy like an outraged hurricane. He read him a long lecture on purity, which the boy could not connect with “the word”, sent him supperless to bed, and made him learn the Fifty-first Psalm by heart. The boy learned the Psalm, but at the end of every line he would lie back in bed and say aloud “the word” with gusto and great relish. In later life he could never hear or read that Psalm without an inward chuckle of which he was always ashamed, but which he could never entirely repress.

Moreover, to the boy at least, the scatological appeals more than the sexual. Stories that centre about the w.c. and the rectum are always much more highly prized than tales of a definite sexual content. For the act of defecation has always been under a taboo. Every family has different imaginary names for it, and it is something that happens or should happen every day and that may be studied at one's ease. The sexual act itself is not clearly understood. Even if it were, it could not be performed and observed. But this other act is always open to investigation, and because people never talk about it, therefore it must contain some

particular mystery of its own. Here is a whole realm of unhealthy investigation that might never have become to the boy or the girl a fascinating Forbidden City if it had not been surrounded in early life with so many taboos and called by such queer names.

EPIGENETIC GAMES

It has been said that just as the foetus in the womb passes through various stages of development which exemplify the evolutionary development of the human race, so mentally each individual passes through similar stages. Whether this be true of girls, I do not know. But something like it appears in the boy. He has a cave-dweller period, a lake-dwelling epoch, and similar varying reactions. Surely no normal boy will ever forget the utter fascination of digging, of digging a hole in the ground, not in order to find something there, but so as to create a dwelling, a place of refuge from the world outside. Before you have thrown up the first shovelful of earth, you see before your eyes the underground passage that will finally lead you into the vaulted cave, where you will store your weapons of the chase and to which you will bring back the spoils of war and the scalps of your enemies. You may never achieve more than a small hole in the ground, but in imagination you will have tasted some of the joys of your cave-dwelling forebears. The earth, and then the water. Ah, the water! It makes no difference whether that water be only a shallow brook or the waves of the incoming tide on an ocean beach. You want to swim in it. Above all, you want to live on it or near it. The first time you get into a boat, the first time you feel beneath you the soft gliding motion of the canoe and hear the water drip from your paddle, something rises

up inside you and begins to sing. You have no words to express it. You never will have.

All really great boys' stories have caves in them. That is what makes Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn immortal representatives of every cave-loving boy. And there must be water too, with islands in the middle of it, islands that may be discovered and on which Swiss Family Robinsons can exist with only a little ingenuity.

When the cave is dug, the canoe built and launched, then, if you are an ordinary boy, you will be free of reality as long as you live in the one or sail in the other. Like Sentimental Tommy in his cave in the Dell, you will actually be the Young Pretender, landing in Scotland to place himself at the head of his loyal Highlanders and sweep the Hanoverian tyrants from the face of the earth. You will be Morgan the Pirate. In my own day we belonged to the band of Jesse James or, still under the sound influence of Cooper, we would consort with Uncas or the immortal Leatherstocking. What boys are now, I do not know. For the grown-up who knows what his boys are pretending to be and to do, who has some insight into their secret pleasures and pastimes, must be a marvel. If he wants to write about boys, he must reconstruct their activities from his own boyish memories or from his own creative imagination. The boy himself may not like what he has written, but every older man who has once been a normal boy will devour every word of it. In this lies the real appeal of Mr. Booth Tarkington. In *Penrod* he has given us a better picture of the American boy than can be found in all the books of the psychologists who write about Child Life and its Problems. And now he is doing for the younger boy, for the boy in the intermediate stage—for Little Orvie—what he has already done for *Penrod* and for us.

All these boyish games are male games. As a usual thing, woman, as represented by girls, has no part in them. I am coming to believe, however, that this early segregation of the sexes is an artificial thing, that boys and girls should not and need not be divided into two separate groups at such an early age. I have been told by mothers who know far more than I do that the child does not become body-conscious or sex-conscious until adolescence. People who live in the country, who bring up their children in the atmosphere of a farm or of open air, are liable to see things much more clearly than the city dweller, who, in a flat, never comes into contact with natural existence and with animals. Man was not made to live alone—not made, either, to live only with human beings. Inanimate nature and animate—cows, horses, dogs, sheep—all these are part of his real inheritance. But the city dweller has been cheated of his birthright. The city child, restricted to the level rooms of a flat, with no contact with grass and trees except what he may find in a public park, out of touch with all animals except those in the zoo or his own completely house-broken and spirit-broken dog or cat, lives an artificial life, imagines that the world is entirely made up of human beings and of inanimate machines. To enjoy the blessings of a Frigidaire, a radio, or the films is a poor compensation for the loss of country air and of intimate contact with the earth and with the animals that walk to and fro upon its patient surface. So people—city people—forget a lot of things, if indeed they have ever known them. They do not realise that in a litter of puppies the dogs and bitches play together without any sense of diversity of sex. Indeed, the one bitch in the litter may be its leader, its most dominating personality. Not until breeding is possible does the sex-consciousness assert itself. When slightly older puppies are

playing together and you notice occasional acts that look like sexual activity, the appearance is deceitful, for the male puppy is quite as likely to try to mount its own brother as it is to seek out its only sister. Calves romp together in the field; they are never little bulls or little cows. The sense of their sex does not appear at all until nature has made them ready to make a normal use of it.

Therefore, when in dealing with our children we force too soon a division that ought to come much later, we are creating artificial groups, insisting on the masculinity of the male and on the femininity of the female long before the time for such a division has arrived. And so, in the boy's mind, for instance, there is built up a sense of superiority that persists all his life, unless he have the good fortune to have a sister who can prove to him day after day that she can climb trees, that she can shoot and ride and do it all as well as, if not better than, he himself. Yet even so, she has to *force* her equality upon him. If he accepts it, he accepts it with a sense of humiliation. He knows that she *ought* not to be able to do what a boy can do. On the other hand, the girl, at an early age, is forced to accept standards of feminine behaviour that have no real basis in her sexless mind. She cannot see why girls *must* sew, must like to play with dolls, must sit quietly while the boys romp and run. But unless she has individuality enough to assert herself, she will submit to these standards. If she does not submit, she must be contented to be considered a "tomboy" and a traitor to her own sex.

We are constantly impressing on our boys the fact that they are boys and not girls. One often hears a mother say to her son, who looks longingly at his sister's doll house and takes no interest in his new train or car: "Oh, John,

you mustn't do that. That's sissy. Only girls play with dolls." To do something that is "sissy" becomes, to the child, a shameful thing. To do something that girls do, that is horror beyond words. And the horror is greater than any associated with the male activities of some girl who likes to play soldiers or to climb trees. Here again one sees how the boy's mind is at an early age inoculated with the concept that he belongs to the superior sex. For the tomboy girl, who plays with boys, although she may be criticised by other girls' parents, is secretly admired by her own contemporaries because she has somehow managed to break into the superior group. On the other hand, the boy who enjoys the company and the games of girls has betrayed his manhood. He has fallen in the social scale.

And so, at an early age, we solidify in our children's mind the distinction—not the physical distinctions, but the social divergences—between the two sexes. The feminists who battle for woman's equality with man are wasting their time by trying to persuade the average man that a woman is not an inferior type. This idea was ground into him when he put on his first pair of trousers. Perhaps even before that. The reformers must go farther back in the education and early training of children. They must lift the taboos that separate girls from boys at an age when neither is naturally conscious of any such distinction and that assign to each sex barriers of activity and of self-expression which may not be crossed except at the cost of constant rebuke and criticism.

PETS AND FETISHES

Every child should have something to love. Parents and brothers and sisters are not enough. Inanimate things,

dolls or tin soldiers, are not enough either. The child craves something living, something that can show some return of affection, something that belongs to him or to her, something that is dependent on its owner. We call such objects "pets". It is a most unsatisfactory word. Like that other word "hobby", which is quite as unsatisfactory. We tell unhappy bored older people that they must "get a hobby", acquire some outside interest that will give them a means of expression or, in the jargon of modern psychology, an adequate emotional outlet. What a hobby is to the bored, tired older man or woman, the pet is to the child. Only it is still more important. For the older person has many other means of self-expression, while the child has few.

Children—city children—are not able to have many real pets. And the child who has no pet will turn to the most remarkable compensations. Of course, the girl who is not even allowed to have a canary because it sings and wakes up father too early in the morning may be able to shower her pent-up love on a rag doll or some other inanimate object that at least looks like a living thing. The petless boy may be able to endure life with the most glittering general among his tin soldiers and sleep with it under his pillow. Of such lifeless, yet living, pets is that greatest of all bears, Winnie-the-Pooh. Everyone who loves children loves Winnie. We could not bear to miss him. But *my* Christopher Robin shall live in the country and have some kind of a living animal. Rabbits for choice, until he is old enough to have a dog of his own.

Over-tender-hearted people are often loath to give their children real pets because they belong to the R.S.P.C.A. and believe that the child, without knowing it, torments an animal or is unintentionally cruel to it. But a child can

be taught to care properly for his own pet. And very often the first glimmerings of a sense of responsibility toward a living creature develop in the child's mind from the possession of the dog, the rabbit, the bird that is dependent on the child for food or for protection. A boy teaches his dog tricks, but, in reality, the dog may teach its young owner no end of valuable lessons.

No inanimate object can ever take the place of the living pet, although an inanimate object is better than no pet at all. A china dog is better than no dog. I remember a boy—a city boy—whose father disliked dogs and whose mother had aleurophobia. His nurse did not like canaries, because she had to clean the bird-cage. But he had a pet, a strange one. It was his father's sword, one of those ornate things—less of a weapon than an ornament—that used to be buckled to the loins of colonels and generals belonging to some Governor's staff. This sword was the boy's most intimate companion. He took it to bed with him. He talked to it. When his father had to wear it, as he did occasionally when the Governor and his staff had to review a parade, the boy was in agony until the sword came back and had been put away in a closet in its outer covering of soft doeskin. No one knew the stories he told that sword and that the sword told him.

Once when he was ill and had to be taken to the hospital, he was so restless, so sleepless, so evidently unhappy that the doctors were at a loss. They knew he wanted something. They brought him his mother, but he turned away from her. They brought him books that he would not read. A friend or two of his own age, but he scarcely spoke to them. Finally, when he had been tossing to and fro all night, when his temperature would not come down and everyone in the hospital was more than anxious, the interne, who

was an understanding young man, a little doctor with big kindly brown eyes and with soft, agile, clever hands, sent for the boy's parents. It happened that the mother was out. But the father, who was on his way home from a military banquet, looked in at the hospital.

The young interne watched his little patient. He seemed very glad to see his father. But he did not talk to him. As his father sat by his bed, the interne noticed that the boy's hand was always touching the sword at the older man's side, stroking it, caressing it with his fingers. So the interne had a hunch, as he called it. And he had a few words with the father before he left. The father stared; he shook his head at this young doctor's "crazy ideas". But the young doctor was insistent. And finally the older man unhooked the sword from his sword-belt. The young interne bade him a hasty good night. He walked into his patient's room and, without a word of explanation, slipped the sword between the sheets of the bed. The nurse, who was a prosaic young woman, who knew more about blood-transfusions than she knew about pets—her only pet being the senior resident physician—opened her mouth to protest. But the little interne said: "Doctor's orders" and pushed her out of the room. Of course, "Doctor's orders" are the only two words in the English language that can make the most determined nurse shake in her competent shoes. She doesn't dare to ask: "What doctor?" In a hospital, orders are orders indeed.

Once the nurse was out of the room, the little interne turned out the lights in the sick room and sat down in the nurse's chair. Half an hour later, when the boy's mother rushed into the ward in a whirl of anxiety—she had been called away from her game of contract at the woman's club—she was met at the door of her son's room by a young

doctor, a little fellow with soft brown eyes and with his finger on his lips. "Your boy and my patient," he whispered, "is fast asleep. He has something now, something that a boy ought not to need, something—unfortunately not someone—that he loves."

"I don't know what you mean, I'm sure," the mother interposed. "Some new kind of dope, I suppose. I don't believe in drugging children. It's a crime."

The little interne needed his job badly. But his father had been a physician before him, and his own home had been a very happy one, a home in the country. He knew that he was going to risk losing his hospital appointment, for his chief, Dr. Redfield, believed that the people who paid the hospital bills—like those who pay the hotel bills—are always right. Yet he could not help himself.

"There are bigger crime than that," he said between his two rows of firm white teeth. "Worse than drugging a child is not loving him, so that he has to drug himself. I think that your son will probably get well. But when he is well, don't give him drugs. For God's sake, give him a dog."

Children have many fetishes, for they are primitives. Their lives seem often illogical to us older people, because we do not understand the powers that govern them. We know a little about their taboos, for we ourselves have established at least some of them. But their fetishes, their secret charms, their protective rituals, their "apotropeia", these they guard jealously for themselves. Almost always the fetish is a source of strength or of protection. The contents of an ordinary boy's pockets could often tell an interesting story.

Your boy has a new suit. He must wear it tomorrow. You want to send the old suit to the cleaners. So while the

boy is playing tennis in shorts and a sweater, you empty his pockets. What a mess! You pile his belongings on the table. Here is a bit of stone. It can't be of any value. And here is a piece of string, knotted in a peculiar way, together with the insides of an old Ingersoll watch and a Chinese "cash", a round brass coin with a hole in the middle. Some of these things he may want to keep, but that piece of stone—surely it can't be of any importance. So you toss it out of the window. Without knowing it, you are starting a whole train of tragic events.

Next morning after breakfast your son sidles up to you. You know that he has something on his mind. His forehead is furrowed. He looks distinctly apprehensive. Finally, after many questionings and half-answers from him, you begin to understand what he wants. When you were emptying out his pockets last night—why did you do that anyway? He could have done it himself. Yes, he has seen the little pile of things that you left on the table by his bedside. But, but——

"Oh," you say at last, "oh, that piece of stone. Why, I threw it out of the window."

His face goes perfectly blank. He tries to look as if this were a matter of no importance at all. But as he is leaving the room, he asks casually over his shoulder: "Which window?"

You are not exactly sure, but you think it was the window of his room that looks out on the big bed of gladioli. He departs in haste. And later in the day you wonder what has happened to your flowers. You call the gardener's boy. Is that the way he takes care of the place? He shrugs his shoulders. He does not like to tell tales, but, after all, his good name is at stake. So he says: "It was Master Frank, ma'am. He was fussing round in that

bed all the afternoon. Like he was looking for something. He broke down a lot of your flowers. No, I don't know if he found it. He looked long enough."

If later on you ask your son what he was doing in your flower-bed, he will wriggle uncomfortably and say: "Oh, nothing." So you think no more about it. But during the next few days you find him still hanging around that flower-bed. Then your husband misses his flashlight. In some mysterious way it reappears. Your gladioli are failing more and more. Finally you give up fussing over them.

Ah, if you only knew what had been going on in your son's mind! How he has watched you leave the house, watched till Griggs, the gardener, was out of the way so that he might search that bed of flowers-again. It was only a piece of stone that you tossed out of the window. To your boy it meant more than that, if you had only known it. It represented a very complex piece of association. For through the centre of the stone there runs a tiny gleaming line of brightness, iron pyrites of some kind. But it looks like gold. The kind of gold that the placer miners used to wash out of the "pay dirt". Your son Frank found it upon the hills behind your house in the country. He and two of the boys from the village had been planning to dig a cave. And Frank had picked up this "gold-bearing" stone. He and his comrades were sure that they had found a gold mine. And they began operations at once. For Frank needed gold, needed money just then. Down in the village, next to the post office, is a general store, where you buy anything from mowing machines to flour. And it boasts a sweet counter, which displays more temptations to boys of Frank's age than all the other shops put together. For here are "all-day suckers", toffee apples,

and other delicacies, while behind the glass case are the big tin boxes full of animal crackers and chocolate-covered macaroons. The proprietor, old Mr. Peters, dusty-looking as his shop itself, with his steel-rimmed spectacles pushed up into his sandy grey hair, is a friend of everyone. You have known him ever since your husband bought this house in the country, where you and the children have lived in the summer. Your other children are married and gone. Frank is the only one left. But he seems more adventurous, less dependable than his older brothers and sister. And his system seems to crave carbohydrates. Also, he is of a princely nature. He loves to buy lavishly for others. And so it has come about that he has run up a small account with old Mr. Peters, chiefly for animal crackers and for toffee apples. He is in debt for about one and sixpence. And he has never in all his life been in debt before. Your husband believes in teaching him the use of money. He gets three shillings a week and not a penny more. When he considers his debt, he wilts with fear. And once or twice Mr. Peters has laughingly said: "Master Frank, I'll soon have to send my bill to your father."

But he has one resource, one protection—his gold rock. He knows now that it is not really gold. But somehow it seems valuable; it is a sign and a symbol of riches. As long as he has it in his pocket, he feels that somehow he will find the money to pay Mr. Peters for all those toffee apples, all those animal crackers. And you, in your thoughtlessness, threw it away. In doing so, you threw its owner into a panic. But you did more than that. You ruined your gladioli.

It is unwise to destroy anything a boy owns, no matter how insignificant or dirty it may look, unless you have consulted him first. If, without his knowledge, you do "clean

out" his pockets or his chest of drawers, you may bring down on your head the vengeance of the god of the fetish that you have destroyed.

CRUELTY

Boys and girls in this intermediate stage are primitives in more sense than one. Usually they show a streak of thoughtless cruelty. They often seem to get satisfaction out of hurting one another. They devise cruel games. They imagine painful punishments for their enemies. But actual sadistic cruelty, I believe, is rare. And a child seldom intentionally torments his pets, his dog, his rabbits. If a boy does hurt his dog, it is only because he does not realise what the animal is suffering. To torment a play-mate only seems to be "fun" because the tormentor cannot as yet put himself in the place of the tormented. He is too intensely occupied with his own feelings.

The wantonly cruel child, who delights in killing and torturing, is only pathological in so far as he represents the extreme expression of the joy of causing pain. Nevertheless, the little sadist is a revolting animal. Then there is the other side of the same picture. Some children seem to get a masochistic satisfaction out of suffering. They like to be the victim who is tied to the tree and who is painfully scalped and thumped with wooden tomahawks. They like to have another child pursue them, catch them, roll them in the dirt, and pommel them.

I have myself a very faint recollection of such an experience. I remember nothing about the boy, not even his name, except that he was slightly older than myself. I must have been about eight. This boy's chief amusement one

summer was to lure me off into the woods and there beat me on my bare little legs with switches. I went in dread of him. I shook with terror when he appeared. Yet I never told anyone about him or his habits. I concealed my red, marked legs at the cost of great discomfort. And time after time I sought the boy out myself, dreading what I knew would happen as soon as we were alone, and yet unable to keep away from my tormentor.

I suppose that many parents would be positively aghast with horror if they knew what was going on in the minds of their children, what they were doing when they got away from supervision. The trouble often is that one sadistic or sexually premature child can pervade a whole group with his or her influence and become a leader down roads of unwise experience, along which the others would never wander alone. Nurses and parents never know what is happening until the damage is done, for children at this age are as secretive as savages.

SECRETIVENESS

This secretiveness is, I think, partially founded on a fear of ridicule. A child dreads nothing more than being laughed at, being made fun of. And if a boy, for example, lives intensely in his imaginary role of pirate chief or romantic explorer, he will do almost anything to prevent older people from knowing what he is doing, especially from seeing him do it. Older people represent reality, the dullness of everyday life. They know that the boy is not Captain Kidd. The boy knows it too, but he wants to forget that for the moment. To have his role shattered by the intrusion of older people is more than he can bear. A

thoughtless father may say: "My boy likes to play soldiers. He pretends that he is Stonewall Jackson." Pretend! Why he is, for a time, Stonewall Jackson himself. So, like all creative artists, he guards his illusion from the intrusion of reality. If you came upon him while he was Captain Kidd, he would stop at once and pretend that he was playing prisoners' base. When you departed, he would return to his piratical role again. But if when you come upon him, you laugh at him and say: "Well, what do you think you are doing?" then, when you depart, he will not be able to be Captain Kidd again. You have ruined that particular role for him for ever.

Never make fun of a child's play. Never try to kill an undesirable form of activity by the use of ridicule. You will succeed perhaps in stopping something that you think dangerous, but you may kill something besides an undesirable game. Fear of ridicule, as well as fear of reality, makes the child secretive. Girls are perhaps not quite so secretive as boys. But, I think, this is because the games of the ordinary girl are closer to reality than those of the boy. There is nothing ridiculous if two girls play "tea-party", if one of them pretends to be Mrs. Jones from next door and the other a visitor from the country. But when a scrubby, pug-nosed boy of ten plays *The Lays of Ancient Rome* and becomes the dauntless Horatius Cocles, the task demanded of the imagination is so great that if that same imagination fails for a moment, the string is snapped, the charm disappears, and it is very easy to laugh. Hence the boy guards jealously the details of such great games as these.

There is, therefore, a large field in a child's life which no older person can ever enter. It is kept hidden even from the most devoted mother. To force one's way into it

is fatal always. To betray some chance knowledge of it is a mistake also. If you do happen to know something of what is going on, don't mention it, unless you think it is something that ought to be stopped. But there are better and safer ways of stopping it.

Secrecy for secrecy's sake fascinates boys and girls, just as it fascinates all primitive peoples and individuals. The "secret society", the "lodge", the ritual of initiation into the arcana of the tribe—these are all primitive activities. If there happens to be no real "secret", then a secret must be imagined or created or feigned. The boy delights in the sense of solidarity that he gets from being "made a member" and being able to exchange passwords and grips. The girl is more impressed by the sense of social superiority. The boy says: "I belong; so do you." But the girl says to another girl: "I belong and you don't." This sense of social exclusiveness takes early root in the female mind. And from that root grow Social Registers and Blue Books—things to which some girls belong, while others don't and never will.

POETS AND DRAMATISTS

I have always been interested in the early attempts of boys and girls to express themselves either in the acting of plays or in the writing of stories. In my own youth, at Lenox, my three sisters, two cousins, and I formed a compact little group that was self-sufficient for years. Our ages ran from twelve to six. We were fortunate in having as a kind of club-house an old stable that stood at the back of our place. There were two stalls in it. We closed the open ends, and one stall became the meeting-room of our Literary Club,

the other our stage. I take it that we were a group of average ability. And I remember that there was no distinction between male and female, although two of us were boys and the rest girls.

Unfortunately, none of our literary productions have survived. But we edited two papers at different times, "The Amateur Belle" and the "Lenox Genius". Each copy was written out carefully and circulated among the two families. We charged a moderate sum for copies of the more important articles. Then we had literary meetings, at which time we read our own productions. I remember vividly the titles of two poems that I wrote for this society; one was called "Billy and the Angel" and the other "Ten Hours in Hell". Who Billy was and what the Angel said to him I have entirely forgotten. Neither do I know what happened during those ten hours in Hades. The only fragment that still lingers in my mind came from an Ode to Lenox. It began:

"Oh Lenox, that art surrounded by mountains high
and blue,
I never am so happy as when I am in you."

How easy everything seemed in those days! We would get some idea, and behold, it seemed already carried out. Difficulties there were none, or so it always appeared. Of course, we did meet occasional difficulties. But then we gave up that idea and started on another one, just as good if not better.

My male cousin and I had a printing press—a little hand press that could only print one line at a time. We established, at once, a firm of Job Printers. I do not think that my father was very pleased to find near his front gate

a large sign: "Barlow and Oliver. Job Printers. Visiting Cards a speciality at low prices." I think we printed half a dozen cards for one girl outside our group who seemed to have a great deal of pocket money. On the cards was a hand, made of gilt paper and attached to the card at one end. When this sort of fig-leaf arrangement was lifted, there appeared the name of the owner. It was ambitious on our part to begin with this type of visiting cards and we spent most of our small capital in purchasing them. In trying to print behind the gilt hand the name of our client, we broke or defaced a number of hands, smudged the cards, and made such a mess of the whole job that our single client refused to accept her order. This was a great blow. Our firm was impoverished. So we had another idea. Those were the days of "Humorous Primers". Something like the humorous calendars of today. Well, Barlow and Oliver would write and publish a Primer. It contained, as I remember, ten lessons—each lesson consisting of a single line of print. For our press could only print one line at a time. We produced ten copies, at sixpence each.

The effect of the publication was startlingly gratifying. To this day I cannot remember why our Primer shocked the family so. The only lesson that I do recollect may have been considered coarse, but it was certainly not immoral and it contained an undoubted medical fact. Anyhow, my mother mobilised my father, and my father bought up the entire edition. Our firm was again in funds.

We gave plays, too. We seldom wrote them. We merely sketched them out in our minds, had one vague rehearsal, and then put up posters in the village. We excelled in making signs and tacking them up in conspicuous places. The afternoon of the performance would arrive. The entrance fee was one penny or ten pins. When the audience

had assembled, we would give the first scene and then suddenly realise that we did not know what was coming next. So the curtain would fall. We would announce that the text of the play had unfortunately been lost, but that we would do a few charades instead. Later on, when my sisters and I had returned to the city and to different play-mates, we staged our version of *Iolanthe* and of *Patience*. We knew these two operas forwards and backwards. Of course, we could not do the entire score, but we did the scenes we liked best, with some shreds of costume and scenery. We staged them in our dining-room, using its big double doors as a curtain, while our German governess accompanied us on the piano in the living-room.

At another time, again in Lenox, we "put on" a cat's wedding. My elder sister and one of my cousins had two cats, a black kitten and a grey one. They were, I think, both females. But that made no difference. I wrote some kind of a wedding service and stood behind a table in my cousin's sitting-room, dressed in a white sheet, while the owners of the two kittens—each cat had a gilt star pasted on its forehead and on its tail—carried the "bride and groom" up the aisle and presented them before me. When it came time for the groom to say "I will", his or, rather, her sponsor was to pinch the bridegroom's tail, so that at least some kind of a noise might be achieved. But the bridegroom objected. Instead of doing as was expected, he scratched. The ceremony ended in some disorder. But I distinctly remember that we had ice-cream afterwards.

I had no talents for pets. I was said to be very forgetful of their comfort. I have a faint recollection of a big white rabbit. But my sisters were fonder of animals than I, and I left my pets to them, as an inferior type of amusement. Once I did possess a hen, but I did not get it because

I liked chickens. I think that I must have been afraid of all animals more or less—I know that I was afraid of my pony. I got the hen because I expected her to make my fortune. Another boy, a casual acquaintance, explained to me the rise in the price of eggs. All this happened in Bar Harbour, in the early days of its popularity. This boy pointed out the number of new hotels. He calculated the number of summer guests. If each guest ate an egg a day and if eggs were sold for—— It looked very easy. All we had to do was to buy a hen and watch her lay eggs. I extracted a little money from my long-suffering mother. Perhaps she thought that I was developing a normal interest in pets, in animals. And a chicken was better than no pet at all. So I bought the chicken. The other boy made a coop for it. And he and I sat down before the coop to watch her lay eggs and with them the foundation of our fortunes. Many days of grievous disappointment passed before we gave up all hope. Then we decided to cut our losses. And again I made a sign and nailed it up on the gate in front of our cottage. My mother was giving a big luncheon that day, and as the guests passed through our gate I noticed that many of them stopped to read my sign. This was encouraging. I was allowed to come into the dining-room for dessert. There I found myself a very embarrassed little boy. For one of my mother's men friends had carried off my sign. He read it aloud.

“For Sale or for Rent. A female white hen. She is small but handsome. Inquire within.”

But if he laughed, he was kind, and I liked him. He offered to buy the white hen if I would keep her on our

premises, in the barn behind our cottage. So he bought her, but she did not live very long. One of the horses in the stable stepped on her while she was running around his stall, and she was squashed. I had some qualms about keeping her purchase money, but when I met the man who had purchased her, a few days later, he was lunching at Sproul's Restaurant. He told me that he was selling off his polo ponies and was no longer interested in live-stock of any kind. I might keep the money. But white hens were a poor investment, he thought.

I have given these few pictures from my own boyhood because we were ordinary children and good examples of our period of development. I certainly do not remember taking any interest in my body or in the body of anyone else until I was twelve. Nor in all our literary and dramatic productions do I recollect any reference to sexual matters or any signs of interest in them. What I did learn later on was, I suppose, learned from the worst possible source—from the grooms in my grandfather's stable and from the maids in the big house who slipped out to meet them.

FEAR OF BEING DIFFERENT

Yet my body, or rather something that my body wore, had a marked effect on me. And if I seldom went bathing with other boys, if I never learned to dive and to swim well, this was due to a sense of shame, to a fear of ridicule, to a dread of seeming different from the rest. I mention this here because it is intensely important. I do not know much about the way girls feel in this matter, but I do know that many boys will not undress before other boys because their minds are concentrated on their own bodies. This is not

an erotic interest at all. It is an interest governed by fear, fear of ridicule, fear of being different.

My own case was peculiar. I know that my parents never suspected it. They only wondered why I would rather read a book than go off swimming in Lee Lake with the other boys. As a matter of fact, I wanted to go. But I was afraid. Not afraid of the water or of hitting a sharp rock—nothing of that kind. I was afraid because I wore something that no other boy wore.

My father was an Army officer. Where he was stationed, there was a great deal of dysentery and body-belts were issued to men and officers. He always had rather a bad time with his digestion and the doctors told him to "keep his stomach warm". So even after leaving the Army, he always wore a flannel band round his tummy. Why he insisted that I, his son and eldest child, should wear the same thing, I do not know. If it had been one of the modern knitted body-belts that you can slip in and out of and can conceal when you take off your underwear, it would not have been so bad. But this thing was a piece of flannel about eighteen inches wide, long enough to go around you twice and fastened at the free outer end with two *safety-pins*. When you were undressing, you might possibly sneak out of the safety-pins and secretly unwrap the flannel band. But when you dressed again, how to get it on? Or, if you couldn't get it on, what to do with it? And where to conceal those accursed safety-pins? For, remember, I was afraid, ashamed to show it. And I was afraid not to wear it. I had been told that my abdomen was used to its protection and that if I took it off I might get inflammation of the bowels and die in agony. So I was in a dilemma indeed.

The other boys used to tease me for being afraid to un-

dress with them. I was a sissy. I was *not*. Once I was undressed and had got that infernal belly-band concealed in my clothes, I could run naked with the best or the worst of them. But I preferred to be teased, to be called the one thing that made me see red, rather than let my friends know that I wore a flannel-band around my middle. The same thing persisted when I went to school, when I up-dressed in the gymnasium, when I began to row, when I went swimming. I was still afraid to go without my band. I was still ashamed to have anyone know that I wore it.

FALSE MODESTIES

The lesson of all this lies just here. An ordinary boy has no sense of false modesty, so far as his own sex goes. And I see no reason why at this age both sexes should not bathe together as naked as the boys who were used to go swimming with me. But if *your* boy is slow about learning to swim, if he makes excuses for not going to the pool or the swimming bath with the other boys, if he is over-particular about always wearing a bathing-suit—in a word, if he shows signs of what is really a false modesty, he will repay your special attention. I have heard that some men who are excessively effeminate, who are what we call homoerotic types of an extreme kind, cannot dress or undress in the presence of other men or boys. They are as embarrassed as a girl would be in the same company. If your boy shows this embarrassment, it may be a symptom of latent homoerotism. But it will more likely be something much less serious. Has he some physical malformation, something that is hidden by his clothes, but that when naked he cannot conceal? Especially tormenting to the

boy is any malformation, any unusual appearance of that part of his body which is the most private, the most hidden the most maligned and misunderstood part of all. Any marked variation there is a stigma, something that everyone may notice, call attention to, snicker at. There are a number of such possibilities: a hypospadias, a long name for a splitting of the prepuce and a slight displacement downwards of the opening of the urethra; the presence, in the scrotum, of only one testicle, the other having not yet descended from the inner abdomen; above all, the smallness of the penis itself, less often its unusual size. For that is a sign of manhood, within reasonable limits. All these things may seem to you of small account, but they have very serious results. You want your boy to be proud of his body, not ashamed of it. If you make him ashamed of it, you create in his mind a sense of physical inferiority. He will get it into his mind that he is not as strong as other boys, that he cannot be expected to take part in their games, because he cannot compete. You will keep his mind concentrated on his body just when he ought to be forgetting it. And such excessive interests are not healthy. If he has some slight physical malformation, if he is "chicken-breasted", for example, don't let him hide it and blush for it. Make him accept it, whatever the handicap may be. If he does accept it, if he can talk about it, the other boys will soon forget it altogether. It is really his fear that concentrates the attention of the other boys on the *one thing that he is trying to hide*.

It is this unhealthy interest in the body that is bad for a boy. He must learn not to be self-conscious, even when he has no clothes on. He must be willing to stand up and slap himself on the bare chest and flanks and say: "This is me; this is the body I was born with. It may not be as strong

or as well developed as yours, but it is mine and I intend to do good work with it. We can't be all alike. Laugh at me if you please. There is nothing wrong in hearty laughter. If some parts of my body seem to you to be a cause for laughter, well, all I can say is that your sense of humour is peculiar. But then, tastes differ. You yourself have many characteristics that might make *me* laugh some day."

THE ADOLESCENT



OF late, no period of a human life has been so continually discussed as adolescence. No other period has been so written up, made so important, so interesting. Beginning with the first scientific work of Dr. Stanley Hall, one book on this subject has followed another—general treatises, psycho-biological analyses, discussions even in the form of fiction. Everyone—the psychologist, the lecturer, the schoolmaster, and the writer—has taken a shot at it. And apparently the more that is written about the adolescent, the less he or she is understood. For in order to get objective results, the material that is the basis of your investigation must be more or less homogeneous, more or less constant in its reactions. It is hard to make objective deductions about something that was yesterday a child, that is today a poet and a dreamer of dreams, and that tomorrow will be a rebellious male setting out to conquer the world. That is why the older person who attempts to study the adolescent so often makes unsafe *general deductions from individual observations that are in themselves unstable*. In dealing with adolescent boys or girls we are never sure of ourselves, never sure of them. And their own chief difficulty lies in the fact that they are never sure of themselves either. One foot still stands on the receding ground of childhood; the other is trying to

find a hold on the new domain of manhood. No wonder that the adolescent never walks steadily forward. He is constantly stepping backwards and forwards, trying to attain an equilibrium and by his efforts doing the one thing he dreads to do—making himself conspicuous.

Adolescence is not a lovable age. The attractiveness of boyhood and girlhood has gone. The stability of manhood, the poised charm of maidenhood, have not yet been reached. The body is awkward, too big, never completely under the control of its owner. And this same body keeps doing strange and unexpected things. It has developed new outlines and has created new demands. It was once an obedient servant. Now it threatens to become a tyrannical master. Once it was a mere instrument. Now it has become an end in itself.

Another element confuses the situation. The exact period at which certain changes in the adolescent body begin varies very greatly. Two boys of the same age who have been close friends, who have lived in the same world of work and play, suddenly discover that what now interests the one is of no interest to the other. One has begun to shave, to pay great attention to his clothes, to talk mysteriously about "girls", while the other still has the smooth downy cheeks of boyhood, still wants to play robbers or build houses in the woods, and still looks upon girls as a general nuisance. The same thing happens with two girls—one is still flat-chested and active as a drop of mercury; the other, *beneath whose hands the first swellings of the breast are felt*, has lost all interest in active games. She reads novels, sits for hours swinging in a hammock, and smiles to herself over her newly-born day-dreams.

FEARS

Fifty years ago the adolescent was left to find his own way amidst the new experiences that beset him. As a rule, no one told him anything; no one warned; no one explained. Today the pendulum has swung too far in the other direction, so that we sometimes may talk, we sometimes may warn, too much, for in warning we may put into a mind knowledge that is not yet necessary and fears that might have been avoided.

Yet even today there are girls whose mothers have never taken the trouble to explain to them the nature of menstrual periods and who are thrown into paroxysms of terror by the first sight of blood coming from some secret source in their own bodies. They are still in the secretive phase of childhood. Something terrible has happened to them. Doubtless it is their own fault, and they search through their memories in order to discover what they did to ruin their bodies and to make them bleed. Such a girl has only just recovered from the shock of the first period, has just begun to reassure herself a little, when the horrible thing begins again. Such experiences germinate in the girl's mind a horror of all the things that make her a woman. Here may lie the explanation of why in later life she is always afraid of her menses, always afraid to move hand or foot when they are upon her, running from one gynæcologist to another, *devouring lutein tablets by the pound*, and at last becoming a habitual invalid, allowing a physiological discomfort that should, at its worst, not last more than a few days to poison her whole life and to give her excuses for laziness and self-indulgence.

The boy who has been given no simple warnings

suffers the same type of anxiety when he discovers his first nocturnal emission. He also feels sure that somehow he has "ruined himself", that he has "lost his manhood". He fears that, while asleep, he must be "touching himself". This habit of his, never a source of anxiety in the past, now becomes an abiding terror. He has so completely lost control of himself that he is "doing it in his sleep". He ties his hands to the head of his bed. He sews up the pockets of his trousers; he sleeps in his clothes. And, in spite of all these precautions, the thing happens again. So often adolescence is ushered in by fear.

But the fear of the girl at the loss of blood is never so great as the fear of the boy who loses another fluid that he has been taught to believe is "life itself". To all primitive people, everything that comes out of the human body has a magical significance. And the boy or girl on the threshold of adolescence is still a primitive, still thinks as primitive people think. Urine, fæces, saliva, blood, semen, even the cerumen of the ears, are magical matters. They are material to conjure with. Down to the early Renaissance, the physician still used excretions of various animals in the compounding of his regular remedies. Belief in their mysterious powers still persisted. The child, a primitive thinker, is always interested in the products of its own body, especially in its fæces. Later in life this interest may wane. But two fluids still have magical properties—blood and semen. Blood represents life. If you lose too much of it, you die. The sight of a bleeding wound frightens even older people. So the girl with her first menses is terrified because she is losing a vital fluid and she does not know how to stop it. But there is one subject about which all males, young or old, still think like savages. If blood be life, how much more so is that fluid through which new life

is brought into the world—life in its very essence. To lose it is to lose life, vitality, manhood. Older men, men of intelligence, still believe that sexual intercourse weakens them. Of course, it ought to have the opposite result. It ought to strengthen, to relax, to re-create. And if older men are still under the domination of primitive thinking in connection with this one particular fluid, what must be the fear-reactions of the adolescent boy, who finds that without any volition of his own he is losing this precious thing.

The physical changes of adolescence, however, the development of the secondary sexual characteristics, although they for a time may concentrate the mind of the adolescent on his or her body and may make him or her sex-conscious for the first time, do not seem to me as important as the mental adjustments, the new mental orientations that develop along with them. The adolescent body is, to the boy at least, less a source of new pleasures and anxieties than a nuisance. For it interferes constantly with the intentions of its owner.

CLUMSINESS

Mr. Booth Tarkington, in his *Seventeen*, has given a classical picture of the adolescent lover. A young man, like Willie, sees himself approaching his Miss Pratt with a graceful gesture of salutation and a few carefully rehearsed remarks. But his overgrown body interferes. While he is thinking of the graceful salutation, his big feet—they seem to have grown so big of late—trip over a hole in the sidewalk. He stumbles, loses his hat, and his tongue, suddenly swollen to suffocating size, cannot pronounce one of his rehearsed remarks. So instead of creating a suitable impres-

sion on his beloved, he has made a laughing-stock of himself. It's all the fault of his body. Of his hands, that always seem to stick out too far from the sleeves of his jacket, of his clumsy stumbling feet, of his long arms and his uncertain knees. Why does it sometimes seem as if his joints were all mounted on wobbly wires? The trouble is that whenever he is emotionally stimulated, he is, in his own words, "not all there". He is there, but not all there. He could have greeted Miss Pratt so gracefully that she would have marvelled. But he was thinking so much of what he was going to do with his hands that he forgot all about his feet. And while he was not thinking about his feet, they started doing things of their own that got him into trouble. It seems as if the intensity of adolescent emotion concentrated the attention on one reaction and left the rest of the body to act as it pleased. And as yet this same body is not well enough co-ordinated to function by itself. The same thing is true of adolescent cerebration. So often the adolescent is clumsy, stumbling, thoughtless, and rude because he is "not all there". His attention is given to mental pictures of himself kicking a goal from the field during the last thirty seconds of play, and naturally he has no attention left over to keep him from knocking over his mother's tea-table or running his father's motor-car into a telegraph-pole. Later in life this emotional turmoil will settle down. He will actually be kicking a goal from the field. He will not have to imagine it, and therefore he will be able to give his entire attention to the doing of it. But during the early years of his manhood he will suffer a great deal because the self that he sees in his mirror and the other self that he sees in his mind keep interfering with one another.

I suppose that girls suffer in the same way. They long to

appear complete mistresses of a situation and they are so consumed with a sense of uncertainty that they do not know what to do. Rather than risk doing the wrong thing, they will sit for hours by the side of a young man, having nothing to talk about and yet not knowing how to get rid of him. The girls know that he wants to get away to dance with another girl and she wishes he would go. If he did, some other fellow might dance with her. But she is helpless; she does not know how to get "unstuck". She is as helpless as poor Willie, who, while making his graceful bow, stubs his toe and stumbles and turns pink with embarrassment.

SCHOOL AND HOME

As a rule, the adolescent is at his best in school, at his worst at home. That holds for girls as well as boys. The boy at school is forced to use his intelligence a little. He may wander off into day-dreams and scribble someone's initials below his own on the back page of his history-book, but a question from the teacher may at any moment descend upon him, and so he has to hold on to the tail of reality, in order to be able to grasp it firmly at any given moment. But if girls are in the classroom with him, he may lose hold even of reality's tail.

At home he is usually more or less useless. If he has younger sisters, he will ignore them entirely—he who used to join in all their games. They will not understand why he presses his ties and changes his collar so frequently, why he stands in front of the mirror, anointing a pimple on the bridge of his nose. So they will make fun of him. For to them he is funny—very. But ridicule is the one thing he

cannot stand. He may lose his temper under it. More likely he will retire to his room or lock himself in the bathroom or the barn, or even climb a tree—anything to be able to see himself as he will some day be, when no one, not even his own sisters, will ever be able to make fun of him any more. Of course, he does not realise that such a desired period will never come. His younger sisters will never see him as he wants the world to see him. They will always tease him, refuse to take him seriously. Because to them he is not merely the great football-player, the prominent lawyer, or the distinguished ambassador, he is, he will always be, just Willie, the brother who used to play tag with them and whom they love. Or if they grow so proud of him that they try to take him seriously, to see him as he thinks that he ought to be viewed, then they may forget that he was ever a little boy, that he ever climbed fences, tore his clothes, or wiped his nose on the back of his hand. But when they forget this, when they accept him at his own valuation, then instead of making a little fun of him—for every man is silly sometimes—they will quietly boss him. And that will be far worse. He will have made a poor exchange, if he only knew it.

But during adolescence the budding man is a nuisance at home. He doesn't fit into the family frame any more. He seldom talks to his father. A wall of silence has grown up between them. And his mother refuses to treat him "like a man". He forgets that she never can. She will never treat him like a man, even when he is over sixty, has no teeth, and wears a wig. She will still see him cutting his first molar and wearing long yellow curls. He will not mind this then. But when he is sixteen he minds it a great deal. And so at home one adolescent who is the eldest child, especially the eldest son, can upset an entire family—can

irritate his father, puzzle his mother, and lose all touch with the younger children. He ought to be somewhere else.

Perhaps my ideas about modern education are all wrong. Nevertheless, this co-educational business does not appeal to me; at least, not until the adolescent period is past. Have women in your medical schools, in your universities, if you like. Under certain conditions, have them even in your colleges, among your undergraduates. But I believe that adolescent boys and girls develop more evenly when they are separated during nine months of each year. The most girl-mad boy can surely see enough of his beloved during the summer holidays. At his time of life he needs to restrict his erotic interests. It is far better for him to worship the female from afar during his school years than to have her sitting close at his side in the classroom, feeling that, as a male, he ought to excel her in all things and discovering continually that she knows a great deal more about algebra and history than he does.

The English system and traditions are, I think, the best in this connection. Send your adolescent boy off to some preparatory school in the country. Let him steep his male mind in male society. Here he will quickly get over his awkwardness, his shyness. Here he will indeed be "treated like a man". Because he couldn't be treated like anything else. As for the girl, keep her at home if you must. But she also will be far better off away from home, mingling with other girls and learning the standards and traditions of womanhood.

Your adolescent boy is learning how to be a man. Well then, put him among men, where he can learn how as soon as possible and not be confused by having to live with too many women. And the same thing holds true of your

adolescent girl who is trying to learn how to be a woman.

Besides, adolescence is the period in which all sorts of home antagonisms begin to develop. The fifteen-year-old girl, who was perhaps a difficult, but not a rebellious child, is now a flaming rebel, her hand against every other member of the family, especially her mother. If the mother attempts to assert her authority, the girl flouts it openly. If the mother warns her daughter against a certain older man, the girl will seek that man out, go driving with him at night, and allow him dangerous liberties. And all this not because she is attracted to him, but merely because she gets satisfaction out of annoying her mother. Little by little the tension between mother and daughter poisons the whole family atmosphere. There is such constant bickering that the father hurries off to his club as soon as he gets home. The mother talks too freely with the younger children. To them she criticises her rebellious daughter, until the family is like an armed camp. But send that daughter away to school, where there are no mothers to rebel against, but only mistresses with rules that have to be obeyed because they are upheld by the rest of the community, so that you get no satisfaction or applause for disregarding them, send her into close contact with other girls and other women, and at the first Christmas holiday she will come back to you for a while, and you will marvel at the change. Before the holidays come to an end, you will realise that you are coming to love her again and that she is trying to understand you.

Nowadays a girls' school is no longer a place where girls are taught to crochet or embroider, to paint water-colours, or to do miniatures on ivory, where they are taught to be "well-mannered young ladies", instead of healthy, sensible young gentlewomen. I mean that modern schools do not

help to increase the gap between the two sexes. The boys' school does not turn the boy into an exclusively male animal who is absolutely different from the female type that has been produced in a "ladies' seminary". Our modern preparatory schools do more to break down the barriers between the sexes than to perpetuate them. The life is much the same for either sex. The sports, the outdoor interests, the standards of fairness, of loyalty, the dislike of shallow sentimentality, these things and many others are developed in girls' schools as well as in those to which our boys are sent.

Much silliness has been written about the dangers of separating the sexes during adolescence: of educating boys by themselves and girls in a similar way. We are told that the adolescent boy ought to be in constant friendly contact with girls of his own age, so that they may become friends, so that the boy may not exaggerate the importance of womanly companionship and the girl may learn to think about something else except the male. But, as a matter of fact, our preparatory schools do not segregate the sexes. During three or four months of every year boys and girls are together. Surely it does not take a long time to teach a boy not to be constantly thinking about women, or to teach a girl to think about something besides boys. Boys and girls can learn these lessons during the four months of their holidays. They don't need the whole year. If they do, they must be unusually dumb. Sillier still are those warnings about "sexual dangers"—about mutual "crushes" at girls' boarding-schools and "emotional friendships" among boys. For we must not exaggerate the extent of the adolescent's sexual interests during the years at a preparatory school. He or she has many other interests besides sexual expression, too many interests to make it possible

for the average girl or boy to become morbidly erotic. For the true adolescent is always an idealist. The boy adorns his lady with all possible virtues. He longs to be with her, to show her what a wonderful fellow he is, to win her by his prowess. But very seldom does he delight himself with thoughts of going to bed with her. That, unless he has had some premature sex experience, would shock his idealistic habits of thought. This is still more true of the girl, even today when we have fallen into the mistake of tarring all girls with the same brush because a few of them have got themselves all messed up with the sticky tar of sex experience.

No, adolescent boys will make a pretence of being hard-boiled experience roués; they will talk manfully about all the details of unrestrained sexual expression, but if they have a "girl" of their own, they do not think about these things when they think of her. And the most blatant young Don Juan, if faced suddenly by the necessity of meeting the facts of sex intercourse, would probably blush and slink away.

I remember only too well one interesting case. A young man of about sixteen had the reputation of being a really hardened sinner, so far as women were concerned. What he did not know about the delights of Paris and of Berlin was unimportant. He had been everywhere; he had done everything. Some of his friends took him at his word and marvelled. But one of them, a very amusing youth, once a friend of mine, had doubts. He determined to make a test. So he and the young boaster happening to be spending a month in Paris with their respective families, my young friend suggested to the other that they should slip out of the hotel some night and "have some fun". Of course, said my friend, the boaster would know all the best places. The

boaster smiled uneasily. He could, of course, show his companion the sights. But, he whispered, it was very expensive. And he had spent all his pocket-money on some French transparent post-cards. My friend was not interested in the post-cards; he wanted the real thing. Besides, he produced several bank-notes of a thousand francs, which his father had given him for his birthday. The boaster hemmed and hawed, but he could not back out. He had previously shown to my friend a little book, a very secret little book, containing a number of very, very secret addresses. This book cost about ten centimes, but was sold to Americans on the Boulevards for hundreds of francs. So now my young friend demanded this book, chose an address, and after dinner that night, when both families were at the Théâtre Français, seized the boaster's arm and hurried him along the Rue de Rivoli. He did not seem very enthusiastic. My friend, however, reminded him that heretofore he had often described his visits to similar addresses, so that with him as guide there could be no possible difficulty. Well, an address was found; a bell was rung and a door opened by a kind-looking old woman in a black velvet dress. She smiled engagingly and said something which my friend did not understand. So he asked the boaster. "I don't know," the boaster said. "I'm afraid this is not a good place." But the old lady had taken him by the arm. She opened a door and pushed him into a brightly lighted room. Over his shoulder my young friend got a glimpse of a place lined with mirrors and crowded with very naked women. Towards one of these the kind old lady in black impelled the boaster. He gave her one look; he stared once around the room. Then, tearing himself away from the astonished old lady, he turned and fled. Indeed, he fled so rapidly that my young friend could not catch up. But he calmed the

propriety of the establishment with one of his smaller bank-notes and departed chuckling.

Most boastful adolescents are really as shy as the most modest girl when brought face to face with the unadorned facts of certain situations. Their boastfulness is merely a way of emphasising to others as well as to themselves the completeness of their manhood. The adolescent who is constantly beating himself upon the breast, who is always attempting to make others conscious of his manliness, who goes out of his way to spit manfully on everything that is "sissy"—music, art, love of books or of nature—is over-compensating for a sense of male inferiority. He wants, he wants intensely, to be "manly" and yet he is not absolutely sure that he can be what he so greatly desires everyone to believe him to be.

I have already noted this instinctive antagonism of the male to most female activities, attributes, and dress. This persists into old age. A great-grandfather of ninety had to wear bed-socks in order to keep his feet warm at night. These socks, like all socks, began to wear out. His daughter hastened out to buy others. But no "male socks" were to be had, so she bought him an equally warm pair of girl's socks. The great-grandfather took one dim look at them and hurled them from him. He utterly refused to wear "women's clothes". That was a degradation to which he would not submit. It seems as if the male were always more or less afraid of the female. For the greater part of his life he is dependent on her or governed by her. In babyhood he is ruled by his mother; later on by his nurse. If he escaped female domination during the years of his schooling in a predominantly male atmosphere, he soon leaves this to seek the domination of a "best girl" and finally of a wife. Many boys have no "female intermission". They

may pass directly from the rule of a woman teacher in high school to the domination of a fiancée or a spouse. And the male resents all this. He shows it in his attitude towards female attributes and activities. When he resents wearing women's bed-socks at ninety years of age, he is still reacting to the memories of the stern nurse who slapped his hands when he was a little boy and would not eat his oatmeal, or to the recollections of the woman teacher who used to humiliate him in the classroom by making him stand in the corner because he did not know his arithmetic.

All this latent sex antagonism is, I believe, not natural, but is rather the result of the way in which we bring up our children. It is very well to point to the female spider, who devours her mate after she has embraced him, and to suggest that the human male fears the female of the species because he knows that she intends to dominate him sooner or later. But we are not spiders after all. And we ought to be able to manage our sex relationships in a less fearful manner.

EROTIC REACTIONS

I am passing over the mental difficulties of adolescence that are connected with what is commonly known as auto-erotism, those sexual habits in which there is no sexual partner, *but only the boy or the girl and the boy's or the girl's own body*. I feel that this whole subject has been over-emphasised. In the past, endless suffering was caused by the misunderstanding of these habits. But our modern youth is better taught than we were, and nowadays one seldom finds an adolescent who passes through years of useless conflict with imaginary sexual dangers. There is no

real danger, no physical danger, in these habits, if they are kept within reasonable limits. What danger there is is a mental one: the danger of imagining a sexual partner, of filling the imagination with all sorts of sexual images, turning one's back on reality, and seeking both physical and mental satisfaction in the imaginary harems of an immature mind. The adolescent who uses auto-erotic habits as a mere relief from a distressing tension faces reality and accepts it, until the same reality will bring him an adequate sexual object and make his auto-erotic relief unnecessary.

I pass over also the whole question of adolescent homo-erotism. More than enough has been written about these subjects and people get the idea that adolescence is a kind of Walpurgisnacht, a sort of saturnalia, in which the newly aroused sex desires are constantly stimulated and become so constant and so prominent that they fill the entire picture. As a matter of fact, except in some extreme cases, they are only a minor part of the general background. The adolescent is just emerging from the primitive thinking of childhood. He seems still closer than man or woman to the animal life around him, in which sex activity is relegated to certain definite time periods and does not permeate the entire life of every day and of most of the night. If one could carefully remove from one year of adolescent life every moment that has been given to sex reactions of every kind, one would find that that year had not been very greatly shortened.

Nevertheless, I find that one question is frequently asked—a question that I cannot answer satisfactorily. How is the adolescent to be given a sane, sound understanding of sex. In schools instruction is given about everything from physics to home-making, everything

except about sex and its laws. Various experiments have been made in connection with classes in biology. But, as a rule, I do not feel that sex instruction given to groups of boys or girls is ever satisfactory. A group is not homogeneous. There is usually one boy or girl who has a twisted knowledge already, perhaps a vicious experience. And he or she, by a word or two, can counteract the objective teaching of the instructor. It seems to me that the place for this instruction is the home; that the mother is the best teacher for her girls, the father for his boys. The chief danger lies in two extremes, which all such instruction must combat. Knowledge of sexual matters which is obtained in imperfect ways, from talks behind the barn with other boys or from whispered conversation with other girls, produces either a sense of brutality—it is shocking, almost unbelievable—or else it is mysterious, hard to understand. If the effect on the boy or girl is the effect of a brutal onslaught on the personality, then the child feels repulsed. Ever afterwards sexual matters and discussions will arouse that feeling of repulsion, which may develop into definite sex antagonism and, later on, ruin a marriage that might have been happy. If the effect of this new knowledge creates a sense of mystery, then there naturally follows a feeling of attraction, a desire to know more, to peek and to pry. Because of these two extremes, because we never know how a frank discussion of sex matters may affect various members of a group under instruction, it is intensely difficult for the instructor to give a balanced picture, avoiding the two extremes of brutal shock and the unhealthy attraction of mystery. The same extremes, I believe, can be avoided if the parents do the teaching and each child is taught separately. The mother with her daughter can soften knowledge that might otherwise come

as a cruel shock and result in antagonism; the father with his son can avoid rousing in the boy's mind an unhealthy fascination by robbing the whole matter of apparent mystery. But the golden mean is hard to find. No matter how sanely, how objectively such instruction is given, the adolescent has to assimilate this new knowledge, has to adjust himself to it. And that is something that cannot be done for him or for her by anyone else.

DANGERS OF DAY-DREAMING

The real tormenting difficulties of our young men and women lie in other directions. For one adolescent boy who suffers from anxieties about auto-erotic habits, there are thousands who suffer the pangs of hell because they are unathletic, because their bodies will not allow them on the football field, because they are secretly afraid of getting hurt, because they are awkward and shy. And for one girl who flies from reality into the sex day-dreaming of self-stimulation, there are hundreds who endure agonies because they know that they are physically unattractive, because they are sure to sit alone and unattended if they go to a dance, because they are socially awkward and never know exactly what to do or to say. These are the adolescents who really suffer, for a while. Sooner or later, however, the unathletic unpopular boy will discover that there are other fields of youthful endeavour in which he can excel—fields that yield a much more permanent harvest of satisfaction than the football field or the cricket pitch. The unattractive girl will also discover that the number of "cut-ins" at a dance is no real measure of a girl's power

to interest a man, and that, after all, marriage is not the one and only end and aim of the female sex.

There are, I think, two main dangers—two really important dangers—during adolescence. First, the danger of learning how easy it is to turn one's back on unpleasant reality by developing and indulging in more satisfactory day-dreaming. And second, the danger of accepting a sense of inferiority and of making that imaginary inferiority an excuse for making no effort at all.

Some boys and fewer girls have no love for books. They simply cannot read even a short story, let alone a novel. For they cannot read themselves into a situation that does not touch them, that is not actual and real. They can enjoy the films, which require little imagination. Often the drama is as dull to them as a novel. Such young people are deprived of great resources of pleasure. When such a boy has had some grievous disappointment, when he has failed in his examinations or has lost his chance at a scholarship or has been dropped from the football team, it is useless to give him the most exciting story in the world and to tell him to lose himself and his troubles in the troubles of the writer's hero. He will read four or five pages, then put down the book helplessly and start thinking of his own troubles again. The only things that can help him are real things. A hard work-out in the gymnasium, a long walk with a friend, or a good dinner and a chance to talk about himself. But if he loses in one respect through his inability to lose himself in a book, he gains in another. He will never be exposed to the dangers of day-dreaming, of flying easily from an unhappy disappointment in the real world to an achievement in an imaginary one. Give him a book on biochemistry, something that deals with a laboratory and experiments. With that book he can forget himself for

hours. He can concentrate on that. He could not concentrate on the most exciting murder story.

The power of adolescent concentration varies. And it varies with the subject that demands the concentration. One girl can lose herself so completely in a novel that she is entirely out of touch with the world around her. She neither hears nor sees. She is living in an imaginary situation. Her concentration is perfect. But set her before an experiment in physics, something that she has to do with her hands, something that she has to reason about, and her attention will wander every few minutes. Her concentration is very imperfect. But these two situations do not really test her powers. If, in spite of her lack of interest in physics, she can yet shut out all else from the field of consciousness, if by a definite mental effort she can focus her mind on the uninteresting experiment, then she has really learned to concentrate. And it is usually easier to teach her this lesson than it is to teach the unimaginative boy how to concentrate on the reading of a novel by Dickens, in his course on English literature.

Adolescence is an important period, not because the secondary sexual characteristics develop then, not because hairs grow on smooth cheeks, and breasts swell on flat bosoms, not because certain organs and the sensations of which they are now capable push themselves into the foreground of consciousness, but rather because if certain mental lessons are not learned then, perhaps they may never be learned at all. The imaginative adolescent girl must learn how to give all her attention to a subject that has no present interest for her, but that may be a real necessity for her future career. She must have acquired the habit of being able to shut out everything except the one real thing that lies at her hand waiting to be done or

learned or achieved. And she must also learn how to shut down the curtain on the imaginary world of books, on the world of music, of art, of her own day-dreams, and to keep that curtain closed until she has finished the real thing that has been given her to do.

MUSIC AND ART

Music is a good case in point. I wish that it were more generally taught in our preparatory schools. To the Greek, education without music was an utter impossibility. The trouble is that the modern boy or girl thinks of music as a succession of sounds that may be pleasant and easy to whistle, or else unpleasant and without any "tune". To a girl who loves music the constant listening to music, losing herself in it, making it the atmosphere in which her day-dreams flourish, may become very dangerous. But *teach* her music. Make her learn some instrument. Better still, make her learn a little harmony and teach her the history of music, what the different instruments in the orchestra mean, how they were evolved, what part of the musical texture they supply. If you do that, you will have given her a much greater power of appreciation and you will also have protected her from any dangers that her love of hearing music might bring. Teach her how to make music, teach her how music is made, and then she can hear as much music as she likes. Or here is a boy, an adolescent, who says that he loves "art". He will stand for hours mooning before a copy of *Mona Lisa* or he will lose himself utterly before a cast of the Winged Victory or the Apoxyomenos. He can scarcely drag his mind back to his mathematics or his chemistry. And in his so-called appreciation of art he

finds, so he says, forgetfulness of this ugly modern world. But no matter what he is going to be, artist or businessman, he will have to live on day-dreams of "the glory that was Greece" unless he has someone to feed and clothe and take care of him. He has got to accept this ugly world. He has got to face reality. His tendency is to turn away, to shut his eyes, to live in an imaginary world. But *teach* him art, and you will bring him into touch with the greatest of all realities. That is why I believe that art, in some form or other, should be as much a part of a boy's education as chemistry or history. Teach him the dogmas of line, the theory of colour, of balance, of rhythm. Teach him how the colours are made, the chemistry of them, how brushes are manufactured, and how an artist works with these real tools of his until he has created a beauty that we call unreal, because it touches something that lies beyond this material world of realities. Above all, teach him the history of art. Show him how this sculptor used his clay, where he found his block of marble, with what tools he shaped it. Teach him all this and his interest in art will turn into something intensely real, something that will increase his delight in the Winged Victory, because it has increased his understanding. And the day-dreaming flight from this ugly modern environment will be robbed of its dangers. For the boy will have learned that the artist and the musician are the great realists of this world.

PENALISING THE UNUSUAL

The other danger, the development of a sense of inferiority, is better known. At any rate, more has been written about it. It is an insidious thing. Of course, it

seldom begins during adolescence. Its roots lie far back in childhood experiences. But during adolescence it often comes to its most poisonous blossoming. And if often blossoms best in a large school. For the tendency of such schools is to standardise everything, to penalise the unusual, to repress every deviation from the accepted type. This standardisation is often helpful to the boy who is fairly strong physically, but whose mental outfitting was done at a mental bargain counter. All he has to do is to follow his leader, to do as the "most popular fellows" do, to keep in with the right crowd and so, in time, he will bear the recognisable and indelible imprint of his school. But this same fashioning of the individual along the lines of a fixed pattern is fatal to the survival of any of the more interesting and valuable mental characteristics. The "ordinary normal boy" does not show these characteristics. Of course he doesn't. If he did, he would be neither normal nor ordinary. But suppose a boy does possess them. Then he is hall-marked at once. He can do one of two things. He can be secretly untrue to himself; he can jettison the dangerous cargo of his unusualness; he can conform to pattern until he has so perfectly achieved this adaptation that he has entirely forgotten that he was ever anything else. On the other hand, he may find that he cannot conform, that somehow he will never fit into this common mould and that there is no use trying. He makes a few feeble attempts and then gives up. What is the use? He will never be like the other fellow. And even though his fellows do not torment him much, they give him some nickname that stamps him. They have to accept him, for he belongs to the school, but he cannot be accepted as a really good example of all those mysterious things that the school "stands for". The masters, when they get together once

a week in the rector's study or the headmaster's library, shake their wise heads over his case, and have to admit, with a sigh, that "poor Francis is a problem boy, who may turn out well, but——" The headmaster or the rector, who has seen so many generations of boys come and go and who is wiser, I hope, than his masters, always adds that "he may turn out well", because he knows that, although it only happens once in a blue moon, a boy who has not been moulded according to the school's cherished traditions may prove stronger than those traditions and may succeed in spite of them. But he also knows that this is very unlikely. So does everyone who meets that kind of boy when he comes to the university and discovers very soon that the backbone of his ambition is broken because he has accepted the mark of inferiority that his school set upon his forehead for all men to see. Of course, he may be inferior in many ways. But he used to have ways of his own that, inferior or not, were *his* ways. Only now he feels sure that these ways of his are only the marks of his inferiority. He has accepted them. So why work? Why study? Why make any great effort? Why try now to play lacrosse when at your old school, where they don't play lacrosse, you were always a "nit-wit" on the football field, afraid of getting hurt, "yellow". You might get hurt in lacrosse, but not exactly in the same way as a football. You are light on your feet, you can run, you have a good accurate eye, but, after all, what's the use? Your legs are so thin you'd be ashamed to show them in shorts. The other fellows always made fun of them at school, when you went swimming, even though you didn't go very often. That was why you never learned to swim well. That is the whole trouble. At school you never did anything well. Of course, there were some things that you *might* have done, but some-

how nobody there thought very much of things like that. So here at the university you may as well be sensible; if you try to accomplish anything, you'll only show the other men what an inferior specimen you are. If you keep quiet and just manage to slip through the examinations, well, you won't be conspicuous and you may be left in peace.

Not once nor twice but a hundred times have I heard such talk as this. And the deadly thing about it is that it kills all ambition, that it paralyses all effort, that it affords an excuse for all failures, and spirit balm for the bitterest disappointment. Over and over I have heard some young undergraduate who has loafed all the year, has failed his examinations, and is being sent down from the university use almost exactly these same words. For all his failures he has such a good excuse. "No," he says, "it wasn't because I got in with too fast a crowd or because I drank too much and loafed and wasted my time. You see, I'm no good. I never was. Who could expect anything from a skinny little runt like me?" He is only five feet three in height. In vain you point out to him that most great men have been small men. You hurl Napoleon at his head. That does no good. He has made up his mind that he is a "skinny little runt", that runts are inferior, and that there never was a runt that accomplished anything in the world anyway.

I have had such men in later life as my patients. And always the fundamental cause of ultimate failure and of chronic invalidism could be traced back to adolescence and beyond it, but most frequently to the atmosphere of a school, where an adolescent mind, filled with dreams of achievement, had been rapped sharply over its mental fingers and told to behave itself as those other adolescent minds behaved which likewise were honoured by being members of this same school, in itself a place of ripe ex-

perience, whose masters and teachers knew just exactly how a "normal ordinary adolescent mind" ought to think and to act. In spite of all this, I still maintain that a big school of this kind is the right place for adolescent boys. For the boys who develop inferiority ideas are in the minority, and because they fall by the wayside, it is not just to condemn the teachers and the moulders of the majority who walk bravely, if a little dully, along the same road of discipline and tradition and who become typical alumni of "the dear old school".

ENTHUSIASM

But if there be these two dangers that especially beset this time of life, there are also unusual powers that are given only to the adolescent. Adolescents are not only idealists; they are enthusiastic idealists. Enthusiasm oozes out of them. They may try to conceal this under a pretence of boredom, but get at them in the right way and you can stir them to enthusiasm that shames us older people. Think of their enthusiasm for sport, their favourite sport, the sport in which they shine. In order to be allowed to take part in it—as an inestimable privilege—what discomforts of mind and body will they not undergo? Think of the long miles they will run over rutty hard roads in order to "strengthen their wind". If you told them that it would be a useful thing to them in their future life if they would increase their chest expansion and make deeper use of their lungs, would they run those hard miles? They would not. But if the strengthening of your wind may lead to your name going up on the bulletin board tomorrow as a member of the third eleven, that is quite a different tale.

Why, in order to achieve that, you would run, not one mile, but a dozen if necessary. Then, what self-denial of sweets, what sacrifice of starches, if you feel that they are bad for a man who is in training for the lower-school crew. Or those biceps of yours—they are not well developed. And your calves are really skinny—skinnier than those of Sam Jackson, who is also trying for a place on the lower-school hockey team. As a rule, the rising-bell does not get you out of bed. You lie curled up there until the very last possible minute, and even then you have to drag yourself from *between the sheets*. But on these cold mornings when the dormitory is icy, the alarm-clock that you have hidden under your pillow, so that it will not disturb the others, begins to buzz a whole half-hour before the rising-bell. Up you get. Bed may be attractive, but the thought of being able to write home for a new hockey stick because you're in the team—that is more attractive still. And you stand in your alcove, in that chilly, draughty dormitory, and you go through certain exercises that Sam Jackson told you about, which he has been practising on the sly. For his legs are skinny too. But you're getting ahead of him. You can hear him sleeping peacefully in the next alcove to your own.

The enthusiasm of the early Christians for their religion pales into insignificance when compared with the enthusiasm of the modern adolescent for his football, his rowing, his hockey. He learns self-discipline anyway. He learns how to sacrifice his own comfort for an ideal. He may not "make the team" or "get a seat in the boat", but he will go on running, go on exercising, for next year his wind may be better. His legs may be less skinny. It was a sound idea of St. Paul's when he used the palæstra, the games of the great circus, as an example of the Christian

struggle in the arena of this world for an incorruptible crown in the world to come. Much of this adolescent enthusiasm is not confined to sports. Do you remember the enthusiasm which you brought to your first stamp collection? The pocket-money that you saved, the candy that you did *not* buy, in order to be able to acquire the one stamp that you needed to complete your New Zealand series of 1878? For the adolescent is a real collector. Not like the collecting boy, who simply accumulates pictures from packages of cigarettes or similar matters that have no real value. The older boy wants something better. Wise is the science master who can turn this enthusiastic zeal along the lines of botany or of zoology. The other boys, the older football heroes, may look down on animal- or flower-hunting, but I have watched boys of fourteen give up all sorts of comforts and indulgences in order to complete a collection of butterflies or the flora of the country around their school.

To learn how to direct, how to use this enthusiasm—this is the great secret of a teacher's success. For it is possible to awaken in a boy's mind an enthusiasm for good verse, for literature, just as it is possible to awaken that same enthusiasm for gymnastic exercise. But once the enthusiasm has been awakened, it must, if it be worth anything, lead to self-denial and self-discipline. I admire the boy who gives up his late morning sleep to strengthen his skinny legs, because he is disciplining himself for the attainment of something in the future. And this discipline is not imposed by the powers that be; it is imposed by himself. There is, for instance, not much self-discipline in the boy who knows he is to row in a crew and who sits at the crew training-table and has to deny himself certain foods that he likes. He is only eating what everybody at the

training-table eats. There is far more in the boy who has not yet attained to a seat in the boat—even in the smallest of the crews—and who may never attain it, but who from the ideal of attainment will deny himself the candy that his mother brought him or refuse his best friend's proffered chocolate éclair.

HERO-WORSHIP

Adolescence is the period of hero-worship. And this should be encouraged, not criticised or made fun of. Everyone knows that a younger boy will do things for an older one whom he admires that he would never do for the best master in the school. His worship, though wordless, is deep and of inestimable value to himself; to his hero also. For the hero, if he is wise, will hesitate to show even a glimpse of his feet of clay. All heroes have feet of clay. Only the worshipper never sees them, unless they be forced on his attention. Boys at this period fall in love with other boys, just as girls fall in love with other girls. It seems to be part of a natural law of development. Adolescence is the homo-erotic period of our lives. And these emotional attachments are seldom dangerous. By emphasising the physical side of them we often poison their naturalness and foul the stream of a valuable companionship. They are often too valuable to lose. When we must talk about them, let us talk with respect and with our hats in our hands. For this is holy ground—the ground that David and Jonathan, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, and other heroic friends have trod together.

A loveless adolescence is bitterly lonely. Better that the boy and the girl should find some object for their devotion

than that they should be thrown back on their own imaginations and forced to create in their own minds a mistress or a devoted friend. That way lies greater danger than in any actual relationship, however physical it may be.

RELIGION

Because the adolescent is an enthusiast, a lover, and an idealist, he cannot help being touched by religion. If he has been brought up in regular habits of church-going, which hitherto have been as much accepted habits as habits of bathing on certain days or of brushing teeth or combing hair, then he may suddenly awaken to a new sense of hidden meanings in this routine. To the boy who has been at Mass every Sunday for years, who may even have served at the altar, there may come a new interest in what had once been a ceremonial routine and he may find an intensity of devotion to his Saviour that will make his Communions not only a new source of strength, but also a tremendous emotional experience. I do not think that the average boy is much touched by what is commonly called muscular Christianity, by a presentation of the Christian life as a sort of moral football contest, in which the player is urged to strive valiantly but to keep all the rules of the game. Young parsons who were once prominent athletes are supposed to be able to appeal to boys with a special power that is not possessed by the holiest priest. They urge boys who are trying to become "Christian men" to come to their rooms and to talk the matter over. But adolescent boys are never vocal. They simply cannot talk about the things that touch them most deeply. They will listen, but if you can get any reaction of speech out of them, you are

cleverer than most men. Religion cannot be attained through groups. It is a thing that goes from individual to individual.

It is a pity that religion cannot be presented to the adolescent as a privilege, a privilege that must be won and that can only be kept by constant effort on the part of the winner. The adolescent has so much surplus enthusiasm, so much unused emotion that needs and demands an outlet. If he does not pass through some phase of religious experience, if religion to him means merely a routine procedure on one day of each week, if it consists only in going to chapel twice or thrice on Sunday on being at church or catechism or Sunday school, then, as he grows older and is freed from school routine and discipline, he will free himself from his religion also. If his school chapel means nothing more to him than the study hall or his "house"; then, when he is no longer obliged to sit in a study hall or to live in a "house", he will give up sitting in church; he will have no desire to enter the house of God.

When one remembers the tremendous possibilities for self-discipline that the adolescent so willingly imposes on himself in the pursuit of some ideal that appeals to him, it seems a pity that we fail to set before him the highest ideals of all in such a way as to arouse, not only his interest and his emotions, but also his desire to make as many sacrifices in order to develop the powers of his soul as he willingly makes in order to develop the muscles of his body. It is at this important time in the life of boy or girl that teachers of religion, that the ministers and priests, seem to fail. Whose fault is it? Is the ordinary machinery of modern Christianity becoming so machine-like that the average adolescent sees in religion nothing more important than Sunday school and "sacred studies", and certainly

nothing half as interesting as tennis or hockey? We must get away from the machinery. We must set religion on a plane above all other interests and we must give our adolescents an ambition to reach it. Moreover, we must show them, by our own lives, that a consistent Christian, that a practising Catholic, possesses something that makes him stand out sharply against the dull background of ordinary life, that gives him an inner power and a source of strength, and that constrains others to want so much to be like him that they are willing to make constant sacrifices, to impose upon themselves willing self-discipline, in order that they may live as he lives and see the things that he sees.

If we older people really lived our religion, there would be no difficulty in teaching our adolescents what religion really means. We should all be Pied Pipers of Hamelin. The young people would be constrained to follow us out of the City of Unbelief to the Hill of Salvation, to Mount Calvary and to the City of God.

YOUTH



BY "youth" I mean the period in life that begins when the boy or the girl leaves school, and ends with matrimony or the acceptance of a life without a mate. It is the period at the end of which the individual is exhorted "to put away childish things". And yet these same things are the only things that the individual knows, at least from experience. It will be easier to discuss the two sexes separately.

THE YOUNG MAN

When a boy has sung his Last Night's hymn in the chapel of the school in which he has risen from an awkward first-former to be president of the sixth form, he is supposed to be "a man". Of course, he is nothing of the kind. Manhood, so called, comes earlier to some, later to others. And this may depend largely on the experience of the individual. For after the so-called preparatory or high school has been left behind, the great stream of male youth that issues from them divides into two distinct currents. One of these currents flows into the life of business; the other flows into the life of our universities. The schoolboy who goes immediately into business, into the life of commercial competition, is brought earlier into contact with ordinary life

than his brother who enters a college or a university and who is assured of four more years of a relatively sheltered and independent existence.

I wish to consider first the difficulties and dangers of the first group—the boys who, on the threshold of their first “job”, are supposed to put away childish things for ever.

THE YOUNG EMPLOYEE

Such a boy finds himself in a new world, with new relationships. First of all comes his life at “the office”. And here he has a “boss”. As he learned at school under a teacher, so now he must learn business of one kind or another under a boss. But this boss is not at all like the teacher. The teacher could be “cheeked”, circumvented. The tasks that he set might be skimped. If he were easy-going, you might be able to bluff your way through. The most the teacher could do was to send you out of the room or to keep you in after school. He could not throw you out altogether. If you liked him, you behaved fairly well. If you disliked him, you made him as miserable as possible. But now your boss is different. He cannot be “cheeked”. And the work he gives you has to be done. He is your master. In a sense you are his slave and no longer a free man—that is, so long as you want to keep your job. And this you want more than anything else. You’ve *got* to keep it. Yet this job is not yours. Not yours as your schooling was yours. It is something that you can lose, something that can be taken away from you, perhaps for no fault of your own. The company may be cutting down, or concentrating in some other city, and you may be the first to

go. You have not gained a safe foothold in the office yet. So you live in a sense of insecurity, a sense of insecurity that may follow you all the days of your life. When you lie down at night, you are not absolutely sure that you will find your job waiting for you in the morning. You may be doing commendable work, working with every inch of your powers. Nevertheless, people and circumstances over which you have not the remotest control, people you have never seen, circumstances of which you have never known, may make your further presence at the office unnecessary. And at the end of next week, unless you find another job that can be lent you for a while, there will be no pay envelope waiting for you.

THE OFFICE

To the young man, especially in his early years, the realisation of these new relationships may lead to one of two extremes. He may take his responsibility lightly. He may say: "What's the good of trying too hard? I may be dismissed at any time, no matter how hard I work." So he does not work very hard. And he *is* fired. Not because the company is retrenching, but because he is inefficient. At home he makes light of his first failure. It was all the boss's fault; nobody can get along with him anyhow. And he'll soon get another job. Perhaps he does get one after a period of enforced idleness. Perhaps he has learned something and works more faithfully in his next position. If not, he becomes a drifter, working as little as he can and moving from place to place, until he becomes one of the unemployed who are really unemployable. Perhaps a kind country will give him "relief". If it doesn't, he will

become a rebel and a revolutionary. It is so much easier to blame a boss, an economic law, a capitalistic society, than to put the blame squarely where it belongs—on himself.

The other extreme is the extreme of complete surrender to the sense of dependency, to the fear of losing the job. Such a young man lives in dread of his boss, in terror of his colleagues. He cringes and he makes excuses and he loses his self-confidence. If the chief is a little cross, he is so frightened that he cannot eat his luncheon. He is jealous of his colleagues. They are always getting ahead of him. And little by little, at the office, he finds that he is left to himself. He feels that he is a slave, and the boss treats him like one. For the employer knows that this particular employee will do anything in the world rather than lose his job—the one thing that he has ever learned how to do: And after a while he does lose it. Nor does he find it easy to get another. He has lost his self-confidence. He is always apologising for himself. When he applies for work, he does not ask for it. He begs for it. He, too, may become one of the unemployed. He, too, by a different route may become a theorising malcontent who envies the men with steady employment, but who cannot keep a job himself because, as soon as he gets one, he is so afraid of losing it that he cannot give his whole mind to what he is doing. He does not hate the unfortunate capitalist or want to murder his employer, but he blames the party in power or economic laws, or something.

In between these two classes stands the great majority of young men, who get positions and who keep them, who, when they do lose them, make use of their past experience to find another if not a better one, who know that no matter how hard times may be, there is usually a place for

a man who can get along with other men and get along with his work at the same time. Bit by bit such a man saves little by little. He makes his position more and more secure. He has interests outside his work. And he is not afraid—not even of his employer, who may have his bad days and his worse days, but who at the bottom is really a good scout, with worries of his own.

AT HOME

But when a boy leaves school to go into business, his entire life is not spent at “the office”. And often the things that happen to him outside that office have greater results for good or evil. First of all comes his home life. This has not changed much, although he is no longer a schoolboy, yet he has changed and is changing every day. Naturally, in order to save money, he still lives with his parents. His mother does not realise that he has become a man and has put away childish things. To her he is still a child. In the face of grave doubts, she allows his father to give him a latch-key. But she still wants to know where he is going and what he is doing. The boy rejoices not a little in his new freedom. Out of office hours he has no boss. And he has more money at the end of each week than he ever had before. But in reality he is not yet independent. Even for semi-independence he has to fight and sometimes he has to hurt the people that he loves most. If he does not want to come home until after midnight, well, he has a latch-key, he can come in softly and not disturb the house. But he knows that until he is safe at home, his mother cannot go to sleep. She admits that this is her fault. But the fact remains. Until she hears John’s step in the front hall, until

he comes in to bid her good night, she cannot close an eye. She may try to read, but she is tense, constantly listening for the sound of his latch-key in the door. And so she loses sleep. And by losing it and keeping on the light she keeps her husband awake. And he berates John, his son. He, at fifty-five, has to get down to his office at nine o'clock. He can't afford to stay up till all hours. He must have his regular sleep. And John has no business to keep his mother awake, anyhow. No, he will not sleep in another room. And he has never believed in the modern heresy of twin beds.

So life at home is not easy. Moreover, John's mother has always asked him lots of questions about his friends, his doings. She doesn't stop asking them now. So John begins to lie a little. It is his defence-reaction. He thinks that it protects his mother. But mothers can very seldom be lied to with any permanent success. All that John achieves is to make his mother imagine all sorts of possible enormities which John would never think of committing.

Strange that this mother and so many others like her should not see that John must live his own life—that it would be better for him to take rooms and to board elsewhere than to try to be independent and truthful in a home where both independence and truth seem to be impossible. She does not want him to marry, not for many years. And yet *she is resolutely driving him into the arms of some undesirable woman*, so that he can have a home of his own. Suppose it is true that she cannot sleep until John comes in at night. Very well, then let her stay awake. But don't let her take it out first on John and then on his father.

Poor John! He would be happy enough if his parents would let him be the "man" that they want him to be. He has been pitchforked from the restricted life of school into

an entirely new type of existence and he is doing the best he can to adjust himself. Of course he will make mistakes. That is the way young men learn. But the father bewails him as a lost son the first night he comes in a little drunk and is sick in the bathroom. His mother refuses to speak to him for days. And John sulks. The next time he gets too much to carry, he will not go home at all. And his mother will lie awake all night in torment, forcing his father, with his big bare feet slapping the floor beneath the edge of his white night-gown, to telephone to the hospitals and to the police to ask about street accidents. When John does return, he will have to tell an elaborate lie about an important business affair—how the boss had sent him on this special errand out of town and he had been in such a hurry that he had forgotten to telephone.

The life of the young business man, like John, who lives at home is not always very easy. After he marries, he will be better off. But until then, well, he has to get along as best he can. And it is a wonder that he does not get into more trouble.

WOMEN

If he is lucky, he has kept from his school days a "girl friend", who may have gone on to college or who may have a job, like John. She also may live with her parents. And when John goes to see her in the evening, her father first glares at him and later on—much later—calls down the banisters to his daughter to warn her that it is already ten o'clock. If he is less fortunate, John, now that he is a business man, demands a business man's pleasures. He wants something more exciting than a "girl friend" from his school

days. He would do far better to stick to this tried girl friend, who has not the slightest intention of marrying him, but who likes to be kissed and petted within reasonable limits and who understands John better than his own mother. Soon, however, John's visits to her decrease. And she, having lost her "boy friend", looks out for a man and becomes less antagonistic to the advances of the junior partner in the firm she works for or to the romantic eyes of the instructor who lectures on English poetry at her college.

The two chief interests in John's life, outside the office, will be the more or less secret worship of Venus and Bacchus—in plainer words, women and liquor—or, in John's own terms, girls and booze. He will never be a drunkard or a Don Juan. But he cannot help being fascinated by the two things that were denied him when he was a boy at school. He may drink too much on several occasions, but he does not enjoy being drunk or having a bad headache next day. If he has enough money, he may accompany one of his friends to a house that is known to the police and to a number of other respectable men. If he is a little drunk, he may enjoy this. But if he isn't he will probably never go there again. Such visits do not involve great dangers. On the other hand, his real danger lies in falling in love—head over heels—with a woman who is in no sense a prostitute, but who has had one "boy friend" after the other since she was fifteen. Now she is thirty-five. She may bring to John *his first exposure to venereal diseases.*

Venereal infection ought, in these days of prophylaxis, to be becoming less and less frequent. But John may have very vague ideas about it. And, in an agony of fear, he may not get adequate medical advice. Real disaster lies in this direction.

Disaster, too, of a more permanent kind may come from the woman of thirty-five. She has given John his first real experience of what she calls love, and John thinks that he cannot live without her. He may even marry her. And then he will find himself involved in such difficulties that life with her will soon not be worth living. But, thank Heaven, many young men, like John, have a fundamental love of "good women" that keeps them straight. They don't mind a kissing or a petting party occasionally, but there are limits beyond which they will not go. I remember one young man, something like John, who had the reputation of being quite a "ladies' man". He used to go about a good deal with one special girl. Then he dropped her and I asked him why. He shrugged his shoulders. "She tried a new kind of kiss on me," he said. "She called it a soul kiss. I couldn't stand it."

During the first four or five years of his business life John is not going to have an easy time. Yet, as a matter of fact, most young men of this class manage to avoid pitfalls, to become dependable employees and cheerful friends. All honour to them if they pass successfully these first tests of their manhood.

THE UNDERGRADUATE

The second stream of young men who leave school flows into our universities or colleges. One might suppose that the young man who enters college is going to be kept from close contact with life for the next four years, quite unlike his brothers who enter the business world of competition and acquire jobs. But this is not so. The undergraduate is exposed to tests just as severe as those that meet the boy who overnight becomes a business man. The tests are different, perhaps, but they are quite as real.

Some young men enter a collegiate atmosphere with very real ambitions of achievement. Some of them know that their parents are making great sacrifices in order to give them further education. Some of them really want to learn, But they soon find that scholarship is not one of the ideals of their new environment. It was not greatly desired at school. Why should it be an ideal of undergraduate life? At first they are more or less drunk with their newly acquired freedom. Within reasonable limits they can do as they please. Sleep all day; sit up all night. Explore the mysterious excitements of a city and get drunk for the first time in their lives. Their actual work, their lectures, their laboratory courses—these are secondary matters. They have very little sense of responsibility. Their ideal is to do just enough work to “get by”. From school they have carried over the immature boyish attitude toward their teachers. These university teachers must, of course, be treated with respect, but they are to be bluffed and made as innocuous as possible. If an instructor in some elementary course happens to take his teaching seriously and to insist on some proof of application, he becomes at once an object of general condemnation. He is a “hard guy”, and you had better not get into his division of undergraduate English.

But the undergraduate is unlike his brother in business in so far as his job cannot be taken from him, at least not overnight. He can skimp his work and loaf until the examinations, and with reasonable luck he can manage to stay at the university. He feels himself secure. Hence he suffers all the more when he discovers that although his position as an undergraduate cannot be taken from him, yet he himself, by his own foolishness, may throw it away. Few bitterer hours come to any young man than those that overtake the undergraduate who has trusted too much to the

indulgence of his instructors and to his own ability to "get by". I have sat, late at night, with many such an undergraduate, who, with shaky voice and twitching hands, has come to tell me that he has failed in all his examinations, that he is sure to be sent down, and that he does not dare to write of all this to his father. Will I write and explain? Or will I see the dean and tell him, tell him——? Well, what can I tell the dean after all? All that I can do is to try to estimate the depth of this young butterfly's repentance—a thoughtless butterfly that has been broken on the wheels of academic routine and his own thoughtlessness. Is he worth saving? Ah, that is so hard to say! Sometimes when I have helped such a youth to reinstatement and a new chance, I have had the questionable pleasure of writing to his father again at the end of his second year to tell the same story of failure and to transmit the final sentence of rejection. At other times I have been able to save an academic career that began in failure but ended in very fair success.

It is hard to realise how intensely a young undergraduate feels the disgrace of being sent down from the university. It is not so much the failure in examinations, the loss of educational opportunities, that hurts him. It is rather the realisation that next year, when his classmates will still be part of the university life which he has grown to love, this life will be closed to him, and he will not be allowed to "come back". But no matter what the exact reason for his unhappiness may be, the experience hurts bitterly just the same.

Undergraduates are supposed to need special academic advisers. A certain number of these under class men are assigned to various young instructors or junior professors. They help the newcomer to arrange his schedule of courses.

But apparently there their responsibility ends. When an undergraduate gets into real trouble he seldom goes to his adviser. And I suppose that the average adviser, who is already loaded down with lectures and laboratory courses, has little time to give to long conferences with the men who have been assigned to his care.

Conditions differ, I know, at different colleges. But as a rule the adviser does not play a very important role in the average undergraduate life. Of greater influence is his house-master, if he happens to live in a house or a hall or a college or a dormitory. For here the man in charge of the house lives with his undergraduates, sees them every day, and knows them all personally. He is easily get-at-able. This makes all the difference to an undergraduate, who is a variable quantity in many ways. Tonight he may feel that he needs help—needs it badly. To whom shall he go? His adviser lives far off, in the town or in a house of his own. To see him at once involves too many difficulties. And by tomorrow morning the same undergraduate may decide that he does not need help after all. But the house-master, the “head”, he is always there. You can speak to after dinner or you can go to his rooms, just across the quadrangle from your own. He may be dead tired, much more tired than your adviser, he may just be going to bed, but he will sit down with you in his pyjamas, give you a cigarette, and let you talk. He may not be able to offer you much helpful advice, but he gives you a chance to let off steam. And when you have put your troubles into words, somehow they do not seem quite so serious. So go back to your rooms and go to sleep, instead of sitting up and drinking gin and worrying yourself into insomnia.

SOCIAL AMBITIONS

Undergraduate life tests a young man's powers of resistance. There is, for example, the test of thwarted social ambition. At some colleges there are enough societies to go around. Most undergraduates know that they will have a chance of joining one or another. But there is always a small group that is never asked to join. And there is another group which cannot afford it. Matters are far worse, however, in colleges in which the really desirable clubs or societies are small and can only include, perhaps, ten per cent of the members of any single class. Here the whole undergraduate year and even longer is tinged with carefully hidden social ambitions. If an upper class man, a member of the club to which you aspire, speaks to you pleasantly, you are much more pleased than if you had got honours in all your exams. This mental attitude of expectation, this anxiety to get in with "the right crowd", is an acid test of a young man's character. If he is too anxious and shows his anxiety, if he pushes himself forward just a little bit too much, if in his desire to show that he can drink he drinks too deeply and only shows that he cannot carry his liquor like a gentleman, then he is made to feel that he has spoiled his chances, that he can never become one of the elect. On the other hand, the young man who refuses to make himself known, who keeps to himself, who boasts that "if they want me, they know where they can find me", makes an even more serious mistake. Often one hears the members of an important society or club talking about some classmate of whom they say: "Why, we should have been glad to have him. Only nobody knew him. He never gave us a chance to realise what a fine fellow he was."

But the real test is the test of failure. It is hard indeed on the undergraduate who has belonged to a certain group of intimate friends to see one of these friends after another taken into the club or the society that he had hoped for, while he is left out. And why you have been passed over, you never know. Usually one blackball will keep you out, the vote of one man who does not like the way you walk or who dislikes the colours of your ties. I remember from my own experience two men whose undergraduate life was poisoned with a sense of frustrated social ambition, because each of them had made one enemy. One of these enemies cast a blackball at every election because the candidate had once, at a freshman banquet, poured the dregs of a glass of beer down his neck. The second enemy cast his blackball persistently because he had once called on the candidate to solicit contributions for some undergraduate sports and the candidate had not offered his visitor a drink, although he had a bottle of whisky on his desk. This same enemy never realised that it was no thought of discourtesy that had kept the other undergraduate from offering his visitor refreshment, but that this same undergraduate was so overwhelmed by the honour of the other man's visit—for this other was already one of the Great—that he had been too embarrassed to remember that a bottle of whisky was standing at his elbow. Insignificant happenings, perhaps, but in many cases they had far-reaching results.

And so the man who still hopes, who has seen his best friends taken one by one while he has been passed over, goes through torments of disappointment, torments of hope deferred, until he is almost relieved when he knows that the membership of clubs and societies has been entirely filled and that his failure is final and definite. He has, at least, two more years of undergraduate life before

him. If he passes satisfactorily this test of disappointment, if he allows it to make no difference in his contact with his former friends, who now have clubs while he has none or who wear keys and insignia while his shirt or waistcoat is bare of all such adornment, if he goes his way as if societies and clubs did not exist, then he has gained his own soul, then he may become one of those whose name is often mentioned by old alumni when they meet at some reunion and wonder why, when they were undergraduates, they did not have sense enough to elect So-and-So, who was really such a good fellow and who has brought such distinction to an otherwise undistinguished class. On the other hand, if he allows disappointment to embitter him, if he gets a heart-ache every time he passes one of the club houses and looks into the windows, if he feels himself an outcast and nurses a feeling of constant rebellion, if the moment he graduates he announces to his classmates that his father has just put him up for election at the most expensive club in some big city, then he has failed, not once, but twice. He has failed to get what he wanted at college and he has failed to get anything out of that failure. The first failure ended with his graduation, but the traces of the other failure he will carry all his life. It is useless to tell such a young man that the social traditions that govern his life in a college or a university are not permanent things. In his case they have power for only four years. When he leaves college, he will leave them behind. No, he cannot see that. And so he carries with him always a sense of failure, of disappointment, whenever he returns to his college for some reunion. He has made a sense of permanent failure out of a temporary disappointment.

EMOTIONAL STIMULATION

The life upon which the average undergraduate enters is, to my mind, a very unbalanced existence. It is full of emotional stimulation and has little place for intellectual development. First comes the emotional excitement of the new freedom and all experiences connected with it. How exciting, at first, to be able to sit up all night, to smoke as many cigarettes as you please, and to drink as much as you please not for convivial enjoyment, but to see which of the crowd will "pass out first" and make a mess in the wash-room! How stimulating to go "into town", to drink five cocktails before dinner, then to go to a "show", and finally to explore the less respectable portions of the city! Perhaps to steal signs—undergraduates do still steal signs, I am sorry to say—and joy of joys, to "get chased by a cop", or to borrow some other fellow's car, to take a joy-ride, pick up a few girls, and smash up the car against a telegraph-pole. Thrilling, too, to dance around your first big bonfire before the most important football game, to consign to Hades the eleven that your team is to face tomorrow, the eleven and the college it represents. Most exciting of all, to steal away from your house or your college late some night, to drive down to the nearest rival seat of learning and remove from its precincts either the statue of its founder or, if this be thoughtfully riveted to its base, to paint it with the colours of your own institution, to tie a whisky-bottle in its hand or place an article of virtue beneath its bronze chair.

Young men get mentally drunk on emotional experiences like these. But this is not all, for these experiences are not of every day. Yet the undergraduate lives, day in and day out, in an emotional atmosphere.

ATHLETICS

Secondly, there are the emotional stresses and explosions connected with athletics. We get our athletics, our gymnastics, from the Greeks. But their contests were dignified matters. You cannot imagine a modern cheer-leader functioning at Olympia or shouting: "Now, fellows, three long Spartas," or: "Rah! Rah! Rah! Athens, Athens, Athens!" Our public games are emotional explosions. To watch a crowd at a football game is a fascinating, although a discouraging, occupation. If the emotional urge that sweeps the tiers of benches will cause a dignified white-whiskered old gentleman to howl like a dervish and to beat himself upon the belly, what will it do to young men who have just transferred their interest from a school team or the school eleven to the greater athletic prowess of the university at which they are pursuing their education? When the game is over, the white-whiskered, pot-bellied old gentleman will shake himself and stop howling and beating his abdomen. He will recollect that he is really president of a trust company or a dignified bishop. But even after the game is over, the undergraduates for hours afterwards are emotionally drunk. And if the game has been won, they go and get really drunk. If it has been lost, they get drunk anyway. But the emotional strain is still greater on the individual athlete. The undergraduate who is trying for the eleven may get a lot of good exercise, but he is tormented by tension all the time. *Will he make the team? Did he do as badly yesterday as the coach said?* And remember that only eleven undergraduates can play in that eleven. There are a lot of others who have tried for the eleven, tried with every muscle of their bodies and every ambitious emotion of their

minds, and yet who have failed to achieve it. The emotion of success, of "making the team", is strong enough, but the emotion of failure, of having to sit among the spectators and watch the big match, having to see Reddy Smith at right end—Reddy, who was given your place only two weeks ago and who is making mistakes that you would never have made—this is still worse, still more exhausting than success itself. Undergraduate athletics are fascinating. People say that they give the undergraduate an emotional outlet without which he would spend his emotional urge on much more dangerous matters. But I believe that such athletics create emotion, stimulate it, keep it going to the point of exhaustion. And that this emotion is injected fictitiously into young lives that do not need it.

A young man ought not to be exposed to the extremes of depression and elation—of elation when he has been "elected to a good club" and of depression when he has been either passed over or blackballed.

I sometimes wonder that the unexperienced undergraduate who is exposed to this stream of constant emotional expression does half so well as he does do. Of course, there are exceptional men who have achieved the seemingly impossible, who have survived the elation of being captain of the varsity crew, of being made president of the most exclusive society, and who have, at the same time, excelled in their studies and graduated with honours. But I wonder sometimes what a man of such achievements will accomplish in later years. It seems to me that he must have exhausted his emotional and intellectual life to such an extent during his undergraduate life that he may have nothing left with which to face the long years that lie before him still.

No wonder that many of these young men fall by the wayside. No wonder that the real tragedies of university life usually take place during the first two years at college. *After that a man has either learned to adjust himself somehow to all these strains and stresses or else the task has been too much for him and he has broken.*

One does not hear very much about such broken young lives as these, *but the memory of every dean of men is full of them, and many such a tragedy has played itself out under my anxious eyes. Some of them might have been prevented, perhaps.*

A TRAGIC TALE

Here is a tragic story that is not so very uncommon.

A series of thefts are reported to the Head of a house. Naturally, he is jealous of his house's good name. Young men are very careless about their belongings. They will not lock their doors. They leave money lying around. They drop their gold watches into open drawers. For the thief, therefore, there is always ample opportunity. In this particular case, only money and an occasional watch have been taken. And the thefts go on regularly. Something is reported missing once a week or even oftener. The Head takes council with his board of advisers, older men in the house, but they can discover nothing. *The atmosphere in the house becomes charged with suspicion. The Head himself begins to fear that he may be walking in his sleep and stealing watches and money. At last something has to be done. Is the thief someone in the house? Is he one of the servants? Or does the thief come from outside? Finally the Head, who dreads publicity of any sort, is forced to go*

to the police. A sergeant is assigned to the case. Money, he says, he cannot trace, but watches are sometimes pawned. All together eight watches have been taken. Their former owners are asked to describe their property. But here an unexpected obstacle develops. Six of these eight men, although they have owned their watches for years, can no more describe them accurately than they can describe the rings of Saturn. Their descriptions are of no value for purposes of identification. Fortunately, the remaining two are more accurate observers. They have the numbers of their watches. Then follows a long period of waiting, during which more money is stolen, but no more watches. Finally the sergeant of police reports that he has found one of the watches in a pawnshop and that the owner of the shop thinks he could identify the man who pawned it.

So the Head stages a dramatic situation. He can see no other way of discovering the truth. He has to lie a little. He tells the men who sit at his high table in the big dining-room that next evening he is to have two distinguished visitors at dinner—two visiting professors from a distant university. At dinner-time it is his custom to stand in the big hall while the men move forward into the dining-room. Thus every man must pass him. So the next night the sergeant and the owner of the pawnshop, who are, of course, the two distinguished visitors, stand beside the Head as the members of the house file into the dining-room. It has been arranged that when the pawnshop owner sees the man who pawned the stolen watch, he is to pluck the sleeve of the Head's gown.

The unfortunate Head has moments of intense discomfort as the men in his house file past him. He has had—how he blushes to remember this later on!—he has had in mind three or four suspects. But these suspects stroll past

and the pawnbroker gives no sign. At last everyone has gone in; the seats are all filled. And yet the pawnbroker has not tugged at the sleeve of the Head's gown. Says the sergeant: "It's a wash-out. What now?" "Well," says the Head, "we might as well go in and have our dinner." Inwardly he is jubilant, for evidently the thief does not live beneath his roof. So the two "distinguished visitors" take their places at the high table. From their seats they can look all the way down the long dining-room and out into the hall, the doors of which are still open. Conversation at the high table that night is difficult. The distinguished visitors seem strangely silent. But if the pawnbroker does not talk much, he keeps his eyes open. And they are sharp eyes. The dessert is being served, when he tugs the Head's gown beneath the table. "Look there!" he whispers. The Head looks down the long room. He can see that someone has come into the hall outside—a young man with his hat in his hand, who stands looking into the dining-room, as if searching for one of his friends. Men from other houses sometimes drift in before this particular house has finished dinner, so it is nothing unusual. But the pawnbroker tugs at the Head's gown again. "That's the fellow who pawned the watch," he says. "I'd recognise him anywhere. But I'll have a closer look."

The other men at the high table that night were greatly mystified by the behaviour of the two distinguished visiting professors. For one of them got up suddenly, before dinner was over, walked out into the hall, and then waved a hand at the other visitor, who immediately got up also and followed him. Then, more astonishing even than all this, the Head himself, without making any excuse, rose from the top of the high table and went hurrying down the room, his gown ballooning out behind him.

A few moments later four people were sitting in the Head's room. The two visitors, the Head himself, and a broken-hearted, utterly wretched young man. It was such a pitiful story, told between sobs, that even the sergeant of police twisted his hat in his hands and kept looking at the floor. He couldn't look at the boy. He couldn't.

Now, the Head was a stern man, a great upholder of social justice. He could never see why a poor boy who stole should go to jail while a boy of a well-to-do family, a boy of good people, should have his sins covered up and condoned. But that night, as he listened to the broken young voice, he went back on everything he had ever said. He recanted; he became an apostate, for he couldn't send that boy to prison. It was impossible. The young man had been at fault, of course, but—but——

Well, he had won a scholarship, without which his parents would have been unable to send him to the university. All they could do was to pay for his board and lodging in very simple quarters and give him a very, very little pocket-money. He had come from a small town, where there were not many temptations. He had had very little experience of life. But he was attractive, good-looking, and likeable. During the first weeks of his first year, when undergraduates begin to coalesce into small groups, he had become a member of one of these groups—a group of rather experienced gay young men, who were determined to have as much fun as the law allowed and perhaps a little more. They took him with them to dinner in town. They introduced him to gin and whisky, to the theatre, and to other less desirable entertainments. They all seemed to have money. They would pay his share in a dinner, for his ticket to the theatre, telling him that he could pay next time for them. He knew that he could never

do that. If he had had no pride, he might have gone on sponging on his rich friends almost indefinitely, for they liked him and missed him when he wasn't in their company. If he had had any sense, he would have told them how little money he had and that he could not afford their pleasures. But he had no sense, and he had a lot of pride. And he was very happy, excitedly happy, for he was "seeing life" for the first time. Of course, there was a girl mixed up in it too. Anyhow, he realised that he would have to get more money somehow or else be forced to drop his engaging friends. He couldn't bear to lose them. His social ambitions were at stake. And the girl. She was a sister of one of his friends. It was a very difficult situation. It happened that he often visited the rooms in one particular house. Several of his friends lived there. And one evening he dropped in while the whole house was at dinner. He found his friend's door unlocked. And there, in the open upper drawer, was his friend's pocket-book. That was how it had all begun. He always came while the house was at dinner and he always found some unlocked door.

When he had told his story, the Head looked at the sergeant, and the pawnbroker looked away. It was really no business of his. The Head shook his head; so did the sergeant. That settled it.

The stolen watches were all recovered. The stolen money was returned. The only really unhappy man, except the culprit, was the Head himself. For it was he who had to write to the young man's parents. However, he says that he always has the nastiest jobs thrust upon him. But there was no publicity. And thanks to the Dean, who was more human than most deans, a certain young man was allowed to resign from the university with no bad record of any

kind against him. He went elsewhere. The Head tells me that he has done very well.

Tragedy enough, not only for that boy, but for his parents too. And yet how much more tragic it might have been if the pawnbroker had recognised that young man on the street and had turned him over to the police. For when the machinery of justice really starts grinding, it cannot be easily stopped.

In every house or college or dormitory, where a number of young men or women live together, there are thefts of this kind. The wise man is he who can deal with them without wrecking a life and without getting his own name and the name of his university into the papers. That is the kind of publicity that the academic world does *not* covet.

But the undergraduate does not spend his entire life at football games, or running around town and seeing life. He spends some part of it, or at least he is supposed to spend certain hours of it, in the lecture room or in the laboratory. This part of his life is difficult to estimate. There is no more difficult audience to lecture to than a room full of undergraduates. In the lecture room they feel that they are still at school and often they act like schoolboys. However, this immature attitude wears off in time, and they learn to adjust themselves to new ideas of learning. They know that if they are absent, no one will ask why. And as a usual thing, except in some courses, they are not called upon to "recite". Should they be called upon, they know that they can say that they are *not prepared* and that no black mark will be placed against their names. If they can slip through the occasional tests and the mid-year and final examinations, they are safe, for a time at least.

EXAMINATIONS

The matter of examinations is a vexed question. Most teachers, I think, are coming to consider them rather useless. They are like capital punishment. Some criminologists want to abolish capital punishment, because they think that it does not act as a deterrent and is brutal and useless. Others feel that it should be retained, for it does act as a deterrent, the only deterrent that brutal men respect. And some men are better dead anyhow. So with examinations. Some of us think that they act as deterrents to absolute laziness, that the threat of a future examination may keep a student from loafing too much, and that they are the only things that the self-indulgent undergraduate does respect. Moreover, if a student fails to pass them, he is better dead academically, and the sooner his academic existence ceases, the better for him and the better for the university. But others among us feel that the vague threat of a distant examination will not make a lazy man study, that forcing all students to cram a mass of material before a given date so that they can vomit it forth on an examination paper and thus get it out of their systems for ever is not good for the mental digestion of the young and is a bore to the overworked instructor who has to correct the papers and assign just grades of success or failure. In most courses an instructor ought to know by the end of a term or so whether a student is doing his work or not. And if he could have each student for a viva-voce examination of fifteen minutes, he should be able to say fairly accurately whether or not a man had learned something or nothing at all. Moreover, written examinations are often unfair. There are some men who have great facility with

their pencils or fountain-pens and who, with a little stock to show, can dress up the front window of their examinations with such a brave show of knowledge that the instructor is unavoidably impressed. While other men, who may know a great deal more, become inhibited by the mere sight of an examination book and sit for hours biting the ends of their pencils and producing a result that is no fair representation of what they have really absorbed. It is not true that an oral examination is more upsetting to the student than a written one. Of course, if the examiner is either a brute or a mere machine, he may frighten a candidate into apparent ignorance. But otherwise he ought, in a few minutes, to be able to plumb the depths of a student's knowledge and chart out the shallows of his ignorance.

Examinations in any form are of importance to the young undergraduate, because they are also often acid tests of his character. In some universities examinations are conducted on what is often miscalled the "honour system". On each examination book is printed a kind of Hippocratic oath which the student must sign and in which he declares that during the examination he has neither received help himself nor given assistance to another. I have heard of institutions in which this honour system is taken very seriously—so seriously that one man will denounce his most intimate friend, even though he knows that this denunciation will send his friend away from the university in bitter disgrace. This is carrying the ideal of the Spartan boy and his fox much too far. It is possible to cheat in an examination and yet not be dishonest. A great deal depends on the motive. If it has been done on the spur of the moment, during the emotional tension of an examination, because so much depends on that examination, which may mean final failure and a departure from the university,

then I think that judgment should be lenient. Premeditated dishonesty, the old schoolboy methods of writing formulas on cuffs or elsewhere, is rather a different matter. Far different is the cheating in some competitive examination or in some test on which a scholarship or an honour mark depends—on something that a student may take by dishonest means from a man who is less dishonest than himself.

In the stress of undergraduate ambition one finds tragedies of dishonesty. And very often the man who has had no previous experience in cheating is most frequently found out. It is hard for instructor or professor to estimate the strength of an ambition which is so intensely set upon success that all things become lawful.

ANOTHER TRAGIC TALE

I remember one story in this connection. It can do no harm to tell it now. And, strangely enough, I have today the greatest respect and admiration for the offender. If ever any man cleansed the hand of his dishonesty with the very blood of his own heart, this man made his own hands clean once again. He was not an athlete. He was by nature a student, an intellectual type. But his ambition in his own sphere was unbounded. In the sphere of the intelligence he wanted to achieve the distinction that came to others on the football field or from a lacrosse game. He wrote well. But, like other writers: "Il prenait son bien où il le trouvait." He entered every undergraduate competition that was open to him—public speaking, undergraduate journalism, and so-called literary competitions.

As I remember it all, there was an important prize for

an undergraduate essay. This friend of mine was determined to win it. He worked day and night on his essay and handed it in with high hopes of success. It happened that the judges of this contest were three younger instructors, and one of these was my friend's adviser and teacher. It was natural, but very careless on the part of this adviser that he was led to entrust to my friend a sealed envelope which contained the name of the winner of the prize and those of the two "proxime accesserunts". My friend had dropped in to visit his adviser to ask him when the name of the winner would be published, and the instructor, who was very busy, said: "The names are in this sealed envelope. You take it over to the Dean's office and perhaps he'll open it at once and put it up on the bulletin board."

The instructor had no idea how much the winning of that prize meant to one young man. He put a temptation in his way. And my young friend did a thing that was not only dishonest, but utterly mad. For he took the sealed envelope to his room. He steamed it open. And he saw that he had not won the prize. He did not know that the judges had not given the prize to him because there were certain passages in his essay that sounded strangely like other passages in the works of an almost forgotten essayist of the eighteenth century. He did know that he had not won, and he was bitterly disappointed. More than disappointed. He felt cheated of the due reward of his labors. Now, the names of the winner and of the two who had come closest to the prize man were typed on an ordinary bit of notepaper. So my young friend got another bit of paper, borrowed a typewriter, and rewrote the list of names, with his own name at the top. He then resealed the envelope and took it to the Dean's office. That afternoon the winner of the prize was announced on the bulletin

board. At dinner my young friend received many congratulations which he received with most becoming humility. He must have been out of his mind. He must have known—— It only shows how the emotions can utterly cloud the judgment of an able young man.

For next morning one of the judges of the competition happened to glance at the bulletin board. He went at once to the instructor who had entrusted the sealed envelope to my young friend and carried him off to look at the judge's report that had been posted there.

That was the end of my young friend's academic career. He sat in my room for hours, his face like a piece of frozen glass. I wished that he could have broken down and cried. It would have seemed more natural. But he was just beginning to see himself as others saw him. And it was a bitter experience. Nevertheless, he accepted it. And for the next two years he made application to one college after another, determined to go on with his education, yet in every application setting down his record and his reasons for having left the college at which he had been working, being rejected time after time, yet keeping on, not trying to cover anything up, but determined to get a chance to redeem himself and to prove to people that in reality he was neither dishonest nor a liar. God knows I wish him every success, wherever he may be. He deserves to win—now.

THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

Every year in June a stream of young graduates flows from our universities and colleges in two directions. Part of this stream goes into the life of business; the other is diverted

into the professional schools, into law schools and medical schools, while a slight trickle finds its way into seminaries and schools of theology.

Here we come face to face with the ancient question of the value to the future man of business of a university training. Is the young man who has spent four years as an undergraduate any better fitted for his work than the boy who got a job as soon as he left school and who has already had four years of experience when his brother from the university begins his business career? Theoretically, he *ought* to be better prepared. I do not mean that his courses in history or English literature make him a better business man, but in one way he has a definite advantage. He has lived for four years in an atmosphere of personal freedom. He has met the temptations of women, of alcohol, the temptations to win by questionable methods. He has learned something from the honour system. Above all, he has learned how to live with men—not only with men of his own age, but with men older than himself. He is inured to the dangers that beset the schoolboy when he is first thrust into the world of business. He ought to make fewer mistakes. And if he is wise, he will learn more easily the virtue of humility. Last June he left his university in a blaze of glory. He had been president of his class or of the student council. Everyone on the campus knew and admired him. He had distinguished himself at games. He had kicked the goal from the field that decided the most important football match of the year. He even did well in his courses and graduated with some distinction. The dean and all his instructors had patted him on the back and wished him good luck. Two months later he is working in a bank or he is trying to learn to sell bonds. He is nobody now. Gone is all his academic glory. He finds that he is

not such an important personage after all. And this is good for him. It will, I think, be easy for him to adjust himself to his new life, because he has had a similar experience once before. He was an undergraduate, who had to learn to get on with upper class men, to be friendly without being subservient and humble-minded, without cringing. Here in the bank or in the broker's office, he is an undergraduate again. And he knows how to be one.

But business life today is so tremendously diversified that a university training may be a handicap in one type of commercial activity while in another type it may be a distinct advantage. Only time will tell in each individual case. However, admitting the possibility of disadvantage, the young graduate who enters some form of business is not subjected to half the mental strain that has to be endured by the men who go from college into the professional schools or who enter the broader life of university scholarship as candidates for the Doctor's degree in Philosophy.

The graduate student begins a three or four years' course of training in connection with which the famous Dr. Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve once said, quoting a Greek proverb, that "only he is educated who has been completely skinned". This is a painful process. And there is no mental discipline in the world that is more severe than the four years of study which have to be faced by anyone who aspires to write Ph.D. after his name. For universities, although they will scatter B.A.'s with lavish and not too severe a hand, are very chary of the manner in which they grant the higher distinction of scholarship. And the university that skins its candidates to the bone gets the highest reputation for scholarly achievement.

The men who enter a law school are not much better off. There are still some law schools that give their courses

in the afternoons and evenings, so that a man can earn his bread and a little butter by working in a solicitor's office all day and then learn how to be a lawyer by hearing lectures from five until nine and by studying from nine until midnight. The greater schools have closed their doors to any student who cannot devote his entire day to his work. Chief Justice Taft always felt that this was a pity. He believed that there was room for the night school and that many distinguished lawyers would never have been lawyers at all if they had had to meet the requirements of the law school of the present day. I have always admired the men who for three years could work all day in an office, hurry off to the law school at five, go from one lecture to another, and then dash home in order to study until after midnight. How they ever stand such a strain I do not know. But those that do come safely through it are tried and tested to the very marrow. I know some of them well. I had a secretary once, one of the very best I ever had, who was a young law student carrying bravely such a burden of work as I have described. He never missed a day in my office at the Court House. But I breathed a sigh of relief when he finally finished his course at the law school and could take an occasional free evening without a twinge of conscience. Today, at scarcely thirty years of age, he is State's Attorney in an important city. You can't keep men of this type down. Hard work, drudgery, routine have no terrors for them. The very worst is as nothing compared to their three or four years at the law school.

But consider for a moment the complete change of life that is forced upon all university graduates who enter the professional schools.

As undergraduates they had great diversity of interests. They went to a lecture on biology. Then, after an hour's

pause, to another lecture, on chemistry. In the afternoon they had three hours of laboratory work in the physics building. In the evening, perhaps, another three hours in the biological laboratory. But chemistry is not exactly like biology. There was always change, and when there is diversity of interest, the mind is much less fatigued. Moreover, they had time for exercise—plenty of it. And at night—well, they did not have to work more than a few hours at the most, except just before the examinations. On Saturdays, on Sundays, they never worked at all. The material that they were supposed to assimilate was handed to them in small doses. They could assimilate without indigestion.

But the moment the same man enters a professional school, everything is changed. As a good example of this change, this necessity for a new adjustment, let us take the medical student. I know him a little better than the others.

I do not know what leads some men to study law and others to enter a graduate school as a candidate for a doctor's degree. Perhaps some men are in love with the law. I have known many graduate students who were really in love with scholarship. But the motive of the ordinary medical student is of a different type. Usually it is a love of humanity that inspires him, a desire to help sick and suffering people, to relieve pain, to make the world less cruel, more safe for the handicapped and the weak. You will probably not get this impression from most of your medical students. They pride themselves on being hard-boiled. And they are a little ashamed of their own highest ideals. Nevertheless, when you get to know them as well as I do, you will find that even the most hard-boiled is, at heart, an enthusiastic humanitarian. He wants to give his life to keeping people well and to making sick

people better. With his motive throbbing behind his hard-boiled exterior, he enters a medical school.

MEDICAL SCHOOLS

More schools these days concentrate on anatomy during the first year, or at least during the first half-year. The whole of human anatomy is hurled at the student and he has to master it in the space of four months. Sometimes it is more widely spaced, running over the whole year, with other courses in histology and biochemistry. But it is the subject that is most important, the subject that counts most in the grades or marks of that first difficult year. I think that perhaps the best scheme is to give the first half-year entirely to anatomy, leaving biochemistry and histology for the second period. This allows the student to concentrate on one important subject. But, whatever scheme is adopted, the student's first year is permeated by one kind of mental activity. His mind is as stinking with anatomy as his clothes are stinking with the smell of the dissecting-room.

Think what this means. The young man, who has been accustomed to a diversity of intellectual interests, who has always had adequate time for exercise and for relaxation, begins a routine of the following type. He is at the medical school by half-past eight, in the dissecting-room by nine. From nine until twelve, from one until five, he is hanging over a cadaver, breathing in the odour of formalin and other preservatives, impregnating his hands with dead tissue, trying to prepare a tricky lot of blood-vessels and nerves with his fingers while squinting sideways with his over-strained eyes at an anatomical atlas which shows him

a picture of what his preparation *ought* to look like, although the picture that he is trying to draw with his scalpel looks like nothing in the world that any anatomist ever saw before. Eight hours standing or sitting on the edge of a high stool, in a room full of sweating men, of cadavers, of smells, and of instructors! He leaves the school at five. Probably he lives some distance away. But he is too tired to walk. And so he loses his one chance of exercise. Yet it would take a Spartan determination to walk after those eight hours of effort, especially when some other student offers you a lift in his car. When our medical student reaches home, it is already getting dark. Too late for a game of tennis. What he wants to do is to throw himself down on his bed and rest until dinner. But he must not waste even half an hour. Better to run over again the boundaries of the "foramen Winslowii". Dinner over, he gives himself fifteen minutes to smoke a cigarette. Then back to his room, back to his anatomy books. And he works, as a general rule, until past midnight.

This goes on day after day, month after month. Perhaps he allows himself a film on Saturday afternoons or he sleeps late on Sunday. But Saturday evening and Sunday evening too are given to the anatomy atlas. For the material is so complex, the ground covered each day so wide, that if he falls behind, if he doesn't "keep up", as he calls it, he is lost. And it is always the same subject, the same mental atmosphere. You can recognise the room of a first-year medical student the moment you open the door, not only by the skull or the pelvic bone on his desk, but by the all-pervading smell of the dissecting-room. No matter how many baths the poor boy takes, no matter how often he sends his clothes to be cleaned, the scent of the roses of formalin and of cadavers will cling to him still.

No wonder that some of these first-year men fall by the wayside. Deans of medical schools know that they can afford to admit one hundred and twenty students to the first-year class, although for the second year the school has only laboratory facilities for ninety. For out of the original one hundred and twenty men, twenty-five or more will either drop out themselves or else be dropped by the dean, gently but definitely. Of those who fall or fail, some find that they simply cannot do the work. It is too much for them. Others discover that they do not like it. If this dissecting-room be medicine, then it is not for them. Better to be leaning over an office table, filing letters, than to be leaning over cadavers and pieces of dead people, trying to understand the blood-supply of the palatal region. But there are others—others who are in love with medicine, who *can* do the work and who want to do it, but who break under the strain. These are the tragedies. These are the men who need help.

In one of the medical schools with which I am connected, the professor of anatomy is not only a scientist of distinction, he is also a remarkable teacher. He is not so much of a scientist that he holds it beneath his dignity to spend hours each day in the dissecting-room, helping this man out of technical difficulties, quizzing another to see whether he does really understand the sinus venosus and the tentorium cerebelli, or encouraging still another who has messed up his preparation hopelessly and is staring at it in utter despair. When he has passed on to another table, the first student has seen his technical difficulties disappear; the second has realised that he does not know much about the tentorium and that he had better look it up at once, while the third has taken up his scalpel again and is making some sense out of the preparation, to which the

professor has given meaning by a few deft touches of a borrowed knife. But this same professor, since he is a trained observer, notices far more in the dissecting-room than mere dissecting. He notices little things—human things. He knows not only when a preparation has been messed up, but when the mind of the preparer is in a mess also. He recognises the man who is on the verge of a break, of hopelessness, of panic. And sometimes when I am paying him a visit—and he is a delightful host—he does me the honour to ask me to talk to one of his students. The young man comes in from the dissecting-room and the professor leaves us alone.

There, now and then, I come face to face with sheer unreasoning panic. I see it in the eyes of a young fellow who has spent years—long, hard years—in preparation for medicine, buoyed up during periods of discouragement by his dreams of becoming, not a great surgeon or an eminent pædiatrician, but just a good, useful general practitioner. At last, at last, his feet are really on the road. And now he finds that he cannot walk it. If, in order to reach the practice of medicine, he must pass along this road, then he will never be a physician, he will never realise any of his dreams. For the road is too hard. He is just beginning to realise this. He finds that he cannot concentrate, cannot study in the evenings, that what he learns this morning he has forgotten by noon. The material is too complex, too vast. He is lost in it. Worst of all, he is falling steadily behind. He is not “keeping up”. When the professor asks him a question, he is so frightened that he cannot answer a word. He can never pass his anatomy examination, never in the world. And how can he go home and tell his people that he has failed? His father, whom he adores, is a physician, who has made countless sacrifices in order to send his son

to the medical school from which he himself once graduated—his father, who needs help in his scattered practice in the country, who has always looked forward to the time when he and his son should be working together. But that can never be. For this son of his is no good. He is a failure.

This picture is not exaggerated. Nor is it unusual. But with us I believe that it seldom ends in real tragedy, tragic though it sounds, because my friend, the professor of anatomy, is a keen observer and also a good psychiatrist. He reads the panic in a man's eyes. He deduces it from the falling off in his work. He discovers it in the trembling of his uncertain fingers. And then some morning, on some pretext or other, he gets the man himself into his little office. Occasionally he feels that, just because he is the head of the department, his position may inhibit this panicky student of his, for there are young men who have carried over from their schoolboy days an excessive deference to their teachers that is often akin to fear. So here is where I come in. Not often, as I have said, but now and then. And these occasional interviews with stark panic, with speechless fear of failure, have taught me a great deal. Sometimes I have been able to help. Once or twice I have been able to keep a discouraged, panicky man at his work. I have metaphorically kicked him along until his self-confidence has returned and he has realised that he is not a helpless failure after all. Once or twice I have been privileged to save a man from giving up, from going downstairs to the Dean's office and resigning from the school—a man who will, I know, make a sound physician some day and who would never have forgiven himself if he had given up and gone home in despair. These are privileges that I cherish—things that I love to remember.

And for them I am indebted to the professor of anatomy, my friend.

It is the first year in any professional school that is the hardest. If a man survives that, he is fairly safe for the future. Yet I have seen hardened graduate students go utterly to pieces emotionally just before their last examination for the doctorate. In medical schools, however, there is, thank Heaven, no such final fearful test. If a medical student has finished his third year's work successfully, there is little chance of his failing to graduate.

Anyone can see that if the life of a young undergraduate is an unbalanced one, if it is too emotional, too tense, then, on the other hand, the life of a young man during his first years in a professional school is just as unbalanced, although in another way. The law student, and the student of medicine find that all their old emotional standards and values have been destroyed. There is no emotional outlet through the body—no tennis matches, no football games, not even games to watch. Probably, for the first time in their lives they really have to work with their minds and to work hard and uninterruptedly. Their former social standards are all gone. They are no longer distinguished seniors, but only untried first-year men in medicine or in law. They have no time to spend with their "girl friends". Once they were interested in her anatomy. Now they are so busy with the anatomy of some dead negro that female living anatomy is no longer a matter of possible interest. They have not even time to get decently drunk. They might manage one beer night, but next day they might have a headache. Their hands might not be very steady. They might make hash of the region on which they have been working for so long, or they might forget the course of the subclavian artery and "fall down badly on their

next quiz". Here is an unbalanced life if there ever was one. Not on the side of emotional expression, but on the side of emotional repression. And just as the undergraduate, when he goes a little on the rocks mentally, is elated, excited and strung up, just so the professional student, when he slips up, develops panics, depressions, suicidal tendencies and ideas.

We put our young men through experiences of this kind and then we are hurt, pained, surprised when one of them becomes "a mental case". We feel that it is all his fault. We put a black mark against his name. From now on he is "undesirable material". If, having been a mental case and having recovered, he wants to re-enter undergraduate life or to go on with his college work or his medical training, we shut him out, politely, more or less, but very firmly. He might break down again and that would be a great waste of valuable instruction. For in the place of Mr. Smith, who has developed a depression and has lost half a year at our school, we might have admitted Mr. Jones, who is dumber than the ox that grindeth the corn, but who has never had a mental illness, because he never had mentality enough, never had enough mind to get sick on or with. To me, the wonder is that we do not have more "mental cases". It only shows of what tough mental fibre the average young man must be made, if he can pass through undergraduate life without going up in the air and developing a typical elation, or spend four more years at a professional school without experiencing "a typical depressive psychosis" and jumping off the bridge. I am sorry, though, for those of weaker fibre, who fall by the wayside. They ought never to have come to college at all. They should have been kept far from the doors of our professional schools. Still, if we kept out all the "emotionally unstable"

—some of whom do “make the grade”, we should have to restrict ourselves to the horrible class of those who know no emotional extremes, who would never allow themselves to cheer above a whisper at a football game, and who would never become panicky, even though they were required to learn the details of brain anatomy in an hour. How uninteresting academic life would be! And what ghastly drab-coloured physicians we should be wishing on the next generation.

RESEARCH OR PRACTICE

I cannot speak for the lawyer. If a young man enters a law school with a real love of the law, do the lectures on real property or on domestic relations (which must only be touched upon very chastely) ruin or repress the love with which his studies began? I do not know. But I do know that when the average young man enters a medical school with his heart full of a love for humanity, when his motive is an altruistic one and he looks forward to a life of helpful contact with his own kind, when he is more interested in patients than in pathology, more interested in men than in meningitis, more interested in women than in wombs, in children than in chicken-pox, in babies than in botulism, all these motives and interests are dead and buried by the end of his first year. For from the moment he enters the school up to the beginning of his third year, he scarcely ever sees a patient, a living, human patient, at all. Dead patients, yes, plenty of them. And theories about the chemistry of life—still more of those. And slices under a microscope of dead tissues, of kidneys, livers, glands. Then more dead people, but sick ones. The people you came in contact with in the dissecting-room may have been

reasonably healthy, may have presented nothing of great pathological interest. But now in your second year, in pathology, you see *nothing that is healthy, nothing that is normal*. You have other interests—more or less dead too—in pharmacology, neural anatomy. During these two dead years you may see an occasional dog, lots of rabbits, and, as a treat, a monkey or two. But a living human being, a sick, suffering man or woman, no. So by the time you are half a doctor, half-way on the road to your medical degree, you have lost that simple child-like motive that first attracted you to medicine. Of course, it may be quite all right for a physician to want to relieve pain, to heal the sick, to go about doing good, preventing illness, and holding back death at arm's length. But really the interesting matters in medicine are not these. Now you care for none of these things. What really interests you is a little problem in bacteriology that has been assigned to you by the professor himself and that you are going to spend the coming summer in solving. This is a great compliment to you for the work that you have done in bacteriology this year. No other student of your class has been given such an opportunity. Or you would like to follow up that suggestion about the lymphatics that your instructor in anatomy mentioned as still open for investigation. If you could persuade that instructor to let you work it out with him, you might make a "paper" of it. It might even be printed in the *Journal of the B.M.A.* in small type on the back pages. And of course the instructor's name would have to come first, but yours would be under his. And no other man in your second-year class has ever had a paper printed yet. Or, still more fascinating, the head of the department of pathology has asked you to help the staff with the autopsies this summer, you and two other second-year men.

A most flattering chance! You will be able to make a number of autopsies yourself. And you might get started on that historical paper on "myxædema perivascularis" which the professor suggested. Not that you really give a damn about myxædema perivascularis, but you'd like to write about something. Other students of past years have written papers on every possible pathological process. This is the only one left. It was kind of the professor to let you have it, but then he has always been especially kind to you. He is your ideal. Oh, if some day you could be like him!

Well, you probably can if you try hard enough. And in being like him you will have achieved a great deal. But how about your old ideals of what your medical life was to be? How about all those wonderful unselfish ambitions of "service to humanity", of helping the helpless, of being the "beloved physician", even if it had to be in some little country town? How about the simple life and going about doing good? Oh, you say, "that's the bunk". Who ever said I thought anything like that? Medicine is a science. What would clinical medicine be without pathology? Why, it is only the pathologists who know anything. We have to set the clinicians right on the autopsy table.

Very well, young man, good luck to you. If your medicine begins on the autopsy table and ends there, you may have the pleasure of making a long nose at the clinicians, you may discover all sorts of very interesting things, but I liked you better when you were younger, when you used to sit in my room at night and your eyes used to shine with enthusiasm as you talked about what you hoped to do to make the world better and less hard on the handicapped and the weak. Do your eyes still shine the same way when you tell a colleague what you found in the liver of the last autopsy subject that you cut up?

I doubt it. You've lost something. But you have, without doubt, gained something also. Only I, who am a bum pathologist and a worse anatomist and who have forgotten all I ever knew about bacteriology, am not so sure that the things you have gained are quite as valuable as what you have lost. Anyhow, you prove my point. If you had maintained your old ideals in spite of your contact, during these past two years, with kindly professors of anatomy, with friendly instructors in bacteriology, and with the head of the department of pathology, I think that you might still be a good anatomist, might still write that paper on the lymphatics, might still do good autopsies and write that paper on bacteriology and still want to be of some use to the world of suffering men and women; you might still want to be a beloved physician, still be anxious to make a good general practitioner. Then all this science that you have learned to admire, all your research—God save the mark!—would have been just as useful, just as important; and you yourself, I think, my friend, would somehow have been more of a man. I may be wrong. If I am, I am sorry.

WOMEN AND THE UNDERGRADUATE

Two matters remain for brief discussion. The undergraduates's relations with women, his sex life, and his reactions to religion. The first matter is really of less importance than it may seem.

As an undergraduate, the young man's sex relations are, to say the least, primitive. At school he has heard lurid tales of prostitutes, but he has never seen one. She is one of the things that he looks forward to knowing more about. And the way in which he seeks this knowledge is brutal

and primitive to a degree. Not long ago I heard of a college banquet at which the *pièce de résistance* was furnished by two women from the streets, hired for the evening, who, after the banquet, took off their clothes and performed certain antics together. When even the drunkest undergraduate can find any satisfaction in watching two naked women perform in this way, one is amazed, not at any latent delight in perversity, but at the inherent exhibitionism of the young mind. Undergraduates like to go to "leg shows". These are exhibitionist orgies. The exhibition at this banquet was of the same kind. It was a variety show, a vaudeville, carried a little further than the "leg show", but remaining fundamentally the same thing. One only wonders why this "act" was not announced to the audience in the same manner as is customary in vaudeville theatres. One can imagine a placard set up before the banqueters bearing the single word "Fellatio". Yet, of all that audience, not a single man made any attempt to *do* anything except watch. For the young undergraduate, much as he may desire to know more about fallen women, is not ready to fall himself. At the back of his mind still lurks the male fear of the female. He has heard a great deal about "venereal diseases". He has inherited the traditional horror of lues and he has not yet reached the experienced self-possession of the upper class men, to whom a gonorrhœal infection is nothing worse than a bad cold. Then, too, there is the difficulty of expenditure. Most undergraduate's allowances do not run to expensive "ladies". And a pound may mean a great deal—much too much to spend on an experience that he may not enjoy after all. So fear of infection and fear of exceeding his monthly allowance act as deterrents. The undergraduate, unless he is blessed or cursed with an indulgent parent and instead of

a limited allowance is given a cheque-book, has to get his sex pleasure in a cheaper manner. And, of course, there is plenty of kissing and touching and petting, that may be had for the asking. If he seeks something more than petting, he must usually seek it from the semi-prostitute, the demi-virgin, who pretends to a virginity that she lost at fourteen and who passes from the embraces of one undergraduate to an affair with another, often bringing in her virginal train a whole crop of gonorrhœas. The observant undergraduate adviser or head of a house can often trace the trail of her favours in the anxious eyes, the terror-stricken looks, of the young men committed to his charge. She makes her friends pay rather highly for her favours. She may take no money herself, but she indirectly enriches the physicians who specialise in genito-urinary troubles. In the end she costs much more than a pound. However, the infected undergraduate can usually send his doctor's bills to his father. For the physician, when he sends in his bill, charges only for "professional services rendered" and not, thank Heaven, for the treatment of any definite disease.

The prostitute, the semi-demi-virgin, and the "girl friend"—these three make up the unholy trinity of most undergraduates' sexual lives. Of course, it is sometimes unjust to class the last of these with the first two. For the right kind of "girl friend" may be an undergraduate's real salvation. She gives him an outlet of a certain kind. She may, on the other hand, do him harm, if she allows indiscriminate petting and denies him nothing except the ultimate act of complete surrender. Yet he would not want her long as a girl friend if she did give him all that he sometimes demands. This would put her out of her class. For he is an idealist. She is his "friend". He does

not want her as his mistress. Nor will he idealise her very long if she pets too much. He does not want to be taught what a "soul kiss" is. What he does want is a certain amount of physical companionship—as much as she can give him without upsetting his ideals, for very often he thinks of her as his future wife. And he wants to be proud of her. He wants to be able to take her to a "prom" or a undergraduate ball, to appear with her on his arm, and while watching her dance with some other man, to hear the man behind him ask: "Say, Bill, who is that grand-looking girl?" He achieves a sense of complete satisfaction when he can answer: "That's my girl friend." But he would lose this same satisfaction if some other man could say: "Oh, her! Why, I had her last year. She'll pet the pants off you. Better look out. I know."

I always feel fairly safe about any young man who has a regular "girl friend", grievously as I hate the expression itself. If she is really a decent sort—and there are many more girls of this kind than modern critics of youth realise—she will give her admirer exactly what he needs and no more. If she lowers her defences, she may do irreparable harm. She may have satisfied his physical desires, but she will have lowered his ideals. He will judge all other women by her. And he will know, too, that she has lowered him in his own eyes, when she ought to have helped him to stand on a higher plane. And if she tries to teach him soul-kissing and other similar pastimes, she may give him such a distaste for purely physical contacts that when he does marry, he may find that a *passionate kiss from his wife* will render him impotent.

We hear so much today about the lowering of the old moral standards in the relationships between young men and young women. There is no doubt that a change has

come. In order to evaluate this change I have for the past five years been classifying information directly received from young men whom I have known fairly well. I have asked each one of these men these questions:

1. When you marry, do you expect that your wife will be a virgin?
2. Among the young women whom you know and who are accepted by your people as nice girls, how many are there that have no objection to sexual intercourse with a young man in whom they are emotionally interested?

Almost all my informants have answered the first question by saying that if they married, the question of their wife's virginity would make no difference to them. In fact, the old concept of female chastity seems to be altering or disappearing. Answers to the second question I have classified and estimated in numbers. I find that my informants say that about sixty per cent of the girls whom they have known have been willing to admit them to sexual intimacy. There is a curious contradiction in some of their statements. If you ask them whether or not they take ordinary precautions in having intercourse, they always answer yes, and the reason that they give is not so much that they are afraid of making a girl pregnant as that they are afraid themselves of acquiring some venereal disease. It is this *last answer that seems to place such relationships on a very low level*. Sometimes I ask a third question.

3. Would you be distressed if your own sister were one of the sixty per cent of the young women that allow sexual intimacy?

The answer to this question varies. Usually my informant becomes rather uneasy and evades the question altogether. Nevertheless, I have had plenty of young men who told me frankly that they would not object if their sister allowed sexual intimacies before she was married "if she loved the men with whom she had had intercourse". This seems, at present, to be the one thing that divides a good girl from a bad girl. If she allows intimacy with any man who happens to take her out in the evening, then she is classified as questionable. If, on the other hand, she loves the man, then all is permissible. It makes no difference whether she loves one man this year and another man next year.

There is no doubt, therefore, that in certain social groups the old concepts of sexual continence are disappearing. In one sense some of these new ideas have developed logically from the emancipation of women. In the old days a man could have twenty mistresses and yet when he married demand, on the part of his wife, absolute chastity. Nowadays both sexes are put on the same footing. The young man who has had countless sexual experiences by the time that he is eighteen feels that he has no right to demand of his future wife something that he himself has thrown away.

My investigations, however, deal with only one social stratum. I have never had an opportunity of investigating the sexual standards of the very poor, nor, from evident reasons, have I had an opportunity of asking my questions of young men who were representative of old families with conservative and lasting traditions. My informants have all been young men who may, without snobbishness, be said to belong to the lower middle class. The girls with whom they have their experiences are the daughters of

tradesmen in small towns—people who have comfortable homes, but who have to look forward, sooner or later, to earning their own living. They are more independent in their standards of morality than the daughters of a day labourer or of a multi-millionaire.

These facts have to be taken into consideration. If they mean anything, they mean this: The young undergraduate has no longer to endure the torments of sexual desire and of an enforced continence. In the old days, if he sought sexual satisfaction, he had to overcome his antipathy to prostitution or to semi-prostitution. The women who belonged to these two divisions were never women of his own class—never the women whom he met at his high school or in his mother's drawing-room. Nowadays at least half of the nice girls with whom he associates are able to give him the thing that he desires, without any unpleasant consequences to him or to themselves. Nowadays there are, therefore, I suppose, fewer mental conflicts along sexual lines among undergraduates. Perhaps it is a good thing, but I am not sure. Out of this type of conflict there used to arise the determination to discipline the animal desires of life, and this discipline in the sexual field often extended to other fields of human experience and made of the young man a more disciplined and self-contained personality. Most of my young informants cannot see any sense in dominating and disciplining their sexual desires. They may avoid the conflicts of the young people of fifty years ago, but I believe that they also lose something more than their male virginity. They lose the ideal of continence—the ideal of accepted self-discipline. In former days many men fell far short of the ideal of continence. So, I dare say, did many women. But the ideal was still there. In our modern life, we cannot afford to lose ideals so easily and with such

unreasoning acceptance of the loss. We may be producing today more physically satisfied young animals, but I doubt very much whether we are producing a higher type of male and female individuality.

We often imagine that because young people nowadays are so outspoken about sex matters, that because they can talk so glibly about homo-erotism and sadism, they know *more about these matters and are better fitted to meet the difficulties that they involve than were the young people of fifty years ago.* Really this is not true. All this new freedom of speech results in *only a surface knowledge.* No more than we of an earlier age do the young people of today make any real effort to *understand* what they talk about so glibly. *Their reactions of attraction or of aversion are the same as ever.* They have the same fears—the fears that attract and yet repel and that create endless conflicts. They are still like naked boys standing on the edge of a swimming-pool, dipping their toes in the water and urging one another to jump in because “the water is warm”, when they know that it is icy cold. If they can only persuade one of their companions to dive in and come up spluttering and shivering, they are keenly delighted. But they won’t dive in themselves.

LOVES LOST

The love-affairs of an undergraduate are often very serious matters indeed. He has little experience and less judgment. He may take a nocturnal emission for the first symptoms of a gonorrhœa and suffer agonies of remorse and anxiety before he will seek anyone’s advice. But his difficulties, in spite of all that has been written about auto-erotism and

the dangers of homo-erotic relationships at college, about prostitutes and demi-virgins and girl friends, are really more mental than physical. To him his first "girl friend" is indeed the love of his life. If he gets a really bad attack, it may have serious results. He neglects his work. Tennis, hockey, even football, have lost their power to stimulate. His mind is completely filled with thoughts of her—her—her. He will tell you that he intends to leave the university at once and to get a job, so that he can support a wife. The worst of it all is that he is in deadly earnest. He *may* leave; he *may* disappear and write a letter to his puzzled parents telling them that he has gone out to make his own way in the world, in order to prove himself worthy of the most wonderful girl that ever lived. He is worse, if possible, than the young Werther. He wants to talk about his feelings and yet he does not dare confide in other men of his own age. They might make fun of him. Then he would "see red" and there would be a fight. So he writes letters to her—reams of letters. I can almost always recognise him, when I go to get my own letters at the university post office. He is always loitering there, long before mail-time. I know that he ought to be at a physics lecture, yet here he is pacing up and down, glancing every few minutes through the glass front of his own post office box, hurrying to the window as soon as the mail is ready for delivery. When he does get a letter, I can tell in an instant whether it is the right one or not. He is a good son, a devoted brother, but he thrusts a letter from his mother into his pocket unread, and as for his sister's letters—the little sister whom he adores—I don't believe that he ever reads them at all now. Oh! I recognise the symptoms. And sometimes this early recognition is of help. For when this lover comes to my rooms on some routine official errand, I can sometimes lead

our conversation around Robin Hood's barn until we both come across tracks that lead us, by natural steps, to the temple of Aphrodite herself. Then it is like drawing the cork of a bottle of champagne too quickly. Up spurts a whole stream of repressed speech. And I learn about women—or a woman—from him!

I have heard about her so often. It is always the same story, but it is always refreshing. Never laugh at what silly, older people call "calf love". A calf's amorous reactions may be nothing new, but they are, at least, fresher and more inspiring than the love passages from the life of a dull old cow, who can only tell you about her last visit from the bull and how long it took her to bring her last calf into the world. People speak of "calf love" with a smile of patronage, as if it were an amusing thing, as if it were not real. It is intensely real, much more real than lots of the stuff that passes for love nowadays. And because it is so real, it can not only lift the lover to the heights, but also send him down into the depths of hell. Of course, he will get over it. But that does not make it any easier. You can have a cramp in your leg for five minutes. You know that it will not last long. And yet those five minutes *seem* longer than the next five hours, during which you can sleep because your cramp has gone. So when you meet with "calf love", salute it respectfully. Do what you can to help it along. And if you were never a calf in love, then you were never really a calf at all, never young, never loving, never exalted to the skies or plunged down into the depths of disappointment.

But the young lover seldom, if ever, goes on loving the same girl. Something always comes between them. He may fall in love with another girl and torment himself with reproaches for his disloyalty, bemoaning the bitter pain that

he is about to bring on his "girl", when in reality she has already cast her eyes elsewhere and will be glad of any excuse to be off with the old love and on with the new. But this is hidden from the young man. He has been false. He has sworn oaths of everlasting affection and here he sits forsworn and accursed. Fortunately this state of mind does not last long. Things may become much more serious if the girl begins to react but coolly to the ardour of her "boy friend", if her letters become fewer and fewer, if she no longer signs herself "always yours" and makes no little crosses for kisses at the bottom of the last page. Worse still it is when there is a definite, sudden break. When the final letter arrives that intimates that all is over, that she will always respect and admire him, but that, alas, she cannot really love him as she once thought she might. Poor lad! he doesn't want to be respected or even admired. He wants something that has been, for the past months, the very centre and spring of his emotional life. And when this is gone, he is faced by an emptiness, a solitude, in which he has to go on living, not with some adorable companion, but with his hated, unhappy self.

How many outpourings of youthful, disappointed love I have heard! I always listen respectfully. I can remember myself how it hurts. I do not proffer the cold comfort of saying that the pain will pass, that time heals all wounds. But I do have some advice to offer. How useful it is I do not know, but I have tested it out in my own life and found it sound.

It is not only the unfaithful woman, the unstable "girl friend", however, who brings such anguish. I think that I have listened to quite as many bitter outpourings about the false friend. For the friendships of young men are generally intensely real. The sense of physical companionship is even

closer than the companionship of a girl, whom the man sees only once or twice a week or whom he may not have seen since his last Christmas holidays. On the other hand, the young man and his friend are together day in and day out. One complements the other. There are no secrets between them. If they room together, they lie in their separate beds, night after night, and talk and talk in whispers, until, talking, they fall asleep. And if one of them begins to find the friendship just a little burdensome, if he begins to try to slip out of it, if it comes to a final, definite break, then the friend who is left alone is one of the most wretched of mortals. Everything that he does—his work, his play—reminds him of his lost companion. He is like David mourning for Jonathan. And he has a harder test to meet than the young lover who has lost his lady-love and who can easily find another one. To him girls are more or less alike. All that he wants really is some female being to love. But the deserted friend has no such hopes. He knows that he will never come across another man who will be exactly like the friend he has lost. For friendship is a much rarer emotional experience than the sex love of youth and maiden, which is, at bottom, a physical attraction, no matter how much disguised. In friendship, as I see it among the young men with whom I live, the sense of mutual loyalty is deeper, the feeling of mental companionship is more precious, because it is so seldom attained. However, Cicero has written more soundly on this subject than anyone else can ever write. If that dour old Roman could write as he did in *De Amicitia*, there must be something in that human relationship that is a thing to be desired, to be cherished, and to be mourned for when lost.

So to the lonely, deserted friend who comes to me so often in a kind of mute agony of mind, I have the same

advice to give, the same story to tell that I tell to the unhappy undergraduate who has had his first experience of what he calls the "fickleness of women". I try to say something like this:

"I'm not going to try to comfort you. Really, you don't need that. You are unhappy because something has been taken from you. I want to try to make you happily thankful for what you have had. We human beings always want to perpetuate pleasant experiences and to shorten, to obliterate, the unpleasant ones. When someone comes into your life, whether lady-love or friend, someone who changes your whole existence, who gives it a new meaning, a new happiness, then you think that this happiness is going to last indefinitely and you project it into the future. If you are in love with a girl, you see yourself taking her to dances, sitting beside her in the moonlight, or you imagine her present at your graduation and hearing the Dean commend you as the outstanding member of your class. You see yourself and her engaged, married, perhaps. She is then to be with you all your life. Without her you cannot think of life at all. It is the same way with a friend. He has become an integral part of your existence. He knows you as no other man knows you. And you think of him whenever you hear that sentimental old Victorian song called 'Friendship':

My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given.

You expect that this will be always true. What could possibly come between you two? Neither life nor death nor principalities nor powers. Of course, you and he are going on together through life. After graduation you are

both going to study law. He may marry, but that will make no difference. No mere woman could possibly separate him and you.

"And then something happens. Emotional relationships are seldom stable. It probably would not be good for you if they were. One of you loses his girl, the other loses his friend. The loss has come little by little. You have fought against it. You have, both of you, tried to hold on to the love of a person who, through no fault perhaps of their own, has no longer any love to give you in return. Very well. That is a fact. Sooner or later you are forced to accept it. But when you have accepted it, you sit down and wail. You tell yourself that life has come to an end for you, since there is nothing left to live for. If life will not give you the one thing, the one person that you want, then, you will have none of it. You suffer because the actions and feelings of one other person have interfered with your own selfish plans for the future. Now this is an evil state of mind. Let me suggest some other attitude.

"You have lost the woman you loved. How long had you known her? Six months? Well, those were happy six months, were they not? The happiest months in your life. I don't doubt it. So this lady-love of yours gave you half a year of great content. A very great gift, if you look at it in the right way. Lots of men never have that much happiness. And now you are moaning and wailing because that happiness is not to go on for ever. Get down on your knees and thank God for *what you have had*. Be grateful; don't be ungrateful and grasping and then wail because your grasp has lost the thing it grasped for.

"And you—you who have lost your friend, the man who meant so much to you. You had him for how long? Two years. Two years! Why, man, this is a long time to have

someone whose presence made you not only happy, but more efficient, more ambitious. But you were silly enough, covetous enough, to demand that all this should be permanent, should last for ever. Why, few men have had such a friendship as you have enjoyed! So don't rebel. Don't be greedy. Greedy boys and men get rapped over the knuckles, and the jam-pot is taken away from them. Don't be greedy! Be grateful. Thank God for what you have had."

And then, I tell them both this story:

I once had a friend, a young physician. He was most lovable, brilliant, and sure of a very distinguished future. I also knew a young woman. I had known her since she was a girl, and I admired her more than I ever admired any other woman of her age. This young man and this young woman fell in love. They were married. And I suppose that they looked forward, just as I looked forward for them, to a future of happiness and of achievement. I never saw two people who loved and who understood each other better. They were an ideal pair. Then came the end, suddenly, after only one single year of married life. A chance infection from an autopsy—one of those things that do happen sometimes. The young physician died. I am ashamed to say that I did not go to the funeral. I was afraid even to look at his wife. I was afraid to write to her. And yet I was one of her oldest friends. I was afraid to meet her on the street, for what could I say to her? What wretched shreds of comfort could I offer in the face of such a cruel tragedy as this? At last one morning—I am rather blind, you know—I almost ran into her, outside the hospital. She wore no black. Her face was alight with something more than mere happiness. As she gave me her hands, I suppose that I stared at her. I mumbled some

lame excuse for not having written, for not having been to see her, in her great grief. She smiled at me. She patted my rather shaky hand. And she said: "Ah, doctor, you don't understand. I miss Dick. Of course, I miss him. But I haven't room in my heart for anything but thankfulness and gratitude to God. I had a year of Dick's love—a whole year of perfect happiness. No other woman has had as much as I. If I live to be eighty, I shall not have had time to thank God enough. And when I do stop living, well, Dick and I will begin living together again."

RELIGION

Finally, what role does religion play in the life of the average undergraduate? My own "house", which stands in our University grounds, looks out on at least four different churches: a Methodist, a Baptist, a Christian Science Temple, and the Pro-Cathedral of the diocese. I doubt whether many of the men in my house ever darken the doors of these buildings. At least, they do not go to the services. Sometimes I meet a few of them at teas or suppers given in the basement of one church or the other, by the young people's group, intended as a means of persuading these same young people to go up into the church for service after they have sung some hymns and had some tea. I must say that I have never noticed any of them actually in the church itself. But the basement and the tea-table make a pleasant meeting-place on Sunday afternoons. You can take your girl there, refresh yourselves, and then go and walk up and down Charles Street. Then, on the campus, we have a Y.M.C.A. with all the usual religious trimmings. The men *use* the house in which the Y has its

home, but I cannot see that this use has anything to do with religion. There is only one so-called religious organisation on our campus for which I have a real respect. It is called the Carroll Club, named after old Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was a devout Catholic and on whose ancient estate of Homewood our University buildings now stand, and it is composed of the Catholic students of the University. It holds informal meetings; it has social as well as religious functions. But its members make their corporate communions. Their centre of unity is their religion—a practised, not a nominal, religion—and in religious matters they all think alike because they all believe alike.

Sometimes I feel as if the undergraduate had no real interest in religion at all. And yet underneath this surface of hardness and aloofness, there is manifest occasionally an eagerness for something, something that will give definite information about matters which cannot be solved in the biological laboratory or by the department of economics—the wisest of all departments—and which, nevertheless, sometimes force themselves on the undergraduate mind. How to arouse, to increase that eagerness I do not know. But I am often aghast at the ignorance which is shown by well-educated young men in connection with such fundamental things as Christianity, its Divine Founder, and the Catholic Church. Hundreds of young men who boast that they have outgrown Christianity have not the faintest conception of what Christianity really is—*what it says and does, what its claims are, what it means*. If they were only interested enough to try to find out, perhaps, they would discover that Christianity had outgrown them and not vice versa, that they were still such unformed children that they could not even attain to the level of the

infant Samuel, to whom God had to speak three times before Samuel paid any attention.

Occasionally I get an unexpected reaction. Not long ago, on a Sunday, I took a young friend of mine to hear Mass. He comes from a Protestant family. I knew that it was no use explaining what was going on. But as we knelt together, I kept my Missal open before him and pointed out the words that the priest at the altar was saying. My book had the English and the Latin in parallel columns. After the *Kyrie*, I pointed to the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and my young friend read it. This was a low Mass, but some of the congregation were accustomed to say aloud in English the *Gloria* and the *Credo*. So my young friend not only read the words, but heard them said.

"For Thou only art holy. Thou only art the Lord."

"Quoniam Tu solus sanctus, Tu solus Dominus, Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe."

During the Epistle and the Gospel I caught my young friend murmuring these lines to himself. Then he looked up at me and in his excitement spoke almost out loud.

"Great stuff, isn't it? Great! I never knew there was anything like that in church." That great Christian hymn did have something to say to that young mind. If we could only open the young ears that they might hear!

To stimulate the interest of our undergraduates, to combat their ignorance of the things that were dinned into most of us older people at our mother's knee, to turn towards the practice of religion some of the enthusiasm that runs in so broad a stream into the football stadium—this is the problem. Perhaps the so-called "Oxford Group",

of which we hear so much nowadays, might arouse some of this lost enthusiasm or stimulate new interest. I don't know. At any rate, Christian humility is a virtue, and so few undergraduates possess it that it would be a pity if it were entirely lost.

THE YOUNG WOMAN



THE way in which the stream of female life divides after high school or private academy differs slightly from the *division of the male stream*. As a rule, the woman marries earlier than the man. Or she also may live on at home, making her *début* and becoming an ornament of society, with a little Youth Club work on the side. So the stream of the women splits into three parts—the women who go to college, those who get “jobs”, either office jobs or teaching jobs in primary schools, and, finally, those who are introduced into the social life of their mothers and grandmothers, who adorn bachelors’ cotillions and hunt-club breakfasts. From any one of these three streams, groups may deviate into matrimony.

To women the attraction of matrimony seems to be more or less irresistible. Give a woman a choice between a good salaried position and a husband and she will not hesitate. She may be a distinguished teacher in some women’s college, sure to be made dean or even president very shortly. Yet she will turn her back willingly on these future distinctions if some male asks her to be the dean of his children and the president of his household. She may have spent years in making of herself a good physician.

But if she is offered the chance, she would rather be a doctor's wife. She may remain a physician, but that will not be her chief interest in life any longer. However, we must keep the whole subject of marriage and the married for a separate chapter.

The girl who goes from high school into a business office, who, like the young man fresh from school, also gets "herself a job"—as a stenographer or a filing clerk or a secretary—faces a much more difficult situation than the young man. With her the problem of her "boss" is much more complicated. The young man may fear his chief. He may do his best to please him, but he can never please him in the one way that is open to the young woman. For her relation to her chief is complicated by the fact that she is not only a secretary or a filing clerk, but also a girl of more or less evident attractions. If she happens to be plain, then she must make up for her lack of physical appeal by an increase in efficiency. If she cannot do this, she will soon find herself displaced by another young woman who is quite as efficient as she is, but much more appealing to the male eyes. This puts the plain girl at a disadvantage. For although her employer may live the life of a chaste monk, although he may be faultlessly faithful to his wife, he cannot help discovering that his business efficiency is increased by the sight of a good-looking woman in his office and that his powers of expression are greatly enhanced if he does not have to dictate his letters to a dowdy, pasty-faced female, who may also be afflicted with that one "fault of personal hygiene" that is never mentioned by your friends and that you, therefore, do not always discover yourself in time to buy a bottle of Listerine. The lot of the unlovely, unattractive secretary or stenographer is not an easy one. As I have said, she has to compensate for her

physical disadvantages by an increase in business ability. She has to make herself indispensable, so that, ugly though she may be, her chief simply cannot get on without her. Moreover, she is always competing with the good-looking girls, who may not be any more efficient than herself, yet who manage to hold their positions by the skin of their complexions, while she has to hold on to hers by the skin of her teeth. This may create in her a sense of inferiority. Frequently I have known women of this type who have become so intensely conscious of this inferiority that they have grown suspicious of their colleagues, jealous of every word that their chief speaks to girls better-looking than themselves, until, on the basis of these fixed ideas, a real psychasthenic condition develops that prevents the woman from concentrating on her work, that makes her forgetful and inefficient, and that sometimes costs her her position.

And yet the attractive girl who has high moral standards may often have cause to envy her less attractive sister. All she asks is to be left alone to do her work as best she can. She may believe that her chief is a happy husband and a proud father, and yet she cannot help catching that unpleasant gleam in his little dull eyes when he stops at her desk to lean over her shoulder and to touch her arm as he points out some error in a typed letter. She has to keep herself from shrinking away from the touch of his hand. And she has to hold herself very stiff when he stands behind her and breathes down her neck. Often he confides in her that he is "not happy with his wife", that she is so frigid, while he has an expansive heart that craves affection. He may be merely a harmless "fond old man" who likes to pat girls' shoulders and hold their hands. He asks nothing more than that. What is the girl to do? If she shrinks away from him, she may make him angry and indignant because

she does not trust him, because she seems to think the worst of him, when he only wants to be friendly.

But all male chiefs are not old. Many are very attractive indeed. The secretary or the filing clerk may quite easily fall in love with her boss. All of us have seen instances of the devotion to her chief of some not very attractive woman, who has given all the love of her starved mind to the man who employs her and to whom she will always be merely "my efficient secretary, Miss Jones", and nothing more. Yet, although she knows all this, she would suffer anything rather than lose her nearness to him. Nor would she be really content if he did understand her feelings and attempt in some way to return them, for this would only embarrass her. It would disappoint her too, strangely enough, for he would have to come down from the pedestal on which she has placed him, from the altar at which she has worshipped in silence for so many years of devoted, efficient service. All she asks is the opportunity of serving him, of reminding him of his engagements, of making things as easy for him as she can, of protecting him in this way and in that, until he himself depends so greatly upon her that without her he would find himself harassed, confused, and completely lost. We physicians are sometimes lucky enough to find devotion of this type. Very few of us deserve it. The more selfish among us do not even recognise it. And no one of us is completely worthy of it.

Then, of course, there is the good-looking girl who knows exactly how attractive she is and who uses her beauty as part of her stock in trade. If the boss gets that hot gleam in his eyes whenever he looks below the hem of her rather short frock, well, she's giving him something worth looking at, isn't she? And if when he leans over her shoulder and his breath gets a little puffy, she isn't doing

anything unusual if she looks up at him, lets her eyelids droop, and sighs just a little. He's a terrible-looking old slob, the boss is, and his hot breath on her cheek gives her the willies, but, after all, she's got to make her way in the world, and if she's got a bit of S.A., she might just as well use it. She may have to strike the old slob for a rise next month. If she gets it, because of her S.A., because she lets him hold her hand or touch her knee, well, that's just so much to the good. Her "boy friend" won't mind. He'll be glad if she gets the rise, because she wants to buy him some new shirts. If the employer of such a girl is young and attractive, if she makes advances to him that are either unnoticed or firmly repulsed, then she may become an element of danger in the office. She may make trouble among the other girls if she thinks that her employer prefers any one of them to her attractive self. She may make still more trouble for the chief. She may scatter gossip and scandal about him, may sell his business secrets to some competitor, and then, having made a mess of the whole place, may fall on his neck in an emotional outburst and confess that all she has done has been done only for love of him. Many are the anonymous letters written by girls of this type to the wives of their employers. In fact, there is no end to the confusion and tragedy that they can cause. And after such an experience the unfortunate employer makes up his mind that women do not belong in business and that hereafter he will employ only men. And so, because one girl fell in love with her chief, every other girl in the office loses her job too. No wonder that this type of female employee is not popular with her own sex.

PHYSICAL HANDICAPS

There are also physical reasons why business life bears harder on a woman's shoulders than on a man's. The man has no menstrual periods. His efficiency does not vary very much from day to day. For the woman, however, especially if she has painful or irregular menses, there are a number of days in each month when she is, to say the least, not her best self. Yet she dares not mention the cause of all this. Men are curiously ignorant about gynæcological periods. I suppose many of them are still obsessed by the old traditional and primitive idea that "a menstruating woman" is an unclean thing, that whoever touches her is defiled, that her menstrual flow is something disgusting, dirty, evil. Perhaps the woman recognises this, and therefore she hides this natural process. She conceals every outward sign of it and she would rather die than mention it in the presence of a man. Men do not like sick women. As a result, in business life, in any employment in which a woman is expected to give the same service, day after day, she is under a continual handicap. For on certain days of the month she has to pretend to a routine efficiency which she cannot achieve, to take dictation when her mind is clouded by pain or dulled by the results of a painful, sleepless night. She is tense, nervous, just able to hold on to herself and to keep herself from breaking down and crying or from throwing an inkstand at that red-headed girl who always annoys her. Yet, in spite of all this, she must seem calm. She must quiet the boss when he gets into one of his tantrums. She must grit her teeth and type letter after letter, although the click of the typewriter almost drives her mad.

She—a woman, with a woman's body and its necessities—is trying to live the life of a man, who, however, effeminate he may be, will never be able to menstruate. And because she has to pretend to be a non-menstruating male, she has to suffer. Sometimes it is easier for her if she works with women, without any intermingling of men. But if she is a lone woman in an office full of men, she has a hard time indeed. For there is still another function that she does not like to mention and that she cannot always fulfil at the proper time. The great English surgeon Dr. Arbuthnot Lane used to preach to the female the danger of constipation. He believed that thousands of the women of the middle classes suffered from constant absorption of poisons through the fæcal matter accumulated in the colon. His remedy was simple. Nobody needed a colon, anyhow. It was simply an inheritance from our grass-eating animal ancestors who needed a big wide bowel in which to store the roughage of their diet. To man it is not only unnecessary, it is frequently dangerous. So Arbuthnot Lane simply removed the colon altogether. Then constipation was for ever vanquished. His famous operation has nowadays been greatly restricted as a surgical procedure. But his premises were right, I believe. He said that the woman who was employed either in domestic service or in business offices was never free to answer what has been delicately termed "the calls of Nature". When she wanted to answer, her chief was dictating a letter or her mistress was giving her the orders for the day and she was not free to mention the place to which she wanted to go. Her answer to Nature's call had to wait. So she simply had to shut her ears to it and to shut something else at the same time. Then, naturally, Nature, having done all the calling she could, got tired and refused to call again. At least, not until the next day

or until strong laxatives of some kind had made her voice so loud that her call could not go unheeded.

In all this there is a certain amount of truth. In an office full of men, no one hesitates to ask the boss to stop a moment in his dictation, because—because—because—— The boss understands. He knows what his employee wants to do; he tells him to go and do it. But if that same boss is dictating to a woman secretary, the situation is vastly different. He may notice that she looks uncomfortable. He may even ask her if she is ill or, if she is not ill, what is the matter. Will she tell him? Certainly not. She would rather contain herself and gradually make herself ready for Dr. Arbuthnot Lane's famous operation. Here, too, the woman's sex handicaps her. In her competition with the male no woman was ever handicapped mentally or intellectually. But she is handicapped by the functions of her body. And no matter how male she may become, she will never be able to get away from at least one function that will always stamp her—whether she wears trousers or not—as a woman and not a man.

Chronic constipation is very prevalent among the women who work in the big stores, who have to stand behind counters for hours and whose place of refuge is probably a long way off, down steep stairs or at the very end of the shop. The same is true of women in factories. At least, it used to be true in the days of Dr. Arbuthnot Lane and I imagine that it is almost as true today.

HOME-LIFE

In her home-life the girl who has a job has the same difficulties, meets the same tests, as the youth of her own age,

who may work in the same office with her. She also is only partially emancipated. She is free from the restrictions of school-life, but home-life still tries to hold her fast. Here the same conflicts arise. The girl who is doing a man's work demands a man's privileges. If her brother has a latch-key, why should not she have one also? Probably she will not get it. So it is often impossible for her to seek her amusements away from home. She cannot, like her brother, stay out until after midnight, get tight, and slink to bed without waking mother or father. Her only means of attaining these pleasures is to have a girl friend at whose flat or house she can occasionally spend the night. Such a girl friend is often like charity. She covers a multitude of sins.

The young man does his petting, his drinking, away from home. His sister has to use the sitting-room. And this is even more trying on the parents than her brother's late hours. For when Willie is out, even if mother cannot sleep until he comes in, she can go to bed nevertheless, read a novel, and perhaps, doze off now and then. But when Susie is entertaining a few of her friends in the house, with the wireless or the gramophone and with a hip flask or two, there is no sleep in that house until the last guest has gone. Perhaps not even then, for one of the male guests may linger behind the others, and although it may seem dark and quiet downstairs, father is suspicious and stands leaning over the banisters until he can bear it no longer and calls out the time of night in a loud voice, waiting then until he hears the click of the front door and the sound of Susie's somewhat unsteady feet on the stairs. Mother laments her inability to control Susie. She gave up trying to long ago. She still thinks that she is controlling her brother, Willie. But father is different. He loves his only daughter with

all the selfish possessiveness of the middle-aged male. Of course, he can't have her himself; he is her father; but nobody else shall have her either, if he can help it. And so he tries to spy on her. If she came home tight, he would help her to bed and weep over her. But to know that she is sitting downstairs with a man in the dark—that makes him see red. His poor little girl is probably "being taken advantage of" by some brute of a cave-man. He wants to go down and stop it at once, only he doesn't quite dare. He is afraid, not of Susie, but of what he might see if he suddenly turns on the light. Like most Puritans of the eighteenth century who saw no harm in "bundling", in allowing their young people to get into bed together while completely or incompletely clothed, but who abhorred the sofa, because it was more dangerous to morals than a bed, this anxious father's mind is filled with sofa-phantasies and sofa-phobias. How much safer the bed—his daughter's virginal bed upstairs. And so, thanks to his efforts to control Susie, who is doing a man's work at an office, he loses sleep night after night, gets up in the morning tired and cross, quarrels with his work, quarrels with his wife, although he cannot quarrel with his daughter. That he does not dare to do. He might lose her altogether. So Susie goes on her own way. She may have a love affair that, in many ways, will cost her dear. But nowadays she will probably not have a baby. The girls who have babies are the innocent, inexperienced ones. A sensible girl doesn't have one. She knows too much about Feminine Personal Hygiene, which has made fornication such a safe pleasure for the young.

EXPERIENCE WITHOUT SCARS

But most of the Susies come through this period more or less unscathed. From it, they pass naturally and easily into matrimony. They make good wives and usually good mothers. Sometimes, however, their knowledge of feminine personal hygiene, although it has not unfitted them for having a husband, has unsettled them, both physically and mentally, for the duties and the cares of motherhood. What I admire most in these modern young women is their ability to come scatheless through experiences that would have wrecked for ever the lives of their grandmothers. They bear no children, but they bear no scars. They seem to be immune to mental or moral traumata.

Modern youth complains so often about the "false moral values" of the preceding generation. But if our values were false, surely it were better to have imperfect, even false values than no values at all. And it seems to me that so many of my young friends have lost all sense of values. Everything that is desirable is right to do. Not right, perhaps, but permissible. The idea of rightness involves a general law, but what is desirable may appeal to one individual not to another. What I may desire to do is not desirable to you, and therefore desirableness is a relative thing. So our young people reason. If I desire a thing and you don't, then I have no right to make you do that thing when you don't want to do it. Perhaps they are right. I only know that I am often amazed at the things they do, without apparent harm to themselves. Perhaps the harm is so deeply hidden that I cannot appreciate or understand it. Beneath the surface it may be there, and in later life the scars of it may break through. But the youth that I know today bears no scars.

I know a charming girl of about twenty-three, the daughter of sound stock with good social traditions and training. During the past few years she lived with a man for six months, had an abortion performed, has been drinking so hard that she has often lost herself and had to be searched for, and has been found by her brother in a very questionable house. Yet she has today the clear-eyed look, the sound, untainted body, of a virgin. Well, either her external appearance lies or else our moral standards are all wrong. Somehow I feel that if I could look at her from the inside, I should understand her motive for doing all these things. But although I do not understand, I still believe that some day she will make a good wife and a devoted mother. She ought not to, yet I believe that she will. Fifty years ago such experiences as hers would have left an indelible mark, would have wrecked her life, blotched it, ruined it. For in those days people lived intensely, really. Today our young people live superficially. Not even the most appalling experiences make any permanent impression either for good or for evil. And so there are no longer any really wicked men in the world and no really bad women. Our youth is lukewarm, neither cold nor hot. And one cannot but remember the future that was promised to the lukewarm.

The people with whom I sympathise most deeply are the puzzled, outraged parents. They feel so helpless. They try to make their occasionally penitent offspring promise never to do "this" again, or never to get into "that" difficulty. The offspring promise, but back they go to their own desires at the slightest provocation. Personally, I believe that all we older people can do is to trust them, to give them their head and then to be ready to help when they get into real trouble. If there is anything sound and

good in them, it will assert itself in time. If there is nothing good nor sound, then they will have to go to hell in their own way, for we cannot compel them to go to heaven in ours.

I realise only too clearly that in what I have written here I am stating difficulties, but not solving them. But who can solve the intricate personal problems of a single human being? I know that I cannot solve my own. How, then, should I have wisdom enough to say to any young man: "Here are your difficulties. Now, they may be solved in such and such a way." That young man would say to me: "But you do not know me very well. The difficulties that you mention are perhaps partially mine. But they are all what you might call difficulties of conduct. You do not understand—I scarcely understand myself—the real conditionings that lie behind my conduct. How, then, can you offer a solution of a situation that you cannot completely understand, in an individual whom you know superficially only?"

WOMEN IN ACADEMIC LIFE

Like the stream of male youth that flows from high school into the universities, there is a small stream of young women which also flows in an academic direction. In many institutions of learning the two streams coalesce, for boy and girl are educated side by side. I must confess my dislike for co-education. It seems to me to rub too thin the essential differences between man and woman and to force the young man to accept too early the woman as a competitor, as a fighter in the same arena, so that his conception of womanhood is cheapened and made common. Prob-

ably if I knew more about co-educational colleges, I might change my mind.

Perhaps one might venture to say that the general atmosphere of a woman's college is more *sophomoric*, more sentimental than that of a university to which no women are admitted. Girl students still have public auto-da-fés of their lesson books at the end of a term. They get a reaction from burning their integral calculus and their ancient history. Yet when one comes to think of it, there is no difference between burning a hated school book in a fire on the campus and burning in effigy the hated rival whom your team hopes to defeat tomorrow in the great football match of the season. The "Daisy Chains", the Queens of the May, that adorn all the festivities of women's colleges have no parallels in the male sphere. But I don't see how this could be possible. And, after all, the making and dancing of a Daisy Chain is more attractive and much more pleasant to look upon than the practice of the undergraduates who throw rotten eggs at graduates and hit the eyes of those innocent bystanders who stop to inquire what is going on. So I cannot feel that male undergraduate life differs much from the female.

The sex life of a woman's college is, naturally, more restrained, less physical, less brutal. In the young girl's life there is, thank Heaven, no such resource as is provided by the prostitute for the young man. And I imagine that the emotional friendship between women are on a rather higher, if a more sentimental plane than the relationships between the Davids and Jonathans. Moreover, I take it that a lot of young women living in the same dormitory must attain to the same freedom from false modesty that prevails among men living in the same house or college, who not only eat together, but bathe together in the same

bathroom in simple nakedness. Women, of course, may have more secrets of the toilet than men. But I cannot imagine that in a woman's dormitory it would be possible for any girl to conceal for very long any peculiarity of adornment or of personal hygiene. This is a healthy thing. So is the bathing-beach where mixed bathing is allowed. Nowadays your young women, when they appear on a beach or at a pool, are so completely disclosed that, after a while, the young male, watching them, loses all sense of sexual stimulation. And this fact is the one valid claim of the nudist groups. For once the human body is unclothed, it loses its power to stimulate the imagination. There is nothing left to imagine. If a man imagines that he is shocked by the modern bathing-dress, he only shows that he is harking back unconsciously to those days when a bare ankle or part of a bare leg became a centre of interest around which the male imagination might play and deduce the hidden beauties that were covered by the old-fashioned blue flannel bathing-costume.

Such a man not long ago was sunning himself on the benches around a bathing-pool. He recognised one of the girl bathers, the daughter of a woman friend of his, and the girl forced herself upon his attention by the extreme paucity of her body covering. He felt that he ought to protest. So going up to her, he said: "My dear, what *would* your dear mother say if she saw you in that—that bathing-dress?" The girl lighted a cigarette, looked up at her questioner, and grinned. "What would mother say?" she exclaimed. "Why, she'd swear. I swiped this bathing-dress from her trunk."

RELIGION

When a girl goes to college— a girl who has been brought up in a reasonably religious family and who has accepted without question the religious beliefs of her people—she finds, just as the male undergraduate finds, that her faith is subjected to the acid test of criticism or even of ridicule. She learns from her course in Church history the real truth about the Founder of Christianity and about those groups of religious fanatics that have called themselves by His name. In her lectures on philosophy she is taught the inability of the human mind to grasp anything beyond the reach of the bodily senses. In biology she learns that if there ever was a first man, his name was not Adam and he did not live in a garden, that the hypothesis of evolution is the only hypothesis that explains the facts of human development, and that science knows nothing of a soul and its immortality. On the whole, women take their religion much more seriously than men. It costs them a greater struggle to give it up. And when they have lost it, they have a harder struggle to regain it. Their tendency is to lump religion and morals together, so that when they lose hold on the one, they are liable to jettison the other also. This process of losing their religion is often a healthy one. Neither a girl nor a young man can go on blindly believing the religion of childhood, any more than they can go on wearing their baby shoes. There must be a period of re-thinking, of readjustment. *I know many women who hold high academic positions in women's colleges who are devout practising Catholic Christians. They can give a good account of the faith that is in them. But I feel sure that these women, when they first came to college, had*

no such firm hold on their faith as they have now. They have achieved their present peace by many a battle, and the serenity of their mental atmosphere today is adequate proof that the battle, although no easy contest, was infinitely worth while.

The chapels at women's colleges are more or less like the same buildings at universities that are exclusively male. They are places in which young people can sing hymns, listen to sermons from visiting preachers, and sometimes get that "warm feeling at the pit of the stomach" which Aldous Huxley believes to be the foundation of the ordinary man or woman's religion. However, real religious experience is not necessarily found only in cathedrals. And, after all, the woman undergraduate can, if she wishes, always find some church in which she feels at home and to which she can go on Sundays, when she has once paid her tribute to her college by "attending chapel", which, of course, represents the lowest common denominator of the religious faith of all the faculty, all the *alumnæ*, and most of the undergraduates.

But this whole subject of undergraduate religion is a very thorny one. I see the terms of the problem. I cannot find the solution. Perhaps there isn't any. Yet there ought to be. I see plainly the need of some steadying force in young lives. I know their strength received from a source outside themselves—a source that is always available and that never fails. I see, too, all the idealism, all the enthusiasm, all the emotional urge of these same young lives and I watch it being expended on football games, wasted on sentimental loyalty to "the dear old college", poured out on love affairs with boy friends or girl friends, used or misused, but never used in the one way that leads somewhere, beyond football games and transient loyalties,

beyond the loves and the lovers of this world to the invisible realities without which there is no permanent inner stability, no lasting balance, no perfect peace.

How often one longs to make adequate use of this great stream of emotion! How fearful one becomes to see it used in the wrong way! Mr. Buchman and his groups know how to kindle it, but I am not sure that they have discovered the means of keeping it alight or the right material with which to feed its flames. Yet used it must be, in one direction or another. It is a force that cannot lie idle. And like all great human forces, it may wreck as well as build, destroy as well as create. And the man or the woman who likes to experiment with it, to play with it, may find it turn back upon himself and destroy him utterly.

The foundress of one of our modern religions formerly lived near a great boys' school. How often, as a boy, I used to see her, driving through our grounds, in her old-fashioned little brougham, with her whiskered coachman on the box. We boys were forbidden to bow to her. Indeed, I think that our headmaster considered her little better than the Witch of Endor. But she was a very wise old lady. I have heard that she sometimes told her friends why she liked to live on a hill overlooking our school and why she loved to drive through its grounds. She said, so I was told, that here at the school lay a great mass of un-directed male energy and emotion, a dormant power. It found a few outlets at football games, in scholastic achievements, and sometimes in the school chapel. But she loved to feel that, as she drove through the school grounds, she was bathing her own mind in all this fresh, unspoiled mental power, that she was assimilating some of it, and that if she could only draw it into herself and use it, she would be able to shake the very foundations of the world.

I know exactly what she meant. If you are teaching in a school or college, you get very tired about examination-time. You are longing for the end of the term. All around you young life is seething, bubbling over, scalding some people and intoxicating others. Then the end of the term does come. Next day you walk through the lecture rooms, through the dormitories. The whole place is dead—not merely empty, but dead. It has become a vacuum. Some great force that once made the buildings hum until the walls almost shook has been suddenly cut off. And the master, or the teacher, who has so long looked forward to the end of the term, flees in horror from the emptiness and the desolation. If you have never had this experience, you will not understand or believe it. It is the same at a boys' school. For months you have been living in the centre of a great current of being, almost deafened by its roar sometimes. Your ears ring with it. Your eyes are blinded by it. Now that current has ceased to flow. You may be glad of a respite, but you will miss the sound of it in your ears, the flash of it in your eyes. You will, however, never doubt its existence, the power and the glory of this onrushing stream of young energy, of young emotion, young hope, and young faith.

Oh! to be able to use it, to direct it, to turn some part of it, at least, back to the everlasting sources from which it springs, back to its creator and renewer—back to God!

UNMARRIED AND UNMATED



A HUMAN mating is a mysterious thing. It may be the source of the greatest happiness, the greatest usefulness in the world. It may be a curse, a handicap, and an unbearable burden.

Many of my friends think of me as a dried-up old bachelor who is either a woman-hater and queer or who was once refused by the one woman he ever loved and who has never recovered from the shock. Others sometimes make up beautiful romantic stories to explain my prematurely white hair and my state of single unblestness. They imagine that my "heart must be in the grave" with some lost love. But none of these things is true. No one who knows how blessed I have been with women friends can ever class me among the misogynists. No one who has known me for long can believe that I would ever surrender altogether because I had met one crushing defeat. No, the trouble is that there are too many attractive women in the world. If I were a Mohammedan—but I am not. And besides I cannot imagine how any one of all these attractive women could possibly be willing to try to live with me, with all my crotchets and fussy habits, my broodings and my messy ways. Yet I am none the less cognisant of what I have missed, of what I am missing and shall miss still more as I grow older and no wiser.

For a happy human mating does not consist primarily in sexual satisfaction. That, as most women know, is comparatively unimportant. What is of extreme importance is the physical companionship of man and women. It is true—a thousand times true—that man was not made to live alone.

WHAT THE UNMATED MISS

What is it, then, that the unmarried miss? Let us see what it costs a man to remain unmated. Let us begin with the unimportant matters and go on to the more important, the fundamental, the necessary things.

First, the unmarried man, of course, loses the outlet and satisfaction of sexual intercourse. This is comparatively unimportant, because a man can get along without it. Or if he thinks he cannot, then it is easily to be had, if that is all he wants. It may be treated like any other physical need and satisfied when it becomes too pressing for comfort. If sexual satisfaction were all that a happy mating brought, many of us would not mind our state of single unblessedness very much.

Secondly, the unmarried man misses the sense of complete mental adjustment to one human being. He has no one who understands him perfectly, who does not need explanations, who does not ask questions because she knows the answer to them already. With such a mate one has to make no effort, no defence. To be in her presence is to know oneself, not only completely understood, but also protected and comforted. A friend of one's own sex might understand, but one could not always be sure that he, although he might not approve of some of the things

he understands, would always defend you, would always be on your side of any conflict of deviation. In spite of the divorce courts, many of us have seen perfect marriages, in which the adjustment between man and wife is so perfect that there is no room for friction, doubt, or tension. Think what it must mean to be able to come home after a long depressing day's work and to find there someone whose mere presence brings peace, who does not ply you with questions, who is contented to sit beside you in silence until you have had your cup of tea, have lighted your cigarette, and have suddenly discovered that the only thing you want very much is to say: "I love you." Think how she regulates all the small comforts with which you are surrounded. Do you imagine that it is a simple thing to run the smallest house successfully, to manage difficult servants, to keep an eye on the children, to fuss over monthly household bills and somehow to manage to clothe and feed and make comfortable three or four people, without having to bother you by asking for a little more money? Many men, when they come home in the late afternoon, are surprised because their wives seem a bit tired and are not particularly anxious to go out and to dance night after night. They say: "Why, Mary, I hope you're not ill. Why should you feel tired? You've been at home doing nothing all day." Doing nothing, indeed! If you had had at the office such a day as she has put in here at home, you'd be in bed with a bad headache. She's managed to get the children off to school, first looking over their clothes, inspecting their lunches, seeing that they have not forgotten any of their books. She has had trouble with the cook, who wants higher wages. But she has straightened this out by promising to do most of the desserts herself. She has been to market. She has dusted, has gone over last week's

washing, and done a hundred other things. If a single one of them were left undone, *your* comfort might have been interfered with. She snatches a little luncheon. Women, if left alone to eat, content themselves with something that they can eat off the mantelpiece or in the kitchen. All the afternoon she has been busy getting out your winter clothes, looking over your winter flannels, putting buttons on where your carelessness has torn them off, hurrying out to the school, perhaps, to meet your youngest girl and to see the teacher about your son and heir. She gets home just in time to take off her outdoor clothes, to tidy herself, and to be waiting by the fire, behind the tea tray, for *you*. And you wonder why she's tired.

Yet all this and more she loves to do. She makes it all seem such a matter of course that you take it for granted, as if your ease and comfort dropped down like rain from the friendly skies. You're a lucky man!

All this the unmated man misses. And how he does miss it sometimes! But even this, this material side of married life, is not the most important thing of all.

For what the unmarried man misses most is the physical nearness, the physical companionship of a loved person. We spend, roughly, one-third of our lives in bed. For the unmarried this one-third of his life is solitary confinement. He never feels a loved head on his shoulders. His outstretched arm is empty. It aches with emptiness. When he wakes at night, anxious, frightened, perhaps, he cannot reach out his hand and find another hand stretched out to meet his own, and fingers that automatically interlock with his. Except for himself, his bed is empty. It is not sexual satisfaction that he craves. It is companionship that he misses, the physical nearness of some beloved person. If he is lying awake, tormented by worries about

business, the best he can do is to turn on the light and try to read a novel. But the man whose companion is close to him knows that at his touch she will awake, that she will willingly stay awake for hours and talk to him, until he has talked his worries all away and falls asleep with his hand in hers.

Have pity, my friend, on the unmarried, especially at night. Have pity especially on those who, having once had such companionship, have lost it either by death or by their own fault and whose hands reach out at night and no longer encounter the other hand that has met theirs for so many years. Such a man has, at least, his memories. But the unmated, especially as he grows older, has not even these. He is oppressed by a sense of human loneliness "O Lord, you made the night too long." It is idle to tell such men or women that they must develop their sense of the presence of God, that they are never really alone, for God and His saints are with them. What they want, what all we unmated people want, is a human presence—someone who will put an arm around us and say: "Don't worry. Go to sleep. I'm here."

Lastly, the unmated man or woman loses the joy and interest of children. Of course, as I have said elsewhere, some women are more wives than mothers, some men are less fathers than husbands, but no woman, no man, can help taking an interest in their children. They may not love them, but they must provide for them. Hence their interest. And a growing interest in your own flesh and blood is the gift to you of another life. If you are, or at least try to be, a good father, you live again in the life of your son. You are a boy with him, in spirit, if not in fact. You remember the things you used to do. You visit him at school or at college. You find him a member of your

old society or president of your former club. His achievements make you positively swell with pride. So the mother lives another life in the daughter. And no matter how badly the children may behave, no matter how much anxiety or disgrace their conduct may bring, you will never be able to say: "Would God they had never been born! I wish I had never had a son."

These outlets are denied to the unmarried man. He may find some sort of vicarious interest by adopting a boy or by finding some young fellow who needs help and advice and by educating him, watching him develop and perhaps do well. Such boys and young men may be very grateful. They may even have some real affection for the man who has done so much for them. They may even, as a euphuism, call him "Uncle". But that is the best he will ever get. For they can never call him "Father". Such attachments are the *pis allers* of the unmarried man. They are better than nothing. But they can never be the real thing or fill the persisting gap that yawns between the unmarried, the unproductive, and the next generation, to which he ought to have made some addition, in which he ought to have had a daughter or a son.

COMPENSATIONS

What can be done, then, for this group of lonely, unhappy people? There are plenty of unmarried men and unmated women in our modern world. How can the unmarried man compensate, even partially, for the things we have mentioned, the wants, the lacks that come to him as he grows older?

Sexual outlets, as I have said, are to be had by the unmarried. But they are seldom permanently satisfactory. There is always something furtive about them, something that cannot be openly acknowledged, something that has to be stolen. "This is my mistress" has not the same honest, open boast as the proud "This is my wife." Many of the unmarried who are repelled by either the dangers of occasional intercourse or the furtive relationship of a "kept woman" have to fall back upon auto-erotism. For many more of the unmarried than we realise this mode of relief is the only sexual reaction in their lives and may persist up to the limits of old age. Continence, complete continence is not dangerous to the unmated, but it is hard to learn. Then, in old age the unmarried always have one last test to endure. For just before the sexual urge dies out entirely, there comes a final flare-up that involves many dangers. There is a change of life in the man as well as in the woman. And for both sexes it is a dangerous age. It is at this time in later life that the man falls in love with some younger woman. He is getting old. He can no longer face the thought of the lonely years that are to come. He is like King David in his old age, like the mediæval physicians who recommended for the aged the treatment "*per concubitum junioris*". He does not realise that he has become a creature of habit, that for years he had protected his physical well-being by a routine that spares his vitality and concentrates his energy without any dangerous leaks. So he marries and probably very soon he dies. He has insisted on proving to his young wife, night after night, that he is still a young man in certain ways. That is bad enough. But he has had also to readjust his whole life. He goes out to dances, he sits up late, he eats and drinks more than is good for him. And without any doubt he shortens his days.

Of course, he may be fortunate enough to find a woman of middle age who will take him for what he is—a man of sixty—and will not only take him, but will take care of him as well. Then, perhaps, if he is not always trying to live a lie and to persuade himself—for he cannot persuade her—that he is still young, his days may be lengthened or made so happy and comfortable that he would be more than willing to lose a year or two of his former lonely existence in return for what he now enjoys. At least, he will escape the fate of the President of a great republic who was found dead in the arms of his mistress because he tried to be younger than his worn body would allow.

That is one way of removing the handicaps of the un-mated. But it is a dangerous road to tread when the feet of a man are already on the downward slope of life and his knees are getting a little tottery. A man should be on the look-out for this last flaring up of his sexual life. He should remember that this period of tension cannot last very long, that the last spark will die down finally, and that, along these lines at least, he will have peace, if he does not yield and allow a temporary state of mind and body to ruin his whole life.

This, too, is the dangerous time for the homo-erotic man who has all his life repressed and dominated his desires and has led a life of continence and of honourable achievement. His restraint may wear thin. Some sudden temptation may present itself, and because he has never yielded before, *never known anything of the mechanics or the strategy of homo-erotic life*, he may do some perfectly fool-hardy thing that will bring him into conflict with blackmailers and possibly with the law. Such an unfortunate older man is a tragic figure indeed, as he sits in jail, awaiting trial, amidst the ruins of his whole life.

These unmated men and women of middle age, what other compensations can they find for their unmated state? What further ameliorations of their single lot? One thing most of them can never achieve, unless they are unusually blessed and have found some friend of their own age who completes and extends their existence. Such friends, however, are rare. No, the unmarried man must never expect to find that mental adjustment, that complete understanding by another person, such as two well-mated people enjoy, until they really become "one flesh". For the right kind of a marriage is a permanent thing, so long as life lasts. The husband knows his wife as no other person knows her. She knows and understands him. This knowledge has been the final fruit of years of adjustment, and to attain it is worth years of friction, irritation, and temporary disagreement. In friendship, there is no really permanent bond, nothing that will hold two friends together during periods of misunderstanding or change. The unmated will never find a human being who is "one flesh" with himself. Perhaps that is why the unmated is likely to become a so-called religious man or woman. For he or she finds in religion, in spiritual companionship with Christ, in the Communion of Saints, that sense of permanent understanding and help which married people often gradually achieve.

Hardest of all trials for the unmated is the lack of physical companionship with some loved person. The weary ways and the dreary days may come to everyone, but only to the unmated are the nights so long and so lonely, only to them is a bedroom the loneliest, the dreariest room in house or apartment. To be always stretching out a hand that seeks the loved hand of another and always, always to clutch at empty air, that wears down the strongest, that makes the soundest sleeper glad to see

the day begin to break at last. Better perhaps for the unmated is to give up bed and bedrooms altogether and to take to sleeping-sacks. For in a sleeping-sack there is only room for one.

However, the lonely unmated man may find some compensation for the lack of offspring, for the loss of the fruit of his own loins. He can adopt a child; at least, the unmated woman can. And a man can invest in a human life and so acquire a vested interest in it. There are endless opportunities for a man who has any contact at all with young people to discover one of them who really needs help, needs personal interest even more. If you drop in occasionally at some juvenile court, you will find plenty to interest you. Plenty of young lives that are bits of human flotsam, unloved, empty young hearts that have never known kindness, uncared-for young bodies that have never known the touch of clean clothes or the taste of adequate food. If you fish in this stream, you may catch something worth while. Of course, you may catch trouble and disappointment, too. You may find selfishness, lack of gratitude, complete misunderstanding of your efforts. But you must not be discouraged. If you discover one worthwhile investment, you will be a thousand times repaid. Not all investments always pay dividends. It is the same way with investments in human lives. Some of them are gold-mines that never produce an ounce of gold or oil-wells that run dry and return you nothing but dirt. You must be willing to take a chance.

Moreover, you must not hurry. And you cannot buy with money the things that you want. You may be able to buy a mine or an oil-well, but you cannot buy with your money a young life or young affection and gratitude. You must give something more than money and you must be

chary of investing in a life just because its outward appearance appeals to you. For the most valuable human investments are often those that look entirely unprepossessing. I have a personal belief, probably very foolish, that God or Providence or whatever you choose to call the force that brings people together and creates unexpected human contacts, that this power will bring to you, if you are in the right state of mind, the people, especially the young people, who need the help that you are anxious to give. Something—God or Luck or Providence—will bring a human investment to your attention. You will, by mere chance apparently, meet or hear of some young boy or girl. You may not be interested. You may have known one or the other before they had any need of you at all or before you yourself recognised their need. Yet surely, sometimes slowly, the opportunity to help is made and put before you. To reject or to accept. I think that if a lonely, unmarried woman should go out into the highways and the by-ways, hunting feverishly for some young girl or boy in whom she might take an interest, in whose life she might buy a claim with her money, she would find young people enough only too glad to accept her assistance, but I doubt whether she would find what she is really looking for: understanding, affection, and adequate return on her investment. Sometimes, when I have to advise older men and women in such matters, I tell them to be patient until a case comes to them that bears their own personal address, that is evidently meant for them and for them only. Some young life that has been, as it were, laid on their own particular doorstep. Let the need seek you out. Do not go out to seek the needy yourself.

To me, in my unmated, rather lonely life, God has been very good. Of course, I have made bad human investments.

I have given where giving was wasted, because the persons to whom the gift was made did not know how to use it, because they thought that I wanted to buy them and, since they resented being bought, never understood that I did not want *them*, that I did not even want their gratitude, but that I only wanted the assurance that they would make adequate use of what little I had to offer. I wanted an interest in their futures. They thought I was interested in themselves. But even in married life not all the children turn out well. There are black sheep in all families. And I have been more fortunate than most parents, for my own adopted family has had no really black sheep—only a few foolish ones. But the three or four young people who delight to call me “Uncle” and who are almost as close to me as if they were of my own blood—these all came to me very slowly, but they were all sent directly to my address.

One of them I knew first when he was only six years old, when his father was in grievous trouble. I knew the father first, the mother later, then incidentally the boy. Later still, by natural development of shifting circumstance, my opportunity developed. I have simply stood by, to help a little, when mother and father could help no longer or not adequately. What I have invested in this young life has been repaid to me a hundredfold. And if I live long enough, I shall be more amply repaid than would be possible in actual money, repaid by watching a young life develop into the life of a useful and probably a distinguished man.

Another such young life—I give these personal experiences as the best guide for others that I know—came even more indirectly still. Here again I met the parents first. The father was a friend of mine, the mother a casual patient. I knew these parents quite well, long before I

ever knew their son. Indeed, I do not even remember what he looked like in those days. Yet God, I believe, kept pushing his life into contact with mine. It was only in a roundabout way, through a third person, that I learned, after some years, that the father was carrying a very heavy burden, that the mother was still ill, and that the oldest boy was practically taking care of his brothers and sisters and going to school at the same time. Again, apparently, by chance, various people kept reminding me of this young life, until—it was apparently the most casual thing in the world—I offered what little help I had to give. Since then, once again, I have been many times repaid for my small investment. And I believe that there are other payments assured in the future. For I know surely that some day I shall swell with unseemly pride when some man who is talking with me will see this second human investment of mine walk past and hear him call me "Uncle Jack".

My third—and I hope not my last—human investment came to me in a still more roundabout way. I never knew him when he was a boy. And he came into my life in a very ordinary way long before he had the slightest need of me. Our first contact were the casual unpersonal contacts of a university life. I did not even know his people or his home. One afternoon, as I came out of my office in town, I ran into this undergraduate who was walking with an older man. He stopped me and introduced me to his father, who was, I soon discovered, a colleague of mine. As I came to know his father better, I grew to admire him very deeply. And when he fell ill and knew that he had not very much longer to live, he came to see me. He honoured me with his confidence. He reminded me then of one of the foremost runners in the old torch-race of the Greeks. He had carried his own torch bravely, and now that it was falling

from his hand, he sought someone—someone whom he trusted—to whom he might hand it on. I have always felt *more than grateful to him because he handed it on to me*. I have tried to keep it burning and bright. It has lightened up my own life, given me a new interest, shown me new beauties of land and sky. I am handing it on to the son of this friend of mine, who is to be, I hope, as good a physician and as fine a man as his father was. This torch and this young torch-bearer have represented another investment in a human life. And it has had an especial interest for me because he and I have common interests now. Everything that happens to him in his medical school happens to me. I live in his life. *I had to revive my lost knowledge of anatomy, to try to remember what the bodies of Malpighi looked like and where Glisson's capsule was. I had to confess that he knew more bio-chemistry than I ever did and I sat for three tense hours of agony while he was taking his examination in physiology. If I live, I hope to be able to hear from his lips the description of his first assistance at a surgical operation. I hope to see him get his degree and begin his practice. I should like to have him take care of me when I am dying. What a return for a mere investment of useless money! For I can never repay him for what he gives me, for all these new interests, for these new dreams of the future. I have given so little, and he, quite unconsciously, gives so much.*

What he and my other two investments give me is, of course, something that you cannot buy. They never guess that I am really their debtor and that I am ridiculously almost paternally, proud of all three of them. It is true that none of them can ever bear my name or call me "Father". I have to be satisfied with a much less important title. But what pleases me most is that they call me

"friend", and there are real fathers aplenty who are not the friends of their own sons.

In the future I suppose that similar human investments may be presented to me. If they come, as the others did, addressed plainly to me and to no one else, I suppose that I shall have to accept them. In that case Heaven only knows what will become of my bank balance, my monthly salary cheque, and my few royalties. Probably I shall have to smoke cheap cigarettes and get my clothes ready-made. For it would be a joy to deny oneself in order to make another investment still.

Indirectly I am greatly indebted to the people who buy and read my books. For without their indirect contributions to my bank account I could never have made the three human investments that have hitherto brought me so much satisfaction. I want all my readers to know that if they buy a book of mine, if they buy this book, they will be helping me toward helping others, making it possible for me to avoid some of the loneliness of a single life, and blessing me, if not with sons, at least with nephews, with abiding interest in life and new hopes for the future.

LOSS

No matter what the torments of the lonely unmated may be, the loneliest never suffers as does the man or the woman who after a happy, peaceful married life has to face the loss of the beloved partner and companion. At such times the falsest of all proverbs seems to be that " 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." What you have never had you cannot miss very much. But to lose her who has been for years an integral part of your own life, to

reach out for her at night and to find only the other side of the bed, to know that the head that rested so often on your shoulder will rest there no more, that the arms that used to hold you, the hands that once smoothed the lines of worry out of your face, will never touch you again in this life, that is agony of spirit such as only they can know who have had to bear it. If it retained its intensity always, if it were as searing after a year as it was a week after her death, life would be intolerable indeed. "Time heals all wounds"; but there are wounds that never heal. They may stop aching, but they are always there and a touch may start them bleeding again.

Such tortured people need our special care, our special sympathy. Not wordy sympathy and condolences. As Kipling says of such futile efforts: "Not now, you fool, not now." Later on, much later, you may be able to speak of your loss, but not yet. Nevertheless, when you can speak of it, without choking up and standing dumb with quivering lips, then the worst is past.

If there be children, the loss of husband or wife is less hard to bear. For they are *her* children. They represent the union of herself and of you. They are a living link with her. But just because of them there may be a temptation to "give them another mother", which generally means that you want another wife. I am not speaking here of the man who has not greatly loved his dead wife. She may have been a chronic invalid. She may have been frigid, have had a thousand faults, and so her departure is a relief. Such a man suffers no torments of loneliness. He may make a great show of grief that deceives even himself. Yet, he cannot help rejoicing inwardly in the outlook for his future happiness. Even at his wife's funeral he may begin to look out hopefully on the unmarried daughters of the land.

Naturally, he may want a new wife much more than his children want a new mother and he may bring into his once peaceful home elements of discord that will lead him to look back on his first marriage with regret. If he has no children he may have better luck. However, we were speaking of the man or the woman who has been really happy as husband or wife and who, when husband or wife dies, feels that he or she has actually lost a part of their own bodies, a part of their own individualities. Even for such people, with children or not, there is always the danger of reaction, of being "caught on the rebound", like the young man whose fiancée has broken her engagement and who falls into the hands of the next pleasant-looking girl he meets. In the same way the widower or the widow, when the first intense sense of loss has passed, may try to run away from it by marrying again. If a first marriage should only be undertaken "discreetly, advisedly and in the fear of God", then a second marriage ought to be undertaken in a spirit of still greater consideration, discretion, and fear. For you are no longer young. It will not be easy to adapt yourself to a new personality. Better go slow. At the head of this second matrimonial road there is a danger signal. If you once start down it, you will not find it easy to back out. Consider, therefore. Look at your road map and be very sure that you know where you are going.

I have said that the unmated, as they get on in life, may tend to become more religious than married people. Even if they do not become more religious, they often become more peculiar, more crotchety, more queer. Think of the crazy old bachelors that you know and of the strange, solitary old maids. Think of the pets, of the dogs and the cats, the canary birds and the monkeys. Consider the amount of good human affection that is lavished on one

black spaniel or on one fat poodle. Of the lips that have never kissed any male lips, except the lips of a monkey. It is all horribly pathetic, this craving of the human heart for something on which to spend itself, something that is dependent on us, some sort of compensation for being childless: the dog in its basket instead of the baby in his cot. When we see such things as these, we must carefully keep ourselves from laughing, even from a condescending smile. For all these pets, all these peculiar habits of elderly, unmated people are only protective mechanisms, things that people set up to protect themselves from grieving for the sound of a child's voice, to create out of the small routine of every day imaginary importances and duties, to keep one from realising the truth that one is an uninteresting, frustrated old maid or a dull, desperately lonely old bachelor. Unless such people resist the development of these protective mechanisms, their minds tend to turn in on themselves. They become solitaries, afraid to allow anyone inside the house, terrified of burglars, of secret enemies, unwilling to admit even a plumber into the house when the water supply has broken down, and so living for years without a bath, without a washing of hands, and so on. The old men wander along the streets talking to themselves. They create for themselves an unreal world. They tell strange tales of some important lawsuit that is to bring them great riches next week. We know such strange old men at our clubs. They never eat there, but they drift into the quiet library and sit for hours in the same big chair, half asleep or snoring so stertorously that the other readers leave the room in a rage.

It is far safer for the old unmated to develop what is left of the emotional side of their natures. The lonely old maid is fortunate indeed if she can slip out early every

morning and make her way to her parish church to hear Mass. She is always there, always in the same seat, just opposite the shrine of our Lady. If the priest at the altar did not see her, he would get mixed up and confused. And the vergers would ask: "Where on earth can old Miss Sowerby be? Hasn't missed a daily Mass for thirty years." And fortunate, too, the solitary, peculiar old man, in his shabby ancient frock-coat and his unbrushed top hat, who can make his daily pilgrimage to the library of his club, take part in the talk of one or two junior professors who are demolishing the superstitions of Christianity; and enjoying it too, and then disappear down the street and round the corner and so into the cool shadows of the Jesuit church, where he can take yet another nap or sit with his rosary between his fingers and with his eyes fixed on the red light that burns before the tabernacle.

MARRIED AND MATED



MARRIAGE is really too wide a subject for this rather rambling book of mine. Besides, I have set down most of my ideas about marriage in another place (see *Psychiatry and Mental Health*, pp. 233-4). To rehash it all here would be uninteresting to myself and boresome to my readers.

On all sides, from pagan or Christian sources, we hear and read a great deal about the difficulties of our varying divorce laws, about the necessity of domestic-relations courts, about the non-supporting husbands and deserting, eloping wives. The reason for all this is evident enough. In former times society was predominantly Christian. And Christian morality was the basis of the world's morals. To the Christian, marriage was Holy Matrimony, and Holy Matrimony is called Holy, just like Holy Mass, Holy Orders, and Holy Baptism, because Matrimony is one of the seven sacraments ordained and instituted by the Divine Founder of the Catholic Church. The essence of this sacrament is not the blessing of the priest, but the mutual free consent of the two contracting parties. This contract is made for life. If it was validly made, it cannot be broken by anything except death. This being admitted, then married life is based on something permanent. If you had made a mistake or married a disagreeable woman, if your contract was valid, then no matter how much you might

like to get rid of her, she remains nevertheless your wife, and nothing that you could do—short of killing her, and you might get hanged for that—would make her anything else. Because of this sense of permanency men and women were willing formerly to settle down together, making allowances for one another, accepting one another because they knew that they were joined together “so long as they both shall live”. And so they were willing, too, to make for themselves and for their children a permanent place of abode which they called their “home”. Beneath the permanency of the home lay the permanence of the marriage tie. And because they knew that they were going to stay married and that this place in which they lived was going to remain their home, they thought it worth while to put money into that home, to make it as comfortable as possible, to buy the land on which it stood, to put into it, not only their money, but also themselves. And so most homes became the expression of an individual family life and the moment you entered a home you knew what kind of people lived there. A young man and a young woman were willing to begin in a very simple way. They knew that they were going to live together all their lives and so they could calmly look forward to many coming years, in which they would have more money, better furniture, more luxuries, a finer home.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE HOME

Nowadays, however, the old Christian concept of Holy Matrimony has been or is being lost. This, I believe, is a social danger of great import. For the backbone of social life has always been the home: the home of the people.

The very poor, who are shiftless and not permanent, seldom have homes. The rich, the inordinately rich, have often so many residences that they have no homes at all. But these two extremes represent only a small fraction of our people. Today it is the home of the great middle class that is disappearing. And it is going because the foundation on which it is based—namely, the permanence of the marriage tie—is disappearing also. I do not like to think what the future of our country may be if committed to homeless, flat-dwelling, three-or-four-times-divorced men and women, who mate and are unmated as easily as two dogs and less permanently than most of the so-called lower animals. Young girls are no longer willing to begin married life in a simple way. They want as much as they had in their father's house, and more too. They leap into matrimony with no sense of its obligations, for if this first venture is not a success, there is always the Divorce Court and there are plenty more men to be had.

MODERN MARRIAGES

For years I watched the proceedings of a court of domestic relations and marvelled because in our day and age we had been obliged to create, in law, an entirely new kind of tribunal, whose chief business seemed to be to make married people stay married. And I interviewed countless unhappy couples. The chief elements that had made their marriages failures seemed to be these:

First, the man and the woman, or more often the girl and the boy, had no conception of the old ideals of matrimony. Although, so far as marriage went, they were not Christians at all, yet, as a usual thing, they wanted to be

married in a Christian church and by a Christian minister. They were making a contract which that Church had elevated to the grade of a sacrament, an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, ordained by Christ Himself, and yet they did not know what they were doing. Hence to them their contract was a mere form, a something that could be dissolved not by God's law, but by man's. And so it lacked the element of permanence that is so indispensable to the founding of a Christian home or a home of any kind.

Secondly, the primary desire for marriage was based as a rule on purely physical grounds. If the girl was what she called a good woman, the man could not possess her body, except she became legally his wife. He might want a wife and not a temporary mistress. He might want a legal right to her body, so as to protect himself from the desires of other men, perhaps more attractive than himself.

Thirdly, these high contracting parties to a lifelong contract had no real knowledge of one another. Everything in modern life seems to have taken on a more rapid tempo. Two hearts in "*drei-viertel Takt*" is much too slow. A modern courting has to go prestissimo. There is no time to get to know your future bride. There will be time enough for that after marriage. But suppose that after marriage you discover that she is not at all the person you thought her to be, what then? In my own youth the people I knew had a more leisurely way of doing things. When an engagement was finally announced, the ring of ladies, who belonged to the sewing-class of the bride's mother, would nod their heads in approval. "Yes," they would say, "this is quite all right. He has been taking Sunday dinner at her father's house with her for the past ten years." Today the lover does not go to the house of his future bride's

father. He takes her to a road-house instead, and brings her home at three in the morning. On the way home, while he is steering with one hand, they may decide "to get married".

In the fourth place, the economic independence of many women makes them only part-time wives, because they are whole-time stenographers or secretaries. Many women, when asked in marriage, feel that they cannot or will not give up their office work. If they keep their jobs and if their future husbands are working too, then they will have a sufficient income to make all the difference between comfort and discomfort, between a constant scraping to meet expenses and a reasonable possibility of luxuries—car, wireless, electric refrigerator, and the like. In other cases, although the man may be making enough to support his wife adequately, she has no intention of sitting at home all day, merely taking care of house or flat, instead of being in the centre of an interesting business office. She doesn't ask her husband to give up *his* business career. Why should he want her to do the same thing? And so her job comes first; her new household comes in a poor second.

Moreover psychologists have told us that a marriage is never enduring if both husband and wife have the same "will to power"; that is, if their ambition tend toward the same end. A woman lawyer, then, should not marry a lawyer. Nor a woman doctor marry a physician. Nor a business man marry a chief clerk in some big broker's office. This may be true in a general way, although there are many exceptions. But one reason why the business woman or the employed girl often makes a poor wife is that she really has comparatively little to do at home, because she will have nothing to do with those things in married life that require the most time—children. There can be no real

home without children. And the wife who is also a mother has always plenty to do, more than she can often accomplish. But the employed woman knows that she cannot keep her job and become pregnant too. So she has to choose between her job and children. Often she chooses the job. Of course, there are childless homes that are childless through no fault of husband or wife. And they are frequently unstable. They may, however, acquire both stability and a new happiness by adopting a child or two. It is so silly to refuse this solution because the adopted child "may turn out badly". The fruit of your own body may turn out still worse.

WIVES BUT NOT MOTHERS

Formerly it was not so easy for a childless woman to remain childless just because she did not want children or because her husband disliked squalling babies and dirty diapers. Now, thanks to Feminine Personal Hygiene, there is no difficulty at all.

The control of pregnancies is a medical affair, and, occasionally, pregnancies must be terminated. But they are terminated by scientific methods, not by the mother herself according to her own will and pleasure. Moreover, the law protects the pregnant mother even from herself. For illegal operations, as they are called, are dangerous things for any medical man, doubly dangerous for the obliging midwife.

But this other business of birth-control is another matter altogether. Birth-control, as understood commonly today, is a means of making the world safe for fornication. It has nothing to do with pregnancies. Thanks to its powerful

interference, a woman never gets so far as that, unless she is very dull and innocent indeed. In former times the representatives of advanced feminism wailed because when a man and a woman sinned, the woman had to bear the punishment and the baby, while the man went scot free. Now many women consider that they have won their "rights", and one of these rights in the right to satisfy their own desires without any danger of punishment in the shape of a baby. I sometimes think that women have purchased this right at too high a price. For now a woman has learned so much that she may become, not only a childless mistress, but also a childless wife. She has discovered a way to get out from under the curse of Eve. If she has to bear children in sorrow and pain, she won't bear any at all. And so there is a great increase in those marriages in which the woman is more wife than mother and has to expend what material emotions she may have left upon her unfortunate husband. And this does not make for permanence or for peace in any household.

In the early days of divorce courts the only ground for divorce was "adultery". Nowadays it is given a less distressing name. It is called "extra-marital intercourse". But in our modern divorce hearings it has become less and less prominent. Many modern women would not think of divorcing their husbands because they took an occasional side-step, but they will hurry to the divorce courts and demand a dissolution of their marriage on the ground of "mental cruelty". Physical cruelty is apparently not so bad. But to criticise your wife's clothes, to interfere with her bridge parties, to kick her pet dog, or to harrow her feelings by unkind remarks about her mother, all this is not to be borne. If, however, the woman really loves her husband, then physical infidelity is a wound from which her

love never recovers. She forgives, of course, but she simply cannot forget. Her love for her husband can never be quite the same as it once was. And although such an act of infidelity may not lead to the divorce court, it may cloud perfect domestic happiness and the complete adjustment of two lives. The man finds it much easier to forgive and to forget his wife's unfaithfulness. He puts all the blame on the other man, who must have "taken advantage" of his wife, for if she had been in her sober senses, she could not possibly have preferred any other man to himself. To a man, a wife's infidelity is classed as a moment of mental weakness, a temporary loss of reason. To the wife, her husband's extra-marital activities are treason. He has preferred another woman to her. And no matter how much she may blame this other woman, she knows that there has been, in her husband's life, a moment in which he forgot his wife and gave his allegiance to someone else.

But there is much to be said for the straying husband. If his wife is bearing him children, there are long periods during which he cannot approach her. If he is highly-sexed and has found adequate outlet in marital relations, these sudden withdrawals are very hard to bear. He becomes jumpy, cross, hard to get along with. And all this just at a time when his pregnant wife needs peace at home. There are predatory women who are on the look-out for just such times in a married man's life. And often he falls a very easy victim. His pregnant wife is so pleased because "*dear John is sleeping so much better and has become so cheerful and helpful about the house*". If she understood the real reason for these unexpected changes, she might not be so complacently contented.

Then there is the man whose wife is more or less of a chronic invalid. Or the highly-sexed wife who has married

a frigid husband and who rises from his formal embraces not satisfied, but in a torment of sexual tension that demands some kind of relief. Matrimony makes strange bed-fellows. And the sexual peculiarities of man or woman are seldom brought to the surface until after marriage. You may have taken dinner at the house of your future father-in-law for twenty years. You may know how his daughter behaves at table, but until you marry her you will not know how she behaves in bed. Hundreds of the divorces that are obtained on various fanciful grounds are really based on some incompatibility or some peculiarity of the sexual life of husband or of wife.

Besides, no human being is the same at sixty as he or she was at twenty-five. And therefore the adjustments of married life have to be constantly remade. These same adjustments are not made once and for all at the altar or during the first few years of married life. The woman who cannot constantly fit herself to the changes in her husband's behaviour will not be able to hold him or to understand him for very long. Perhaps the most difficult period is the time of the "change of life", which comes to men as well as to women. But this change needs not exactly coincide with the common physical alterations in the body's chemistry. It often comes, or at least one period of change seems to come, just before the threshold of middle age. Middle age is not a definite data in a human life. It varies with individuals. Let me try to illustrate what I mean, for I have seen so many happy matings come unstuck and unmated at exactly this period.

REBELLION AGAINST MIDDLE AGE

A man and a woman have been happily married for twenty-odd years. The children are growing up. They are beginning to live their own lives, to develop along their own lines. The husband is over forty. He is no longer quite so active as he used to be. Thirty-six holes of golf on Sunday are now too much for him. He puffs a little when he hurries. He is getting a little bald, and his girth is increasing. In fact, as he looks in the glass after his shower at the country club, he recognises more and more the signs of middle age. But he does not *want* to be middle-aged. He *feels* young yet. And so he rebels. And he expresses his rebellion by trying to do the things that young people do—or ought not to do.

His wife will come to you in tears. And she has a right to complain. Her husband, the very best, once the most abstemious of men, is beginning to drink. Instead of coming directly home after business, he lounges at his club with a lot of younger men. He drinks with them. He comes home smelling of cocktails. He is even betting on horse races—speculating, perhaps. And in the evening, after dinner, he wants to go out again, alone. Back to the club or to some rather disreputable theatre. He takes out the car at night—something he never did before. It is very late when he reappears, the back seat of his automobile crowded with a lot of singing, noisy young ruffians. This cannot go on, says his wife. She will have to take the two younger children and return to her mother. Sometimes this is an excellent thing to do. Her departure may bring the man to his senses. But do not let her even consider a permanent separation and surely not a divorce. Ten to one,

her husband's peculiar behaviour is only a temporary reaction. He is merely trying to prove to himself that he is still young, still one of the boys, that at forty-five he can still do the things he did at twenty. He is making one last gesture towards his youth, before he slides over the edge into middle age. If he is trying to be young, then treat him, not as a sensible man of forty, but as a naughty boy. *Don't scold him. Don't make scenes. Shrug your shoulders and say: "Well, my dear, if you want to play at being young, go ahead. I know that it can't last long. For very soon you will find that you are not young any longer. Meanwhile, however, all this is, of course, rather unpleasant for me. Especially since you, a dignified older man, are making yourself ridiculous. Here, give me your arm and let me help you up to bed."*

The same thing happens to the woman. Before marriage she had been something of a belle. She had beaux in plenty. But now she has been married for twenty years. She has borne three children. Her figure is not what it was. Her hair has streaks of grey in it. And when she walks too much, her feet ache and she gets a twinge from her sciatic nerve. She has always felt young. But now—is it too late? Must she really accept middle age and its restrictions? So she rebels.

And her husband comes to you wringing his hands. "I don't know what has come over Susan," he says. "She never used to look at a man. She never used cosmetics. But now, my God, sir, she has dyed her hair and paints her lips. I'm afraid she's going to stain her finger-nails. And she's going with a fast younger set. They drink cocktails. She stopped dancing when people were still waltzing, but she's been taking lessons in these new-fangled dances. And I'll bet she dances them, too. I tell you, she's going crazy.

She's acquired a roving eye. I'm scared to walk with her on the street. If any good-looking young man comes along, she puffs herself up like a peacock. And if she can make him turn around and look back at her, she's tickled to death. Of course, I can't go on like this. People are talking. It's going to hurt my position at the bank. I've been thinking of going abroad for the summer, of taking my older boy with me."

Let him go abroad if he wants to do so. When he comes back, he may find no dyed hair, no painted lips, no reddened finger-nails. But don't let him talk about divorce or permanent separation. Don't let him storm and yell at his wife, not now. Not until she has found out that she really is an older woman and that all the dyes and cosmetics and gymnastic exercises and breast-supporters will not turn her into the girl she once was, twenty years ago. She herself will find that out in time, if you do nothing that will make her present transient state into something permanent. Treat her as a silly young girl. Can't you see what she is trying to do? She has wanted to prove to herself that she can make a younger man hold her a little closer than was absolutely necessary when they were dancing together, that she can give a passing male a look that will force him to turn around and stare back at her, that she still possesses some physical attractions, that, in fact, she is not so old as she used to look. Give her time. And say to her: "My dear, I see exactly what you are doing. You are playing at being young. It may be an amusing game, but it will not satisfy for very long a woman of your intelligence. It will soon be forced upon your attention that you and I are really people of middle age, dignified and reserved. Naturally, your actions cause me some distress, if no real anxiety. For I hate to see you make yourself conspicuous. Who sent you

those flowers? You needn't smile so mysteriously. I needn't ask you the young man's name, because I happen to know that you bought them yourself. Come along up to bed. You must be dead tired. Dancing till midnight can't be good for that old sciatic nerve of yours. Shall I fetch you a hot-water bottle?"

If these transient rebellions of approaching middle age are met somewhat in this way, they will disappear in due time. Husband and wife will have made new adjustments, and their two individualities will gradually merge into the stable, contented married life of old age.

LOVING AND HURTING

Love and all its reactions are still mysterious things, even to the most expert psychoanalyst. There is a sadistic element in love that is at times both dangerous to the lover and puzzling to the investigator. Of course, in the purely physical relationship, the man is always the aggressor, the inflictor of pain, the dominating sexual partner. The woman is masochistic. She seeks the pain to find it pleasure. She submits, she becomes the subservient member of the pair. When these sexual roles are interchanged, when the man becomes the "patients", the woman the "dominans", our sense of the natural is more or less outraged. But I am referring here rather to the sadistic reactions in the mental sphere. Love often arouses a desire to hurt the loved one, to go on hurting until some climax is reached. This tendency exists not only in marriage. You may notice it between mother and daughter, less often, perhaps, between father and son, but even between friend and friend.

We know instinctively that the only people who can really hurt us are the people we love. When we love anyone, we deliver ourselves bound and helpless into that person's hands.

A mother and a daughter cannot be together for a day without some bitter quarrel. The mother alone knows the sore spots of memory in her daughter's mind. She alone can put a torturing finger upon them and produce a reaction of anger, shame, or bitter tears. The daughter alone knows how to touch the mother on similar raw, open wounds. One might think that as they have to live together, they would avoid such contacts. Not at all. They seem to seek them out. They go on from one mean little suggestion to another, until there is an explosion. Then, for a while, there is peace. And yet the mother is devoted to that daughter. For the daughter's sake she would allow herself to be chopped into mincemeat. She will deny herself all the little pleasures of old age in order to give the daughter some additional happiness. And the daughter, on her side, is quite as devoted. Willingly she is sacrificing her whole life to caring for her mother, who is the centre of her universe. When her mother dies, she will mourn her honestly and deeply for years. And yet while she lives, life as a succession of bitter quarrels, one after another. I think that the explanation of such reactions lies in our knowledge that so long as a person loves us, we have the power to hurt. But if our power to hurt disappears, then we may be sure that love has gone also. So the husband who is devoted to his wife and yet who is always tormenting her in little ways, always nagging at her, is only trying to find out whether she still loves him or not. If he can make her cry, then he knows that she does love him still. And he cannot stop. He knows that every quarrel, every

hurt that she endures at his hand, weakens the love she has for him. And yet he cannot resist trying to find out if that love is still living. When the day comes, when he can use all his worst methods of torment and when she will sit before him unmoved and dry-eyed, then he will know that he has inherited the old curse of those who have "killed the thing they loved".

I know no more puzzling element than this sadistic habit of inquisitiveness in the lives of people who really love one another. If the husband would only trust his wife's love and believe implicitly in it, he would not be tempted to find out by hurting her whether or not she still loves him. If the mother only believed in and trusted her daughter's love, there would be an end of recriminations and bitterness. But if people will not believe in the love of God, if they will not trust it, how shall they ever be able to trust and to believe in human love, with all its variability and its mysterious contradictions?

There is another difficult period in married life—the time when the children are all mated and gone. There is no young life in the house any more, except an occasional visit from a grandchild. And unless the grandchild comes alone, grandmother will fear to show too much interest in its welfare lest the child's mother feel that the older woman is interfering and subjecting the child to the dangers of a divided allegiance. Then, the husband and wife are thrown together more than ever. And this, I think, is the final test. If it is met successfully, then before this couple, at least, there stretches the peaceful period of old age. The last adjustment has been made. Now man and wife are really not only one flesh, but one person.

NECESSITY OF OCCASIONAL SEPARATION

Yet even the most devoted couple can see too much of one another. I do not believe that two human beings can live in close physical and mental contact for long periods of time without becoming burdensome to one another, without rubbing one another's minds raw and rebellious. There would be fewer divorces if we had a law that would force every man to leave his wife for at least one month each year. Married people get too close to each other—so close that their vision of each other is blurred and out of focus. When the home atmosphere becomes impregnated with this kind of poison, the only solution is a temporary separation. Get away from your husband and in a little while you will see what an unusually able and pleasant man he is. You have been so close to him, you have breathed the same air so long, that both the air and your patience have become exhausted. Now, after these weeks of absence, you can go back with joy to the house that once you felt you could not live in for another day. Get away from your wife. Your closeness to her has magnified all her faults and hidden all her virtues. Go off on a holiday, alone or with some other man. And you will, after talking with him, realise what an unusually attractive wife you have got. Thank God you haven't got his! You'd never be able to get along with a woman like that. And so you're glad to start home, glad to get back to the woman whom you really love and even to the children, whose noisy play used to drive you nearly insane.

Some men are afraid to leave their wives. Some women will not leave their husbands even for a few days. Why? The man does not really trust his wife's affection. He is

afraid that it will not stand an absence of even a few weeks. And the woman is fearful too. She doesn't dare leave her man. She can't bear him out of her sight, for there might be some other woman lurking round the corner of his holiday. This unwillingness to separate may perhaps, in some cases, be a symptom of a perfect marital adjustment, but such adjustments are rare on this earth. I have much greater hope of final happiness for the wife who so trusts her husband's love that she can bear to have him away, because she knows that as he left her, so he will find her, and that as he separated from her at the front door, so she will find him when he returns.

One final matter I must mention before the close of this very inadequate chapter. It is the matter of manners, of manners in the family.

FAMILY DISCOURTESY

I do not know why it is that people think they have a right to be rude to the people in their own homes. You hear a boy speak to his mother in a tone that he would not dare use to the mildest maiden teacher in his school. If you comment on it, he only says: "Oh, that's all right. She's my mother." Or between brother and sister you find the same lack of common courtesy, and the excuse is always the same: "Oh, she's my sister. I don't have to be polite to her." I have always felt that the lack of courtesy between members of the same family was a danger to the cohesion of the entire group. Just because a person is related to you, you have no right to insult him or to treat him with any lack of common courtesy. A boy will not hesitate to get up and open the door for one of his mother's visitors, but it

would not occur to him to leave his book, get up, and open the door for his mother. If he is to show courtesy to any woman, to what woman in the world does he owe greater courtesy than to his own mother? This lack is not so noticeable in the nursery as in later life between adolescent members of the same family. A young man who will fall all over his big feet in trying to be polite to a good-looking girl will jostle his sister, neglect her presence altogether, and speak to her in a tone that the most humble housemaid might justly resent. It is to people of our own blood that we owe the greatest politeness, the most complete consideration. If our good manners are put on only for outsiders, they are no manners at all. They are merely social habits of a variable kind that are not worth a tinker's damn.

The most discourteous of all people are women in their contacts with one another when no men are listening. I have heard women speak to their daughters in tones that were insults in themselves. And I have heard feminine recriminations after a poorly-played hand of contract that, if mouthed among men, would have resulted in assault or murder. As a general rule, men are more courteous to men than women are to women. In a man's club, you seldom come across a member with really bad manners, who is really lacking in the ordinary courtesy of everyday life. And the reason, I think, is the duel. For centuries a man had to guard his tongue in speaking with others of his own sex. An angry word or two might result in the sudden appearance of seconds and in the making of arrangements for a meeting in the morning with pistols or swords. We men of a certain class, whose ancestors had to be always ready to give "satisfaction" for anything said or done that outraged the dignity of another man, we have learned the

lesson of mutual courtesy. Women never fought duels. There is one reason, at least, why they can be so rude to one another. We men have given up fighting with swords or pistols. But, in the tradition of Owen Wister, we know that even today, when we use certain words to one another, we must, when we say them, smile. Perhaps now that women are outdistancing us, now that they have rent from us even the outward badges of our manhood, it might be a good thing for them to revive the duello.

MIDDLE AGE



MUCH has been written, especially by novelists, on "the dangerous age"—dangerous for women and incidentally for their husbands. Biologically, in the case of the female, this period of life is supposed to begin when the ovaries cease functioning and the menses are either interrupted, irregular, or entirely suppressed. This chemical change in the body is often accompanied by mental difficulties of various kinds: excitements, depressions, phobias, obsessions, and a general lack of proper adjustment to life.

DANGEROUS AGE

In the male there is also a so-called dangerous age, although we cannot link it up biologically with the failing function of any definite internal secretion. It is a fact, however, that in the case of most normal men the sexual urge dies down more or less after forty. There may be a final flare-up of this same impulse, but, in general, Sophocles, the Greek poet, was right when he gave thanks to the gods that with advancing years he felt emancipated from the torments of sexual desire. Although the male, apparently, is always able to beget, so far as the presence of life-giving organisms in his semen is concerned, yet the desire to beget lessens more

and more as life goes on, until erotic interests drop completely into the background.

These interests, however, do not wane and finally vanish in even progression. The fire of erotic life may dwindle and may disappear beneath the surface of man's life, but it is not yet extinct. It may break out through this surface at any moment and may bring destruction and tragedy with it. Middle age is the period, then, in which for the male, at least, the fires of erotic reaction have begun to withdraw beneath the surface. They do not obtrude themselves continually into the consciousness. They are there, nevertheless, and until the surface that covers them has become hard and impermeable, there is always the possibility of a dangerous conflagration. This is the really dangerous period for the man. It cannot be plotted out and defined in terms of months and years. For one man it comes at forty and lasts for a year or two. With another it is not noticeable until he has reached sixty, and there may be flare-ups for the next ten years. Nevertheless, it does exist, no matter when it comes or how long it lasts.

Middle age is a period of danger in other respects as well. By the time a man or woman has reached forty or forty-five, life has assumed a fairly definite pattern. There are few changes; at least, few sudden ones. Life runs along on the same level without any wide variations. This, of course, gives to middle age its stability. By that time a man has achieved some definite status. He has become a part of some well-defined social or mercantile mechanism. He has, in other words, found his place. The man who at forty has not yet found his place has not yet found himself, and, in the great majority of cases, he will never do so. It is, of course, true that when change ceases, then life ceases also. Many a middle-aged man or woman at forty is more or less

dead. They go on in the same way; they do the same things day after day; and the worst of it is that they do not want to do anything different.

DISLIKE OF CHANGE

One of the outstanding symptoms of middle age is the dislike of change and the surrender to habit. Another symptom is the *constant counting of consequences*. A young man, for instance, who is enjoying himself at a gay party gives no thought to the morrow. He does not for a moment reflect that if he stays up until three tonight and drinks too much, he will have a headache in the morning and do poor work most of the day. When a man reaches middle age, however, he leaves the party, he declines another drink, because he is dominated by the fear of consequences. He knows he will get from tomorrow's headache more discomfort than the pleasure he may obtain from taking another drink or staying up two more hours of the night.

FEAR OF CONSEQUENCES

Women, I think, are less prone to be dominated by this fear of consequences. As a rule, a woman reaches the stiffness and the restraint of middle age much later than does the man. Perhaps this is because her emotional life is more dominating and persists longer. A woman, for instance, who sees in a shop a gown that she knows will greatly enhance her good looks and who also knows that she cannot afford it and that if she buys it she will have to face many months of privation in other ways, usually does not allow her fear

of these consequences to interfere with her purchase of the dress. In other words, a woman's mental life tends to retain its emotional colour longer than the man's. She is still free in her mental joints when the man's mental machinery is already stiff and arthritic.

Although middle age is often dominated by a fear of consequences, which youth despises, yet very often the things that should be feared are unnoticed and neglected. Middle age is, in a way, a period of consequences—namely, the consequences of the years that have passed before middle age has been reached. Without realising it, we “inherit the sins of our youth”. Many things have been going on in the body of which the individual is unconscious. A man may refuse an invitation to a very gay party because he fears the next morning's headache. At the same time he does not realise that there is some part of his body about which he ought to be anxious. As yet no definite danger signals have reached his consciousness. While he is avoiding a headache of the morning after, there may be definite pathological processes going on in his liver which have not yet caused him any discomfort, but which are, as a matter of fact, the consequences of the many gay parties that he enjoyed before he reached the threshold of middle age.

UNKNOWN DANGERS

He may now avoid the sexual excesses of his youth, because he is afraid of feeling exhausted next day or unfit for work. As a matter of fact, he would recover from such excesses quite easily, but in the meanwhile he has no anxiety about a real centre of future danger. He does not realise that his prostate gland is either enlarged or perhaps infected. This

for the middle-aged male is a centre of real danger. The prostate may give no trouble at all for many years. Nevertheless, it may be slowly growing larger. There may be traces of pus in the man's urine and day by day a pathological process is being built up which may culminate in middle age or later in some sudden blocking of the urethra and inability to urinate. This leads directly to catheters and frequently to genito-urinary operations. Some surgeons call a removal of the prostate gland the male "Cape of Good Hope". Once a man has passed round that cape safely, the rest of his human voyage ought to be fairly safe. (See *The Dangerous Age in Men. A Treatise on the Prostate Gland*, by Chester T. Stone. London: Macmillan; 1934.) The middle-aged man, therefore, would do well to see that his genito-urinary apparatus is examined regularly by some competent physician. Of this apparatus, the genito side is becoming less and less important to the middle-aged male, but as this part of the apparatus becomes less important, the urinary side looms larger and larger on the horizon of a man's health.

In a middle-aged woman there may be similar conditions. When she brought one of her children into the world, she may have been more or less lacerated. At the time of the delivery she was sewed up and she made a satisfactory recovery. During middle age, however, some of the repairing that was done may be slowly breaking down or her uterus may be being pushed out of place without her knowing anything about it. Still more frequently, in the uterus itself there may be developing those fibroid tumours which are not malignant, but which often give so much trouble. They are there, growing all the time, and yet the woman is not conscious of them.

It is during middle age, then, that some of our organs

and tissues tend to break down. We may be inheriting the sins of our youth—sins of excesses or of mistakes that we ourselves have long ago forgotten, but that are causing definite developments in some part of our bodies. It is in middle age that the comparatively weaker organs of the body begin, all unknown to us, to fail in their functions. No man knows exactly which organs or tissues of his body are weaker than others, more liable to deterioration from within or to the assault of infection from without. If such a weakened system or organ sent at once some S O S message to the brain, then we should be able, perhaps, to obviate a great many of the troubles of later life. But the beginning failure of an organ or system is frequently undetected because it is unfelt.

Naturally, of these hidden dangers in middle age the most insidious is the curse of carcinoma. That is something that creeps upon us like a thief in the night. In some part of the body the cells of the new malignant growth have been multiplying for years and yet no danger signs have reached consciousness. Because we are not conscious of this danger, we consider that it would be a useless expense to have regular and thorough medical examinations. "No use," we say, "to get hipped and morbid about ourselves." Every surgeon knows that the great mortality from carcinoma does not arise so much from the growth itself, as from the unwillingness of the patient to seek surgical help as soon as the first symptoms are noticed. There are today, thank God, more women than ever before who, when they notice a slight lump in their breast, seek medical advice immediately. The lump can be removed and examined. If it proves to be malignant, the breast itself and the glands under the arm can be removed, and though the woman may have to go through life with only one breast, her life itself,

at least, is safe from a growth that might sow its seed through her whole body and drag her down to death within a very short time.

Many people are afraid to consult physicians because they are afraid of what they may hear. Many a woman might be alive today if she had not feared to consult a surgeon about a small, hard lump in her left breast. It was easier to pretend it was not there and so to avoid being told that a costly and disfiguring operation was necessary.

It does not do to lay too much stress upon these dangers of middle age. There are fears enough in the world today. All that I am trying to do is to warn people that the real danger of middle age lies in the aversion to any change in the life of routine and in a determination to avoid, if possible, anything that will interfere with it. The young woman who has to have her appendix removed is not afraid of an operation. It may take her out of college for a while. It may possibly interfere with her social life. But that to her is not important. A middle-aged woman, on the other hand, will put up with one attack of abdominal pain after another rather than consult a physician and face an operation, because her life is carefully arranged in a daily routine, so that if she has to be in the hospital for a month, there will be no one to run the house, to see that the children are sent off to school at the right time, and to make sure that her husband changes his shoes when he comes home from the office wet and tired.

TYRANNY AND ROUTINE

Most of us, by the time we have reached forty, have created for ourselves a definite routine of life. We have

learned what Sir William Osler calls the master word, the little word "work", which means the willingness to go on doing the same thing day after day and year after year. This acceptance of the law of routine is the only sure road to success, be that success small or great. Once we have attained some permanence in our life's work, by submitting to the law of routine, the law itself begins to dominate us. The routine becomes more important than the work. A man who breaks into his routine life simply because he wants a change has always a feeling of guilt. For twenty years he has never failed to be at his office by nine o'clock. Not to turn up punctually at this same time, unless he is ill, makes him feel uncomfortable. He is sure that without him the office will not function properly, that his absence will be criticised or misinterpreted.

Men are more creatures of routine than women are. But a woman does feel that in the work of her household there is no one who can do her work exactly in the right way except herself. There is no other woman who understands her husband's peculiarities, no other woman who realises that little John has a weak throat and should always wear a muffler when he goes out.

Here, perhaps, lie the primal dangers of middle age. All the freshness has gone out of life. We have attained something, each in his small way, by accepting the law of routine, and now the routine has become an end in itself. We cannot interfere with it without a sensation of guilt. This tendency makes middle-aged people afraid of change and afraid of any sudden alteration in the complex pattern of their daily lives. Because they fear change, they often neglect, as I have said, the changes that are going on inside of them, in their bodies. They can keep themselves doing the same things day after day. In their search for efficiency

they can chain themselves to the car of routine, but they cannot chain the organs of their body in the same way. Changes are going on in their organs and tissues inside of them, but, in their fear of change, they shut their eyes to this. They prefer to put up with continual headaches, backaches, so-called indigestion, rather than seek a medical examination and find out that they must change the routine of their lives by going to a hospital and submitting to an operation or by altering the way in which they live, in order that they may live longer.

Of course, as I have said, these physical changes have often developed before the middle-aged individual is conscious of them. Even when this consciousness comes, however, the aversion to any change is so great that a man will often bear for years a chronic pain in his urethra rather than find out from a good physician what is causing the pain, just as a woman will rather bear for years an intense backache, rather than discover that she has a misplaced uterus or some kidney disease.

NECESSITY FOR NEW INTERESTS

Even in middle age the impulses towards new life and new thought are all around us. They are striving to reach us, but often they fail because we have not prepared the ground on which any new seed can grow. I know no better description of the danger of mental sterility than one of the parables in the New Testament. Of course, one must apply it, not from a religious, but from a psychological standpoint. It is the Parable of the Sower.

PARABLE OF THE SOWER

In Palestine, when Christ first gave His parable to His disciples, the farmer sowing his seed must have been a very familiar sight. He could be seen stalking through the ploughed field with the bag of seed hanging at his left side and his right hand grasping a handful of the seed and then scattering it forth to right and to left with the rhythmic swing of his arm. To the casual observer, the ground on which his seed was sown looked all the same. In reality, there were differences. In the spring, after the ground had been ploughed up, people who were in a hurry would take a short cut across the field. Their feet would press down the upturned earth, and if more and more people used this new path, the ground on which they walked would soon become hard. Other parts of the field, although they had been ploughed, had not been really adequately prepared. Under the surface there were rocks or the roots of old trees. Still another part of the field, although it contained neither rocks nor tree-roots, was yet filled with the roots of weeds, hidden beneath the surface. The farmer had cut down the weeds from the surface of the ground, but he had not removed the roots and seeds from which new weeds might sprout. Any observer, therefore, watching the sower, could not help thinking about the seed which was sowed so carefully and yet which was not all destined to grow and to bring forth fruit.

SEED BY THE WAYSIDE

Middle-aged people, even though they may stand in the very midst of new and pulsating life, are so often unable to receive the new interests that life brings them, just because

the ground of their minds is unprepared. In the first place, there is that hard path of habit which has been worn across the field in their lives by the repetition of certain acts, by the doing of certain things in one certain way. People often say: "Oh, I have always done that," or "I have always done this thing in this particular way," and they think that that is an excuse. Certain parts of their lives are hardened by habit. It may not be a bad habit, but it is a habit that interferes with the growth of new life.

For example, a woman who really loves music but who had had little opportunity to hear it receives from a friend a ticket to some great concert—let us say, a presentation of Bach's Mass in B Minor. The concert begins on a Friday afternoon at four. A friend meets this woman on the street and speaks to her about the coming concert. The woman says: "Oh! I should so have loved to hear that Bach Mass, but it is impossible. I have a ticket, but I cannot go, because on Friday afternoons I always have to go over the children's clothes, make up my household accounts for the week, and get some new books from the lending library." So she does not go to the concert. The seed of that music has fallen on hard ground—the ground of habit. Her habits of going over the children's clothes, of balancing her accounts, and of getting new books are all reasonable, but they prevent her from enjoying something that is infinitely more important than clothes and accounts and books.

Many people's lives in middle age are so criss-crossed with the paths of habit that even in between these trodden ways there is almost no space left for the good broken ground on which seed can flourish.

THE STONY GROUND

Secondly, there is the loss of good ground through the things that lie beneath the surface. The surface itself looks ready enough for the seed, but there is only a slight layer of good earth over the rocks and the old tree-roots that lie beneath. People, especially in middle age, are too busy to get rid of such things. It takes time and it takes power to remove a big rock from a field. It has to be dynamited perhaps or smashed into small pieces; roots have to be cut up and dragged out. It is so much easier to leave rocks and roots where they are and merely cover them with a loose layer of good earth. But the rocks and the roots eventually take their revenge!

A middle-aged man is conscious that he is becoming more and more self-centred, more and more restricted in his interests. He wants something new, something stimulating, and he sees things on every side that might bring him new happiness and mental activity. He passes, let us say, through some very unusual experience. He has been brought into contact with some case of suffering that appeals to him deeply. He has a chance to do some generous act for another person, and his whole heart aches to do it. The seed is sown, but the minute it begins to take root, it withers away. The kind act is never done; the misery of someone is not relieved and the man swings back into his habitual life of selfishness. If someone asks him: "Why did you not do the thing that you planned to do?" he may answer: "Well, I have always a great sense of the value of money. I have always been very saving, very careful in money matters." In other words, he has allowed a big hard rock to remain in the field of his life. He has

never taken the trouble to blast it out. That would have been difficult. Then, when the opportunity to do some great kindness has come, the desire to do it sinks away because it would cost money.

Other people say: "I have always had a bad temper," or "I have always been rather inquisitive about the acts of other people." In middle age we do not deny the presence of such rocks in our fields. In youth we would have tried to hide them, but in middle age we accept them. There they lie below the surface of the ground of our minds, and when some new seed is sown there, we wonder that it comes to no fruit, because there is not enough good soil in which it can grow.

AMONG THORNS

Then, next, there is the seed that falls among thorns or the roots of thorns and of weeds. These thorns in the parable do not appear above the surface. The earth looks ready to receive the seed, but in that stretch of earth there is something growing besides the seed. The surface may look fruitful, but beneath that are the roots of the thorns and weeds that will grow up, side by side with the new grain, and finally choke it altogether. These are the new temptations and difficulties that come to the middle-aged man or woman, after the new seed has been received. Or else they may be old temptations that now appear in a more noticeable form.

Let us take a simple example. A middle-aged woman who feels that her life is growing narrower and narrower decides that she must seek new interests by enrolling herself as a student at some university and taking certain

courses, let us say, in English literature or even in chemistry. The lectures come at nine o'clock in the morning. She enrolls without thinking very much of this early morning hour. She has, however, during the past, always been accustomed to sit up late. She seldom goes to bed before one o'clock. She sleeps late in the morning and for years has had her breakfast in bed. There is nothing particularly wrong about these habits. She runs her house well and makes her husband happy. Now, if she is to be at the university by nine o'clock in the morning, she will either have to go without adequate sleep or else give up her former habits. These harmless former habits now become temptations that may interfere with her desire for new interests and a wider life. They are the roots of the weeds below the surface of the ground or the hidden thorns that now grow up and choke the new seed. In all probability she will not follow out her plans of taking courses at the university. She may try a few lectures, but she will soon give up and thus the ground on which new seeds of life might fall becomes barren again, for the thorns of former habits have interfered with any new growth. Such a woman cannot, therefore, receive new interests and new intellectual life until she has prepared the ground of her mind to receive, unless she is willing to dig down into the soil of her life and root out the weeds and the thorns that will surely choke any attempts to raise a new crop of interests.

THE GOOD GROUND

You will remember that in the parable there was also seed that fell on good ground. When Christ interpreted the

parable for His disciples, He said that the good ground represents those people who receive the gift of the new seed with "an honest and good heart". These two characteristics may become the safeguards of middle age. Many middle-aged people are not really honest with themselves. They do not realise this. Life has gone on for many years in a definite channel and they have come to look upon themselves as more or less finished products. What their environment thinks them to be, that they believe themselves to be, but what they believe themselves to be is not often what they really are. It is very difficult to be honest with oneself, difficult to realise how in middle age narrowness of mind creeps in, how routine dominates us and how under an outward appearance of life our mental activities are becoming atrophied and useless. People who can be honest with themselves can always find a way out of the strait-jacket of middle age.

If a business man decides that he must find some new interest outside of his business, he must be honest enough to realise that if this new interest is to flourish and to grow, he must prepare the ground of his life to receive it. He must see that there are no hardened habits in his life that cannot be broken. In order to produce fruitful soil, he must be willing to spend time and money in destroying the rocks and the roots of accepted faults and secret failings that lie beneath the surface of his life, and he must be willing also to sacrifice old ways of self-indulgence or of harmless habits, in order that when this new interest begins to grow, there shall be no thorns to grow up with it and finally choke it. If he is honest, he can see the necessity of doing all these things. If he is good—that is, if he has a definite faith in the possibility of human nature and the worth of human achievement—then he will have the power

to prepare the ground of his life for the gift of fresh activity and to make ready and to keep feady the soil in which his new interests are to grow and to develop.

DIFFICULTIES OF MODERN WOMEN—TOO MUCH FREE
TIME

There is one serious difficulty in the lives of married people of middle age that often escapes notice. Fifty years ago a woman of middle age who was the head of a household found plenty to do in the administration of her domain and had comparatively little time over for outside things. Compare the busy life of a married woman of middle age fifty years ago with the much more leisured existence of a similar woman today. The first woman, let us say, had a house of her own with one or two servants. If the laundry was done in the house, she would have to have a laundress also. There were no ways of shortening household work. She probably went to market every day and spent hours in the kitchen consulting with the cook. She oversaw the work of the one maid, who served the meals and took care of the bedrooms. It was a complicated life. She had to plan also for the children as they grew up. She usually kept very accurate household accounts. In fact, the executive work that she did—what is now rather beautifully termed “household economics”—was something that took up the greater part of her time from early morning until the hour when her husband came in at night. Such a woman in middle age had passed through a long period of training in the sphere of household management. She was a sovereign in her own sphere. She expected obedience from her children and her servants and usually got it. When her hus-

band returned at five o'clock, he found her carefully dressed and ready to receive him as he came forward to greet her, where she sat by the fireside with folded hands, rejoicing in giving the impression that she had been doing nothing all day long. Of course, her husband knew better, but he rejoiced in the knowledge that his wife had really been working at home just as hard as he had been working at his office.

A modern woman of middle age is sometimes faced by different conditions. Probably she lives in a flat with one servant. No more than this one is needed. Moreover, in the kitchen there are all sorts of labour-saving devices. Much of the washing is done by machinery, if it is done in the house at all. Much of the hard work in the kitchen has been entirely eliminated by mechanical appliances or by the use of tinned food. There are no longer any unbearably hot ovens or stoves in front of which a woman must stand for hours. There are no longer any oil lamps to clean and to fill—a job that in a large house often consumed three or four hours a day. It is no longer necessary to go to market. In ten minutes all the orders may be sent out by telephone. A modern woman of this type, therefore, has a great deal of free time on her hands. If she is reasonably active and efficient, her entire household duties can be attended to in an hour or so. What shall she do with the rest of her day? Everyone remembers the old proverb of how the Devil always finds something for idle hands to do and for idle minds to think. She may do it socially by spending most of her free time with other women. She may belong to a woman's club and spend hours there. She may waste more time still in the movies or at matinées. In order to keep herself interested in life, she has to dash around all day hunting for something to occupy her time.

When her husband comes home in the evening, therefore, he does not find her sitting placidly with her hands folded, before the fire or in front of an open window. He probably does not find her at all. She is still playing contract at a bridge-party that began at two o'clock and will not end until the other three women and herself are almost blind from looking at the cards or cramped and almost paralysed from sitting so long in the same position. Her husband will have to sit down himself before the fire and cross his hands and abide there patiently until she comes dashing in just a few moments before dinner, bleary-eyed from the strain of long hours of contract or perhaps a little tiny bit blurred in her speech because she stopped on her way home at a little cocktail-party.

If people are inclined nowadays to criticise the woman who lives a life of this kind, they do not realise that she is more or less forced into it by the simple fact that she has not enough to do at home and that she has no vivid interests with which to occupy her free time.

The average modern man of middle age is not subjected to difficulties of this type. He has usually more than enough to occupy him in his business or his profession. He comes home more or less tired out and perhaps longing for the peace and quiet of a well-managed home. He finds his wife utterly exhausted by the excitement of the afternoon, yet unwilling to remain at home during the evening because she has acquired the habit of constantly demanding mental or physical stimulations of one kind or another.

The middle-aged man, as a usual thing, has no worry about sex. That interest has fallen into its natural place. It is no longer the feverish demand of early manhood. Moreover, he has less and less surplus energy to spend during the evening on night-clubs and late suppers. He

knows that the work at his office demands all the energy that he has to give. He craves peace in the evening, a little mild entertainment, perhaps, or a quiet game of cards. His wife, on the other hand, wishes him to hurry through dinner and go out with her to another contract party or to dance at some cabaret. If she dominates him, he will probably go, at least for a while. The time will come, nevertheless, when he will tell her that she must go by herself. He is too tired. So she leaves him sitting by the fireside. If he is wise, he can devote that evening to his children. If his children bore him, he will have to escape from the home that should have been his refuge. He cannot sit there all the evening by himself. The simplest thing is to put on his hat and walk down to the club, to get into a poker game or sit with some of his old friends, absorbing much more alcohol than he really needs. In this way he manages to kill the later hours of the evening, but he has had to pay a price. Next morning he will be less fit for business than he might have been if his wife had not gradually learned to fill her free hours with activities that may kill time, but that eventually may first kill the happiness of her home and possibly kill her husband himself.

PERMANENCE AND CHANGE

No one can go on living without changing in some way or other. Life is change, and without constant change life would soon cease to be. In the middle age the natural development both in body and in mind is towards a greater permanence, towards an acquisition of definiteness that is so different from the variations and the confusions of youth. Middle age sometimes reminds one of a tree that,

as it grows, loses perhaps the vigorous sap that once made its boughs so flexible and its bark so thin, but that, at the same time, has acquired greater permanence. Its form becomes more definite and its bark much thicker. It is harder to reach the real wood of the tree. So in middle age the mind seems sometimes encased in a sort of strait-jacket of habit and routine. Like everything else, this process is a mixed one. Some good attributes are lost, but others are gained. Because of this tendency to greater rigidity of form, marriages may develop in two ways. In middle age a man and his wife may either have become a unity or a group of two units, each of which has lost touch with the other as it has developed its own distinct peculiarities. Only too often marriage does not make two people one; it makes two people two. Of course, two distinct individuals, if they are congenial and if their tastes are somewhat alike, may create a situation in marriage that is, at least, tolerable. If these individualities, however, are antagonistic, then there is on earth no greater hell. In such a family one finds two separate camps. The children belong either to the mother or to the father. There is no sense of general unity. On the other hand, far more frequently than we realise, there are marriages that create a single unit. The man is really a part of his wife and she a part of him—bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. No matter how individually a man and his wife may develop during middle age, there may be still a sort of spiritual union between them that makes each individual a part of the other.

One hates to think that such unions as these are exceptions. Perhaps we believe that they are exceptions because they do not obtrude themselves on our notice. On the other hand, we cannot help becoming conscious of a family in which mother and father have allowed their individual

traits, their likes and dislikes, to develop so strongly that there are few points of contact between them. When they married, they may have been very close to one another, but as the years have passed, the woman has developed her own habits of life without any consideration for her husband. He may have done the same thing. In middle age they are widely separated one from the other. They may live together in peace, but actually they drift farther and farther apart. In order to bring them together, something must break the external bark of their lives. Some spot in their intimate personalities must be laid bare. Some illness, some tragedy must cut so deeply into the external covering of their lives that the real inner self is laid bare and it becomes possible to graft new life and new love on that exposed tissue.

AVOIDING FRICTION

For some people the really desirable thing in married life during middle age is the possibility of avoiding unpleasant friction. If husband and wife have become so separately entrenched in their own individualities that they have little or no real contact with one another, then, of course, they may live together for years without any unpleasant friction at all. They simply do not touch one another. However, if there is no friction between two human beings who live together, then there can be little reality in their union. Friction is a reaction that is only possible when one person can touch another person and make him or her respond.

THE UNMARRIED

The unmarried middle-aged people of this world are scarcely any worse off than the husband and wife who live together, but who are without any points of contact. The same relation exists between such husbands and wives as might exist between a middle-aged man who was dependent for his comforts on an efficient housekeeper. The old bachelor and the old maid are types that have always stirred society either to laughter or to pity. But in middle age the state of old bachelorhood or old spinsterhood has not yet been reached. The man has not yet given up all thought of marriage, and the woman still clings to her hopes of it. They comfort themselves in their hours of loneliness with the possibilities of matrimony. As a matter of fact, many of them are surrendering themselves so completely to the dulling of routine and the acceptance of petty individualistic habits that, day by day, they are making it harder and harder for them ever to break these habits and to fuse their lives with some member of the opposite sex.

Frequently one meets a middle-aged man who is lonely and who wants a home. He has found, as he thinks, the right woman and she is quite willing to accept him. When he comes to realise, however, that marriage will make impossible a great many of his little ways of doing things, his little indulgences and his little obsessions, he will turn his back on matrimony at the last moment. Here again it is middle age that dreads change and that is gradually losing its power to adapt itself to new ways of life.

I have written, perhaps too much about the dangers of middle age. I have done this intentionally, because middle

age is generally so comfortable a time that the people who are passing through it do not realise that their sense of comfort and protection masks a great many very real dangers.

The middle-aged woman who is determined to resist the temptation always to do the same thing in the same way and at the same time may be forced to choose struggle and perhaps a certain amount of sacrifice in place of the easier yielding to the domination of routine and the protection of petty personal habits. A middle-aged man who is confronted with the same problem will often find that in order to maintain his vividness of reaction to life, he must frequently be willing to make himself very uncomfortable and perhaps not achieve very much after all. Nevertheless, it is the effort that counts. We cannot turn time backwards. Middle-aged people cannot make themselves young again. Anyone who tries to do so only makes himself a source of amusement to the young people whom he tries to copy or to his older friends, who are ashamed of him. No, we cannot make ourselves young again. We can, however, keep ourselves in middle age alive, still sensitive to new interests, still growing, still developing and not receding, still on the upward level of life, instead of setting our feet too soon and too easily on the pleasant downward slope, where no further effort of climbing is necessary and where we can let ourselves drop comfortably down into the Valley of Old Age.

BEREAVEMENT, ILLNESS, DEATH



I HAVE been fortunate in many ways; in no way more so than in the length of days with which most of my people have been blessed. As a boy I never faced a death in my family. The family picture always remained the same. My only maternal uncle died when I was nearly twenty. His death was the first break, but he did not die at home. I myself was away when my grandfather died some years later. And when my grandmother died in her sleep, I was thirty years old. Between her death and the death of my mother, some eight years ago, stretched a long unbroken period of more than a quarter of a century. So I have never known the acute loss of someone who seemed too young to die. And because of this I felt that I could not write this chapter at all. Yet I knew that it ought to cover a human experience without which this book would be incomplete. Fortunately, I am in a position to write it now, not in my own words, but in the words of a very dear friend of mine. He had an unusually happy and beautiful married life. And when his wife died, a few years ago, he passed through the depths of bereavement and loneliness. I hold it one of the great privileges of my life that he turned to me for help. I fear that I had little help to give, for he learned to help himself. And when he heard that I was planning to write this book, he suggested that he put on

paper a record of his own experiences. I give his letters here, without altering a word. To attempt to edit or to rewrite them in any way would rob them of their naturalness and deprive them of their innate charm.

HIGH COURAGE IN BEREAVEMENT

"We commonly speak of 'bearing' sorrow. Very soon after my wife died, I began to feel that this new element of pain in my life must not be regarded as a burden, to be sustained desperately and with fear, but as a necessary part of my experience henceforth. Although I was no longer young, it seemed as if some years of effective work might be still possible for me, provided I could reassemble the shattered pieces into a new structure. That which for over thirty years had been a sufficient reason for living was gone. I must take what was left and make another building on a different plan. This building must contain, as it were, a stone which I as a builder would willingly reject. Since I could not reject it, I could place it in the foundations, or high up where its weight might constitute a dangerous stress. I have tried to do the former.

"My first problem was an emotional one. Fortunately, I had to begin my work again very soon; and while I was at work, interest in what I was doing held my attention; but at the day's weary end I would fall into a pit of paralysing and bleak depression which frightened me. One can carry on through great distress when to carry on seems worth while; but in these bleak hours my mind was filled with the rush of memories—poignant visions of the things my dear had had to suffer, and of her love which did not falter. I consulted my physician, who is a man of understanding,

but the best he could do for me was to remind me of what I had written him in the hope that by uttering courageous words I could make myself courageous. He told me that that very letter had given some strength to another man bewildered by grief! He added some advice about exercise and the like, which was good, but the irony of the situation remained.

"Yet it was not wholly ironical. It happened that shortly after the doctors had pronounced the death sentence, I received a letter from a young man whom I knew very well, begging me to write his mother and comfort her for her husband's recent death. (He did not then know what trouble I was in.) But this was the first letter of condolence which I was ever really equipped to write, and I began to realise what I already knew in theory, that the sorrowing would be in evil case indeed if their only comfort came from those who had not tasted affliction. This community of suffering is a very strong tie. I have drunk of a cup which I would gladly have let pass from me. Since it has been forced to my lips, I know that the draught is not poisonous, but that it gives a new sort of strength. I will not attempt to deny that it is bitter.

"This, then, and other things, convinced me that there was still meaning in life. There were members of my family, and others who I dared to hope were somehow better off because I was in the world. On this basis I have gone on, and so far that reason for living remains.

"Fear is a close attendant of the first shock of pain. The dark future is in immediate contrast with the sunny past, and the prospect is appalling. Time and custom—it is over two years now—have not removed the pain, but they have taught me that my life, compounded by this new formula, need not be miserable. I was helped to face this

life with some courage from the first by the knowledge that it was not too high a price to pay for over thirty years of extraordinary happiness. The hardest thing to bear is the thought that she, who loved life so, did not have more of it. I am best sustained in this by the conviction, which came unsought and which seems indestructible, that her life goes on and that she is not too far away.

"I know that often the sense of bereavement becomes dull with time, and that some men—especially young men, with little children—do well to make a new marriage. The dulling has not taken place with me, and the thought of marrying again is repulsive and impossible, because I do not ever feel that I *have* loved, but always that I *do* love. I know quite well that this phase of my mental attitude depends upon something which cannot be demonstrated; still I include it as part of the picture, and to me an essential part.

"I have never been able to label my experience as 'grief' or 'sorrow', simply. The words are not adequate. I go on in full awareness that what I want most I have no longer; I do not try to escape from this thought, but equally I refuse to place it in such a position that it blocks out the rest of life. I do not refuse to accept such happiness as the days may bring merely, because they bring pain also. I believe that sometimes when the heart is damaged and leaks, the muscle of the heart grows thicker and stronger and sends the blood along in greater volume, so that the needs of the body are still met. The man may know that the apparatus is no longer perfect, and such knowledge is not pleasant, but it is fortunate that there is such a thing as compensation which permits a damaged heart and a wounded spirit still to perform their functions.

"That is the most encouraging thought I have. Com-

pensation does not mean obliteration of a physical or emotional lesion, but in the second instance it does mean that one who has accepted the new conditions of life may expect and should look for many new experiences which will brighten the gloom. The stars are not to be despised because they are not the sun. ♦We see them when we need them, after sunset. And we have not forgotten the sun when we know that the stars are beautiful. There is one glory of the sun . . . and another of the stars.¹

"Perhaps, I have been most fortunate in discovering new outlets for my affection. While my wife lived, she was so utterly the perfect comrade that while I was never indifferent to my friends, they mattered less than if my heart had not been satisfied with her. I found them waiting in my hour of need, and have learned to value them as I could not before, and here and there I find new attachments springing up, and filling the waste places.

"But I must learn to become a kind of egoist. Our lives were so united that the significance of anything that happened to me was measured by its effect upon her. Such ambitions as I had she knew about, my success interested me because it made her happy. She shared my disappointments. This habit of living with reference to her became intensified during times of illness and of threatened illness, when I watched her with inward anxiety and such outward cheerfulness as I could muster. My greatest danger now comes from the loss of my chief motive. I have to argue to myself that what I achieve has still some importance. This is all the harder because in the days of her illness I had said to myself: '*I am not important; I will not be sorry for myself, tortured by fear as I am, if only she gets well.*' It would have been easy to surrender my own life if that could have saved hers, even though it is absurd to think

that she would have been content to accept life on those terms.

"Yet I am sure that was the way to live, because there was nothing one-sided about the process, unless it was that what I have given as my attitude to her was even more emphatically her attitude toward me. I am sure it was the way to live, because now it is comforting to remember that, with all my failures to be thoughtful of her, at least I tried to find my happiness in obtaining hers. As for the present problem, circumstances are forcing me to act, in self-respect, as if it mattered now whether I succeed or fail. Perhaps, in time I shall *feel* that it matters. My best protection against the danger of indifference is, for the present, the knowledge that the danger is there.

"I have received help from individuals, but I am careful with whom I talk. If I merely make them unhappy, without gaining any skill in handling my problems, that is not fair to them. There were a few, though, to whom I felt impelled to speak, sure of their understanding. This outlet has kept me, I hope, from becoming morbid. I believe, with reason, that a wise psychiatrist can be of invaluable aid in helping one to understand his situation, particularly when one is dazed by the first impact of the trouble. I have found some, too—not all 'religious' people—who are quite sure that the spirit is immortal, and who are aware of God. It fortifies me to know that there are many, neither weak-minded nor obscurantist, who cannot (if they would) escape these two convictions.

"On re-reading the foregoing notes, I think I should add something about the way of escape from these intervals of depression which I have mentioned.

"Of course, at first, I did little but sit still until my next duty called me to some kind of action. I was on a dead

centre until something set me going again. Sometimes I prayed; never, I think, without result. As time went on, I found out quite certainly that through my suffering I was becoming fit for uses to which in no other way I could attain. It is not a fiction to say that I can enter into the lives and interests and troubles of other people more deeply than I once could. It is like Mrs. Browning's 'Great God Pan'—only it has not made a poet out of me. I feel that there must be people in the world who become qualified to render a special service to their kind by the process of affliction, and I can give no cause at all why I should be exempt. I think it is this which has prevented me from becoming embittered, or feeling that my hurt was an evil thing, no matter how painful it was.

"I have tried neither to fight my sorrow nor to brood over it. Someone wrote me at the time it came that 'Death is a part of life'. It sounds rather trite to say that all experience may be worth while and yet it is near the truth. You say: 'My heart aches.' Yes, your heart aches. Well? Will it help you to be sorry that your heart aches? That is just an added pain. Is there any use in pretending that it doesn't ache? Try it: it only makes it more bitter. Frankly, there is nothing to do but to accept the situation—perhaps, to be thankful that you could love deeply enough to make your heart ache, but to say to yourself: 'This part of the road is rough and steep. Well, then, I shall not kick at the boulders, but proceed to climb over them.' Gradually, as one moves on, the situation ceases to seem strange. One does not *always* keep repeating 'Nevermore'. Sometimes, of course. The muscles that are made by hard climbing are good for other things, too. Steep hills lead to wide prospects. Courage grows, and peace comes. *Solvitur ambulando.*

"As your friend and patient, I have only to report that I count my heart-ache a little price to pay for thirty-two blessed years, and that I count myself fortunate above most men in the triple support of loyal children, magnificent friends, and work that lies ready to hand and that interests me. I refuse to be morbid or sorry for myself, and I thank God that so soon she passed beyond all pain."

CATHOLIC ATTITUDE TOWARDS DEATH

Bereavement, the loss of some loved person, makes a clean cleavage between the Catholic and the Protestant, between the Christian and the non-Christian man. The hopeless sense of pagan loss has never been more wonderfully described than by Walter Pater in his *Marius the Epicurean*, when the young friend of Marius dies. Thank God, no human heart need today suffer such torments of lonely hopelessness as that. I do not know how the average Protestant reacts to the death of someone whom he loves. Most of the Protestants I have known and whom I have tried to comfort have seemed pitifully helpless. They believe in the immortality of the soul. They think that, at some distant time, they may meet the loved one again "in heaven". But for the present they and their loved one are separated, lost to one another, out of touch and contact altogether.

To the Catholic, there is no sense of ultimate loss. If my wife dies, I do not stop loving her just because I cannot see her with my material eyes or touch her with my material hands. And as I loved her and prayed for her while she was accessible to my senses, so I love her and pray for her now that she has passed beyond them. I know

that she is in the hands of God. I know, too, that she is, in some mysterious way, helped by my love and by my poor prayers. I feel sure that somehow she knows or is informed of my own doings, that she is still loving me and praying for me. I know that she is in the Place of Cleansing that we call Purgatory, for even that white soul of hers needs a place of preparation and of rest before her soul's eyes can look permanently upon God. I know, too, that when I myself come to die, her prayers and her love will help me through that same period of cleansing and of purifying that I shall need infinitely more than she did. Best of all, I know that there is, here on earth, a place where we can meet. At Holy Mass, when I kneel at the altar for Holy Communion, when I pray for her there, I know that "*cum angelis et archangelis*", and all the company of heaven, she is there also, and that I am spiritually close to her in the Communion of Saints. The closer I come to my Lord in Holy Communion, the nearer I can come to her and to all the other faithful departed. For as a Christian, as a member of the Catholic Church, I am like a living cell in that spiritual organism, partaking of the life of other cells, and sharing in the corporate life of the whole body, the Body of Christ Himself. There is nothing fanciful, nothing unreal about all this. Indeed, it is the most real thing in my life. Of course, I miss her. I should miss her if she were abroad. And in some ways, now that she is what people call dead, she seems closer to me than when her material body was separated from me by miles of ocean and acres of land. I miss her physical companionship bitterly. This is the hardest part of all. I miss the touch of her hand. I miss her voice and the sound of her approaching footsteps. But I have not *lost* her. She is mine still. She loves me still, just as I always shall love

her. And when my sense of loss becomes too great, I can always go to our meeting-place, at the altar, when I receive the Body of my Lord Jesus Christ, that preserves my body and soul, just as it has preserved hers, unto everlasting life.

To a man or a woman who thinks and believes in such a way as this, the cry of Maeterlinck's Blue Bird is true: "There is no death."

ILLNESS

Few people escape some kind of illness, some long stay in a hospital, some contact with the surgeon and the operating-room. It is curious how illness at once isolates an individual. One day you are walking about the streets, in touch with your friends and your daily work. A few days later you are lying in a hospital room, just coming out of the anæsthetic, and, except for your nurse, alone. You may be, after a while, allowed a visitor or two, but they are not real parts of your daily life. You look out of the hospital window. You see life streaming by in the street below, but you are no longer a part of it. The relative values of your former existence have all been distorted or destroyed. And you are conscious of your body—this vile body with its dominating pains and wants—as you were never conscious before. And you are helpless, dependent for all the things you need on your nurse. She is the real arbiter of your destiny, the real keeper of your conscience, the only ever present help in time of trouble. No wonder men fall in love with their nurses. I only wonder that there are any unmarried nurses left at all.

A hospital experience strips a man of his petty likes and dislikes. It reduces him to the very lowest common

denominator of humanity. He is no longer his distinguished self, he is merely a patient, a case. And this is a salutary experience. It should leave a man humbled in his own eyes and very grateful to the woman who bore with him so patiently when he was as irritable, as unreasonable, as a naughty child.

The true story of the trained nurse, of what she means to her patients, of the burdens she bears so cheerfully, of her personal endurance and her unfailing loyalty to the physician under whom she works, has yet to be written. It is awaiting the hand of some really great maker of tales. Perhaps he will attempt it some day. Until then I can only salute her respectfully and pass on.

The helpless male patient has not many unusual difficulties. His only real difficulty lies in his frequent unwillingness to allow the physician and the nurse to get him well without his constant interference. So often he feels that the doctor does not really understand his case, that his symptoms are unusual, his personality peculiar and in need of special attention. All this when in reality he is just a very ordinary man with an illness that is as common as mud. But when we are ill, we have an opportunity to take a deep interest in ourselves that we never had time for in the past. And the convalescent who, in a mood of childish pettishness, refuses to soil his or her hands with making baskets or learning to bind books is really depriving himself of the one possible means of getting away from that same self and of keeping it from interfering with his natural process of recovery.

We often hear that doctors make the worst patients. They are supposed to know too much, to want to run their own cases. But I know of one great physician, whom every physician in this country and many others in all parts of

the world admired and loved, who knew how to put aside his knowledge as a physician when he fell ill and to become merely a patient. He was in the hospital for over a year before he died. Never once during that time did he ask one of his attending colleagues what was the matter with him and what they proposed to do about it. He simply entrusted his body to their friendly hands. He knew they would do the very best they could and he trusted them. Perhaps he knew what was the matter with him—so great a physician as he was could scarcely have failed to guess. But he put all that out of his mind. He refused so completely to think of it that it seemed as if he did not really know. He had entered the hospital because his body needed the care and the treatment that only the hospital and its physicians could give. He was not there to direct or to diagnose his own case. His treatment might end in recovery. It might end in death, but that was a matter of no importance. I suppose that one cannot pay a greater compliment to any physician than to say that when he fell ill, he made a good patient, knowing enough not to try to know too much.

But I do not intend to write much about physicians and nurses and hospitals. Some people never have any hospital experience at all. And I am writing for ordinary people—the average man and woman. Besides, I know too much about hospitals and doctors. I could write too much about them. And already this book has burst the bounds of its original plan.

As for death, well, I have seen many people die. I never, with perhaps one exception, saw a dying human being who was afraid of death. We living people fear it. We even shrink from pronouncing the word. Yet I think that in reality we are not afraid of death itself, but rather of the

uncertain time at which it may come. If I were told that I was to be taken out and shot tomorrow at dawn, I believe that I should sleep fairly well and that after having arranged my affairs, I should walk quietly to the place of execution. But if I were told that I was to be shot some morning during the next three hundred and sixty-five days, then I imagine that I should get very little sleep, for I should not know whether I was to go to my death tomorrow morning or some morning next month. The hardest thing in life to meet with calmness of mind is uncertainty. Only those of us who are fatalists or who believe in the loving will of an almighty loving God can face the possibilities of an uncertain future without anxiety or fear.

OLD AGE



THE great authority on longevity is Dr. Raymond Pearl of the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health. He recently wrote a book giving us the general results of his years of research. There is, he says, one group of human beings with special privileges, into which you cannot buy or wheedle or win your way, but to which you can only belong by inheritance. It is a human nobility, the patent to which cannot be conferred by any king or bought by the greatest contributions to the campaign funds of the party in power. It descends from father to son, from mother to daughter. This is the nobility of the long-lived. The group of those who come from long-lived stock. The type of life that you lead makes little difference. If you are descended from long-lived stock, you may eat and drink and smoke to excess and yet you will not shorten your days. On the other hand, if your ancestors were short-lived material, then, although you may abstain from alcohol, tobacco, and all similar poisons, your days will not be lengthened by your self-denial. Unless, of course, you try to force your self-denial upon others and they arise and remove you forcibly from the earth.

So, if you can remember one of your uncles who lived to be ninety, and two maternal aunts who died at eighty-five, if your father is still with you at eighty and if he can still

see and hear and eat and sleep, then, unless you allow yourself to be run over by a motor-truck, you have an excellent chance of living on for some time yet. I have heard many youngsters complain about their old people—about old Uncle John, who is eighty-nine and who is getting a little “touched”, who is wobbly on his legs and will soon have to have a nurse. He is such a nuisance. Why doesn’t he die? Oh, foolish young man! The only thing you want to do most is to continue to live. And this old wobbly, dotty uncle of yours is your patent of nobility, your promise of length of days. Don’t wish that he may die, you fool. Cherish him. Add to his existence by taking good care of him. The longer he lives, the longer you may live, too. And that aged mother of yours, who is so helpless and such a bother, why, it is her chromosomes which she has transmitted to you that may keep you going—eating, drinking, wenching, and smoking—while other friends of yours, who live the same kind of lives, have given up wenching and drinking and eating for ever. You should wear an insignia—a green button in the lapel of your coat for one parent living at eighty, a red button for two ninety-year-old maiden aunts, and a green button striped with red for mother and father both over eighty-five and one maternal uncle who died on his hundredth birthday. You will be admired, respected, and envied, for at sixty you yourself will still be able to take three cocktails with impunity, when most of your friends, dyspeptic and rheumatic, have to stop with one—and sometimes they’re afraid to take that.

Cicero, as you may remember, wrote not only about friendship, *De Amicitia*; he also wrote a famous treatise, *De Senectute*, on old age. Old people, and young people who are blessed with old ones, ought to read this. But in

spite of the glories of old age, in spite of the poet Sophocles, who rejoiced in his own length of days, because they had at last freed him from his rather widely scattered sexual escapades, in spite of Cicero himself, old age is usually a burden. Hear what the Hebrew preacher says about it in the last chapter of the book Ecclesiastes. He tells of the evil days that come and the years that draw nigh in which thou shalt say: I have no pleasure in them. When the sun and the light and the moon and the stars are darkened and the clouds return after the rain. When your eyes are so dim that you can no longer see the glories of this world. "The day when the keepers of the house shall tremble and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened." When your hands shall grow uncertain, with senile tremors, when your thighs and your knees grows weak, and when blindness creeps over your eyes. "And the doors shall be shut in the streets . . . and all the daughters of music shall be brought low." When you shall grow so deaf that you lose all contact with the world of sound, when the music that you once loved becomes to you only an unpleasant, disturbing, confused sound. "When they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way . . . and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail." When the fears of old age gather around you, when you are constantly afraid of falling and have to hold on to something or to someone; when the slightest height makes you dizzy and confused; when the outward sign of your manhood has shrunk to a bit of wrinkled flesh and no desire ever touches or changes it any more. Then, indeed, in spite of Cicero, in spite of Sophocles, the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, and the pitcher of life is broken at the fountain. The fountain of

life still flows, but the human vessel is too broken to hold it. Vanity of vanities, said the Preacher. All is vanity.

Of course, some old men and more old women seem to keep their mental freshness until the last, broken though the body itself may be. They are the fortunate ones. Old age is what we call an involutionary process. Nature no longer devolutes, she no longer develops outwardly into constantly changing forms of life, in which waste tissue is replaced by sound material and there is a constant power of replacement in the regimen of the body. In old age this process ceases. Life turns in on itself. Its motion is no longer outwards, but inwards, and the motion itself grows slower and slower.

If this process affects the mental reactions, if the gradual hardening of the arteries is chiefly in the blood-vessels of the brain, then the old person may not suffer very greatly but his family do. For the old mother may gradually become utterly childish, unreasonable, and suspicious. She can no longer recognise her children. She has lost all sense of time, and she mistakes a grandchild of five for her only daughter of fifty. She may lose all sense of personal cleanliness. She may become so sly and deceitful that she has to be watched continually. Like a naughty child, she may set the house on fire. Or else, after a long life of religious observance and of Christian restraint, she may suddenly turn into a swearing, blaspheming virago, mouthing words so foul that one wonders where she ever heard them, and spewing up the very lowest strata of her subconsciousness, from which all the evil things she has ever heard or imagined stream into speech as her mental control of them disappears or wears thin. It seems as if she were possessed of some evil spirit, as if she had a "devil". Nothing is more appalling than this clinical picture—a quiet, refined,

religious old lady, sitting with her thin hands crossed in her lap, and pouring out a stream of blasphemous abuse and horrible oaths. If we have to purchase our membership in the aristocracy of the long-lived at such a price as this, it would be better if our lives should be a little shorter and our old mother's death come a little sooner. †

The terrible sexual assaults made by old men on young girls and children are often the first symptoms of senile or pre-senile introversions of this type. A dear old gentleman who sits in the park and always has candy in his pockets for little girls may be really a beautiful and a kindly lover of youth. But if he begins to fondle the children a little, he will bear watching. After all, he must be protected from a part of him that is not his real self.

During old age, also, come those intense depressions, the suicidal depressions that never lift. Usually, besides the mental symptoms, there are signs of physical deterioration --arteriosclerosis and the like. Depressed old people, no matter how carefully they may be watched, exhibit a remarkable ingenuity in finding means of killing themselves. Such a woman patient, travelling on a train and apparently less depressed than yesterday, may slip into the toilet, bolt the door, and squeeze herself out of the tiny window, to fall beneath the revolving wheels. An old man may step casually into a bathroom for a glass of water. In an instant, he has smashed the glass, picked up the largest shred, and cut his wrinkled throat from ear to ear.

THE DIGNITY OF OLD AGE

The skin of the old grows dry and hard. It is mottled with big yellow spots. Under the sparse hair there are large wens. Ungainly obesity on one hand; on the other, a loss

of all the fatty tissues, until the joints project from the thin, tightly stretched epidermis.

Old age may have its glories, but—but——

Sometimes old people are not clearly conscious of all this. They may live in a little world of their own, centring usually in their own past. For as their memory begins to fail, the memory for the immediate past goes first, while, in comparison, the memory of the remote past stands out in clear colours. An old Army officer cannot tell you what he did yesterday or what he had for breakfast this morning, but he can tell you about his early years, the names of the officers in his first regiment, and all the scandals of his first Army post. But usually the old feel their physical handicaps very keenly. They know exactly what is taking place in their bodies and their minds. What can they do to compensate, in some small manner, for all these growing deficiencies?

Old people, unless they are mentally ill, can almost always be dignified. To younger people dignity always seems an attribute of old age. That is why the most heartless person shivers at the sight of a drunken, slobbering old man. He offends our innate conception of what old age should be. Surely, you remember the lamentation of great Priam, King of Troy Town, which Homer gives in one of the last books of the *Iliad*. It is after the death of Hector and his father. Priam is bewailing his own fate. Now that Hector is dead, Troy will be taken. He, Priam, will be slain on his own doorstep. And the dogs that he has fed from his own table will lick his blood and thrust their dripping mouths through the private parts of his old worn-out body. "There is no more pitiable sight," he says, "than this, to see the body of an old man mangled and disgraced."

But although old people should strive for dignity, and old women are almost always dignified, they must not overdo it. They must not set themselves up on a pedestal and stiffen *their backbones so much that they cannot unbend at all*. They must not take advantage of their old age in order to dominate the affairs of an entire household. They must not seek to impose their wills on their children by appealing to their sympathies. "I am such an old woman, my dear, you won't have me with you for long."

Roughly speaking, one may divide old people into two classes—those that are afraid of youth, and those that love it—love it too much.

THE ENVY OF YOUTH

The first class are afraid of young people and show their fear by being over-stiff and too dignified, because they envy the young, envy them their beauty, their clear skin, *their active limbs, their laughter, and their happiness*. This unspoken envy they turn into criticism, into attempts to interfere with youthful pleasures and to secure a little, mean happiness themselves by making their young people as unhappy as possible. Or else people on the verge of old age try to copy youth, try to play at being young themselves. And because they know that they can never succeed, because they look on the young as competitors, who will surely outdistance and outpace them, they try all sorts of mean tricks to snatch from young hands some silly little victory, while all the time they are envious and all the time afraid. For they know that they are beaten before they have started. Moreover, youth is often cocky and self-confident, also thoughtless. Youth, in these days, is

forgetting its manners. Once young folks were taught to be polite to older people, always to speak to them first, to show them deference. Now it is unusual to hear an old man say: "I like young Jones so much. He has such good manners. He is so thoughtful about us older people." Naturally, old age resents this modern mannerless attitude, this being thrust aside and ignored, simply because the young are too busy to be polite. And so old age retaliates by criticising modern youth, by imputing to it all sorts of terrible doings of which it has never been guilty, by damning it completely and frequently. By thinking: "There, now, you've been impolite to me; paid me neither attention nor respect. But I'll get even. I know your mother; she was a little girl when I was married. I'll just drop a few things in her ear, the next time she comes to take tea with my daughter." As a matter of fact, young people, if they were wise, would go out of their way to be courteous to older men and women. The young man will go far for whom older men have only words of commendation. And many a young woman who has done some foolish, some dangerous thing will find an unexpected champion in the grandmother to whom she has taken the trouble to be polite.

THE LOVE OF YOUTH—WHAT IT COSTS

Another class of old people love youth—love it too much. *They cannot live without it. In this class belongs the old woman of seventy-odd who always has a "personal secretary", a young fellow of twenty-five, who travels around with her and does much more for her than write her letters. It is customary to look down upon the young men who take*

on an old woman of this type, to call them gigolos and still nastier names. But these men have my sympathy. Their job is not an easy one. They are dependent on the whims of an old woman, who is inordinately jealous and exacting. She is not easy to get along with. They have to flatter her, to help her dress, perhaps to undress also. I knew one such man who had to bathe his "faire laidie". Poor fellow, he certainly earned his salary and his small luxuries. Old women of this type always have one or two young men about them. If the women were younger, their physical attractions would be sufficient to secure adequate male attention. But when these means of attraction are gone, well, there is always the cheque-book and the bank account to fall back on. If you can't get what you want in one way, why, try another. If no one is willing to *give* you love or admiration, well, then, buy it. And some of these old women get a lot for their money. I knew one such who lived to be nearly ninety. Her "secretary" had been with her for ten years. And she died in his arms. I respected and admired that young man. I was even sorry that she did not leave him something in her will.

To this same class belong those unfortunate older men who are also lovers of youth and who are often maligned and called unpleasant names, "sugar-daddies" and the like. Some of them have been very distinguished. To one, Lewis Carroll, the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, we owe two of the most fascinating books in our literature. And Alice would never have been written if Carroll had not always been attracted to little girls. Every summer when he went to the seashore for his holiday, he always took with him a number of large safety-pins. With these in his pocket he would sit down on the beach and watch little girls wading in the shallows. If one of the little dresses dropped down

and dragged in the water, Carroll would shyly proffer a safety-pin. And these safety-pins became the foundation of many a friendship with an attractive female child. Carroll hated boys. He could not understand them, or they him. But he loved to go rowing with his little Alices or to have them to luncheon at his rooms at the University. Lewis Carroll was a "sugar-daddy", or perhaps a "safety-pin daddy", if there ever was one. And why not? His love of youth, of rather youthful youth, gave us two wonderful books that have delighted the hearts of millions of Alices and that have retained their charm for those of us who are wise enough not to grow up entirely, but to keep a slight hold on our childhood by means of the March Hare, the Duchess and the Cheshire Cat.

Less fortunate are those older men—really old men, some of them—who love youth but who are not satisfied with offering the young objects of their elderly affections safety-pins and lunches in a college room. These others want something more solid. And as this something is seldom freely offered to elderly gentlemen for nothing, *these same elderly gentlemen are obliged to have recourse to their cheque-books.* What is not given they have to buy. And they often pay a high price for it—a much higher price than it is really worth. I have never understood why all the sympathy seems to be with the adopted daughter or the spouse of the sugar-daddy. She is making a good thing out of it. No one else seems to want her enough to offer money for her. Yet here is an old man who wants her so much that he will write cheque after cheque and keep her mother in affluence for as many months as his sugar-marriage endures. For apparently these alliances of a sugary nature do not last long, because their foundation is fundamentally physical. If the daddy could be contented

with the companionship and perhaps the admiration of the young girl, the relationship might last longer and might be blessed to both parties. But the moment the old man strives to possess in a physical way the object of his love, he shatters the vase that might have held fragrant roses. He cannot meet her on this ground without making a show of his old age, without lowering himself for ever in her eyes. Colette Willy in her *Claudine à Paris* gives a powerful repellent picture of the old uncle of little Annie, who is only seventeen years old and who, because she has nowhere else to go, goes to her uncle's bed. The picture of this naked old fellow "playing games" with his equally unclothed mistress-niece should be read by every old man who has similar aspirations. The relationship of old age and youth may become a very beautiful and very perfect thing, but it must not be degraded to the physical level on which youth and age simply cannot meet without mutual loss and tragedy.

GRADUAL SURRENDER TO OLD AGE

The failure of mental energy that comes with old age is bad enough, but the loss of bodily vigour is often harder to bear. The sense of insecurity, the constant dizziness, the inability to command one's body, so that one cannot move securely alone—these things often bring to old people a spirit of peevish dissatisfaction, of rebellion, and of ill temper. It is hard to be dignified when you can no longer get up and go where you want to go, when you trip over rugs that you cannot see and have to drop clumsily into your chair instead of sinking down gracefully into it. You were once, you know very well, a distinguished-look-

ing woman, but now your upper plate hurts your gums. You have to take it out and conceal it in your handkerchief, and then your lower jaw meets the tip of your descending nose and you look like a Punch and Judy show. You used to be proud of the neatness, the distinction of your dress. Now your trembling hands can button no buttons or hook no eyes. You can scarcely see yourself in the glass and you have to be helped into your dress by a nurse who does not really care whether your shawl is properly adjusted or not and who frequently forgets to slip your rings over your shrunken fingers. Everything is an effort. But if you let yourself go, if you give up all interest in your toilet, which becomes more of an effort every day, if you no longer care how you look, you have given up something that you will never be able to regain. The time may come when you will have to surrender completely and let others do everything for you. Then, if you have no compensation, no interest in life at all, you will soon become one of the most unhappy of human creatures—an old man or an old woman who is utterly and permanently bored. You still cling to life, but what a bore the whole business is! Lucky for you if you can still eat and sleep away what remains to you of this life that is so utterly uninteresting. But much more fortunate may you be if you have retained some active interest in someone or in something.

Because of this, people who are on the verge of old age should never be allowed to surrender, to lose all contact with the life of the world and to cut themselves off from their environment. Many men have to retire or are pensioned at sixty-five or seventy. Their minds are still active. They are not old enough to surrender. I remember how old Professor Gildersleeve, who was for years one of

our greatest Greek scholars, refused to give up when he was retired, and who, although he could no longer read, kept some graduate student close to him who could read Greek aloud, so that the old scholar, almost to the day of his death, could still hear Thucydides describe the Sicilian expedition, could still listen to the passing of *Œdipus* and follow with his lips the lines of Greek that he could no longer see. In Army or Navy life one often meets retired admirals or generals. Some of them refused to retire themselves when they were retired officially. They created new interests, new activities. Others, who felt that it was a kind of disgrace for an admiral who had commanded a fleet to serve on minor commissions, to become interested in real estate or even to do cross-word or jigsaw puzzles, ceased living when they gave up their last command. They sit around at service clubs, and when they are too old for that, they put in one boring day after another, not quite half alive and more than half dead.

THE OLD MUST NOT BECOME TYRANTS

For those of us who have old people to live with, it is tremendously important that we should try to keep their interest alive, their minds stimulated by something beyond their own physical needs and temporary moods. In other words, we must not let them die too soon. We spend no end of energy in trying to keep their bodies alive. We ought to do the same thing for their minds. Nor is it a kindness to them to allow them to dominate an entire household. Just because a grandmother is old and helpless is no reason why she should be entirely absolved from the discipline of life. Her whims must not become our

laws. If something that ought to be done makes her angry, "upsets her", as we say, and makes her cry, well, it will do her no harm to be upset or even to weep a little. She must learn that just because she happens to be the oldest person in the house, she is not therefore the most important. Old people tend so easily to become self-centred, unreasonable, and tyrannical. That is not good for them, and surely it does not make life any easier for us. Even an occasional domestic fight is better for an old person than our continually saying: "Yea, yea," which, in the end, only increases their boredom.

All honour to those devoted sons and daughters who sacrifice their lives to their old fathers and mothers. Most sacrifices of this kind are willingly made. But life grows bitter indeed when they are forced upon us, when we want to get away and cannot, when we know that we dare not leave the house for even a few minutes because grandfather might want us and will go into a tantrum if we are not there to give him his medicine at exactly eleven o'clock, when we never get a really sound night's rest because mother, now nearly ninety, sleeps in the next room and might call to us at any time or try to get out of bed by herself and fall. People who are tied down in this way and who resent it grow bitter, and the service that they render to their old people, although it may be adequate enough, is grudgingly given. And yet in many such cases when the old father or mother does die, the son or the daughter, who has for years been looking forward to a freedom that never seemed to come, is heart-broken because he or she finds that freedom has come too late to be used or enjoyed. For years they have given their lives to one end and now they have "lost their job". And although they may have quarrelled constantly with their old father, although they

may have given him very unwilling service, yet when he is no longer there, they torment themselves with regrets about the things that they might have done or might have said and yet never did say or do. Their own lives for years may be broken and dissatisfied, until they have found touch again with the outside world, from which they allowed themselves to be estranged by the demands of an old life that has now gone. They themselves are old before their time. The years that they might have enjoyed have been given to the prolonging of another life. It is true that old age feeds on youth in more ways than one. An old man may become a cannibal and devour the very daughter that he loves most. Therefore old age must learn not to demand, as an inviolate right, constant, unquestioning service. Nor should youth, comparative youth, give old age what it has no right to ask.

HAPPINESS IN OLD AGE

It is easy for us whose limbs are still firm and the joints of whose knees are still unloosed to criticise the demands that old people often make. We shall not know what we ourselves would do under similar circumstances until we too are old. We know nothing yet of the torment of bodily weakness, or the torment of cold, when our blood is turned to water and we shiver in our thickest clothes and in the warmest sun. When these things do touch us, if we live that long, let us hope that we may not become too burdensome to our children or our friends. May we be able to get happiness out of the company of people younger than ourselves without trying to make ourselves their masters or their tyrants. God keep us all from the realisation that our

own people wish that we would die and die soon. Let us, if possible, be known as old people who are afraid of only one thing, of giving others too much trouble; as old people who are deeply grateful for the touch of a young hand and the sound of a young voice, and who can look peacefully forward to having a pair of strong young arms to hold us up when we are dying.

There is no such human glory as the glory of a sunny, unselfish old age. If we can come to the borders of life with our minds not greatly impaired, even though our bodies be bent and broken, with a keen interest still in some part of this world's activity, if we can still accept life's discipline and avoid petty selfishness, if, above all, we can look not backwards on the past, but forwards to the last human experience that is in store for us, not as an end, but as a new beginning, then, when our time does come, we can, like the Roman philosopher, gather our mantle around us and quietly depart. Then we shall leave an empty place at the table, a place about which pleasant memories of us will linger for a while, until it is filled by somebody better and more useful than ourselves.

CONCLUSION

Since the first lines of this book were written, or since you who now read it began the first chapter, you and I have tried to survey the *Seven Ages of Man*, the whole fascinating development of human life, from birth to death, from babyhood to old age. I cannot tell whether what I have written will prove either of interest or of usefulness. I only know that, for years, I have wanted to write something about the difficulties and the dangers of ordinary,

everyday people, of the people that we meet, not in the doctor's office, not in hospitals or asylums, not in the law courts or the prisons, but in our own homes, in our business offices, on the streets and in the theatres, and occasionally in the churches—the people with whom we rub shoulders day after day. I have not said very much about religion. Perhaps I have intentionally avoided that one subject. Most people think that I write too much about religion, anyhow. For the older I grow, the more convinced I become that preaching or writing about religion will never make people religious or bring them to church. The Christian religion is less a dogma than a life. It is something that must be lived, not merely believed. The thing that converted the entire Roman Empire was not a new dogmatic system. It was a new kind of life. The Romans saw people living it. This living fascinated them. They wanted to know how such lives came to be. And when they found out, they wanted to live that way too.

Nowadays we hear so much about the failure of Christianity. It is not Christianity that has failed, but we Christians. If every Christian really lived his faith, if he made adequate use of the means of grace which the Church offers us, if he honestly did his best to walk in the footsteps of Christ and of His saints, if he was in constant touch with the things that are invisible and eternal during every waking hour of every week and not merely once on Sundays, then there would be no trouble about Christianity. For the unbelieving world could not help waking out of its pagan sleep and asking: "Who are these? How are these men and women what they are?" And having once asked this question, they would receive an answer, not entirely in terms of dogma, but rather in biological terms of living,

that would put an end to all doubts and would show clearly the right road to the greater glory of God and to the regeneration of our modern world.

We Christians today are at fault. Here, indeed, lies one of the difficulties, one of the dangers, of ordinary, everyday people. But it is a difficulty that every man and woman must solve in his or her own way. No preacher, no writer can ever solve it for them. If the preacher and the writer will live their own faith, turn it into the biological terms of human life, then they can stop preaching and stop writing and leave the world to find its own way back to God.

"Of making many books there is no end," says the old Preacher in Ecclesiastes, "and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

The writing of this book has not been easy. At times it has been a weariness of the flesh indeed. And since of making many books there ought to be an end, I am a little doubtful whether it was worth writing at all. But during the past few years so many things have accumulated in my mind, things that I wanted to say to my everyday, ordinary friends, that I hope they will forgive me if I have said the wrong things or omitted the important ones, and will accept what I have tried to write in their usual spirit of kindness and friendship. It is for them that I have laboured. It is from them that I look for approbation or blame, and it is to their judgment that I submit what I have written in this book.

For all of us, ordinary or unusual, handicapped or free, life seems so often full of difficulties. Indeed, life is a difficulty in itself, feverish, hard, tyrannical. If we can manage to lessen the friction a little, to loosen the tension and lower the tempo, we shall have done much. And we can look

forward with confidence and contentment to whatever of life is left us to live.

Recently I have made much use of the words of a prayer that may be said for the living as well as for the dead. It asks for what we all want, whether we be Catholics or Protestants, Jews or Gentiles. It looks forward to the final smoothing out of all difficulties, to an escape from all dangers, and to the peace that passes all understanding.

"O Lord, support us through the long day of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and our work is done. Then of Thy great mercy grant us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last."

Safety—rest—and peace. What more than these things can or dare we ask?

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